



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

From Walker Photo.

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THE
Poetical Works

OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



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Voices of the Night.

Πότνια, πότνια νύξ,
ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,
Ἐρεβόθεν ἴθι' μόλε μόλε κατὰπτερος
Ἀγαμεμνόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς
διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.

PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,

And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs
between,

Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go ;

Or where the denser grove receives

No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree

I lay upon the ground ;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me

Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound ;—

A slumbrous sound, a sound that brings

The feelings of a dream,
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,

Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage

Ere Fancy has been quelled ;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old themes,

Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,

Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings

The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings,
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,

Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

Voices of the Night.

The green trees whispered low and mild :

It was a sound of joy !

They were my playmates when a child,

And rocked me in their arms so wild :

Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
' Come, be a child once more ! '

And waved their long arms to and fro,

And beckoned solemnly and slow ;

O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar,—

Into the blithe and breathing air,

Into the solemn wood,

Solemn and silent everywhere !

Nature with folded hands seemed there,

Kneeling at her evening prayer !

Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue

Of tall and sombrous pines ;

Abroad their fan-like branches grew,

And, where the sunshine darted through,

Spread a vapour soft and blue,

In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,

Like a fast-falling shower,

The dreams of youth came back again,

Low lisps of the summer rain,

Dropping on the ripened grain,

As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, O stay !

Ye were so sweet and wild !

And distant voices seemed to say,

' It cannot be ! They pass away !
Other themes demand thy lay ;
Thou art no more a child !

' The land of Song within thee lies,

Watered by living springs ;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings.

' Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,

Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see

The bending heavens below.

' There is a forest where the din

Of iron branches sounds !

A mighty river roars between,

And whosoever looks therein

Sees the heavens all black with sin,

Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

' Athwart the swinging branches cast,

Soft rays of sunshine pour ;

Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;

Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast ;

Pallid lips say, " It is past !

We can return no more ! "

' Look, then, into thine heart, and write !

Yes, into Life's deep stream !

All forms of sorrow and delight,

All solemn Voices of the Night,

That can soothe thee, or affright,—

Be these henceforth thy theme.'

Voices of the Night.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Ἀσπασία, τριλλίστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of
the Night
Sweep through her marble
halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed
with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of
night,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the
Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and
delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of
the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the mid-
night air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace
flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn
to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips
of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I
breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged
flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed-
for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG
MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they
seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout
and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of
time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE
FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is
Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a
breath,
And the flowers that grow be-
tween.

'Shall I have naught that is fair?'
saith he;
'Have naught but the bearded
grain?
Though the breath of these flowers
is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.'

He gazed at the flowers with tearful
eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

'My Lord has need of these
flowerets gay,'
The Reaper said, and smiled;
'Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

'They shall all bloom in fields of
light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments
white,
These sacred blossoms wear.'

And the mother gave, in tears and
pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all
again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green
earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too
soon;

And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is
given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me
rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed
hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know erelong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

Voices of the Night.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,

And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,

To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,

Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlour wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;

The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who
cherished

Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beautiful,

Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love
me,

And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me

With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-
like,

Looking downward from the
skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and
died !



FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint
and olden,

One who dwelleth by the castled
Rhine,

When he called the flowers, so blue
and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament
do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read
our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld ;
Yet not wrapped about with awful
mystery,
Like the burning stars, which
they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as
wondrous,

God hath written in those stars
above ;

But not less in the bright flowerets
under us

Stands the revelation of His
love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,

Written all over this great world
of ours ;

Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth, these
golden flowers.

Voices of the Night.

And the Poet, faithful and far-
seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers,
a part

Of the self-same, universal being.
Which is throbbing in his brain
and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight
shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of
day,

Tremulous leaves, with soft and
silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gor-
geous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden
light,

Large desires, with most uncertain
issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at
night !

These in flowers and men are more
than seeming ;

Workings are they of the self-
same powers,
Which the Poet, in no idle dream-
ing,
Seeth in himself and in the
flowers.

Everywhere about us are they
glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring
is born ;

Others, their blue eyes with tears
o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden
corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial
bearing,

And in Summer's green-em-
blazoned field,

But in arms of brave old Autumn's
wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green
alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by
the brink

Of sequestered pools in woodland
valleys,
Where the slaves of nature stoop
to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of
glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast
alone,

But in old cathedrals, high and
hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved
in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose
crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the
Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of
Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all sea-
sons,
Flowers expand their light and
soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive
reasons,
How akin they are to human
things.

And with childlike, credulous af-
fection

We behold their tender buds ex-
pand ;

Emblems of our own great resur-
rection,

Emblems of the bright and better
land.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old, marvelous tale,

Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale

Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,

With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea - fog landward bound,

The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,

No drum, nor sentry's pace ;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled ;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.



MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared !
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely, sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow ;
Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll ;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, ' Pray for this poor soul,
Pray, pray ! '

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers ;
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain !

Voices of the Night.

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and
with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king, a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice !
His joy ! his last ! O, the old man
gray
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's
breath,
'Pray do not mock me so !
Do not laugh at me !'

And now the sweet day is dead ;
Cold in his arms it lies ;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain !

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
'Vex not his ghost !'

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind !

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away !
Would, the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul ! could thus decay,
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier
blast,
There shall be a darker day ;
And the stars, from heaven down-
cast
Like red leaves be swept away !
Kyrie, eleyson !
Christe, eleyson !

L'ENVOI.

YE voices, that arose
After the Evening's close,
And whispered to my restless heart
repose !

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, 'Be of good
cheer !'

Ye sounds, so low and calm,
That in the groves of balm
Seemed to me like an angel's
psalm !

Go, mingle yet once more
With the perpetual roar
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar !

Tongues of the dead, not lost,
But speaking from death's frost,
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost !

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,
Amid the chills and damp
Of the vast plain where Death
encamps !

Earlier Poems.

[These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb."]

AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has re-
turned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood,
where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming
with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds
foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance,
and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with
winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods,
and coloured wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that
moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the
green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the
hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reach-
ing far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips
her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trem-
bling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side
by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are
wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn
brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

AUTUMN.

WITH what a glory comes and
goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful
harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times,
enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garni-
ture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the
clouds

Comes down upon the autumn sun,
and with
A sober gladness the old year takes
up
His bright inheritance of golden
fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splend-
id scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breath-
ing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered
trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest
dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn
woods,
And dipping in warm light the
pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a sum-
mer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the
vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and pas-
sionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs
up life
Within the solemn woods of ash
deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple
yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old
man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through
the trees
The golden robin moves. The pur-
ple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar
feeds,
A winter bird, comes with its plain-
tive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel,
whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling
blue-bird sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated
stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the
busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world
put on
For him who, with a fervent heart,
goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky,
and looks
On duties well performed, and days
well spent !
For him the wind, ay, and the
yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him
eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn
that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a
tear.



WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing
chill,
And through the hawthorn blows
the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.
O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert
woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely
play,
And gladden these deep soli-
tudes.
Where, twisted round the barren
oak,
The summer vine in beauty
clung,
And summer winds the stillness
broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.
Where, from their frozen urns,
mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mel-
low lay,
And winds were soft, and woods
were green,
And the song ceased not with
the day !

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods ! within your
crowd ;
And gathering winds, in hoarse
accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear
Has grown familiar with your
song ;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen, and it cheers me long.



HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM.

AT THE CONSECRATION OF
PULASKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowed head ;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The crimson banner, that with
prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was
heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious
aisle.

'Take thy banner ! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and
brave ;

When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale.
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,

When the spear in conflict
shakes,
And the strong lance shivering
breaks.

'Take thy banner ! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling
wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free !
Guard it ! God will prosper thee !
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee
then.

'Take thy banner ! But when
night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him ! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him ! he our love hath
shared !
Spare him ! as thou wouldst be
spared !

'Take thy banner ! and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the sol-
dier's bier,
And the muffled drum should
beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for
thee.'

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and
shroud !



SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when
heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's return-
ing march,

And woods were brightened, and
soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad
vales.
The clouds were far beneath me;
bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the
wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting
glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its
shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and
cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and
below
Glowed the rich valley, and the
river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's
shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush
of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his
spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,
And richly, by the blue lake's silver
beach,
The woods were bending with a
silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle
swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving
hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the
woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden
shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches,
from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst
forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that
will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy
soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature
wears.



THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these
woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle
south-wind blows;
Where, underneath the white-
thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing
the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms
outspread.
With what a tender and impas-
sioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of
thought,
When the fast ushering star of
morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with
golden scarf;
Or when the cowed and dusky-
sandaled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the
western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That
spirit moves
In the green valley, where the
silver brook
From its full laver pours the white
cascade;
And, babbling low amid the tangled
woods,
Slips down through moss-grown
stones with endless laughter.
And frequent, on the everlasting
hills,

Earlier Poems.

Its feet go forth, when it doth
wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the
storm,
And shrouths the stern, strong wind.
And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep
woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy
thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure,
bright air
Their tops the green trees lift.
Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and
quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent
voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the
golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river
on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and
gentle winds,
The swelling upland, where the
sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope at even-
ing goes,
Groves, through whose broken roof
the sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and
sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, and
mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that
doth fill
The world; and, in these wayward
days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and
beauty
That dwell in nature; of the hea-
venly forms
We worship in our dreams, and
the soft hues

That stain the wild bird's wing,
and flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her
tender eye
The heaven of April, with its
changing light,
And when it wears the blue of
May, is hung,
And on her lip the rich, red rose.
Her hair
Is like the summer tresses of the
trees,
When twilight makes them brown,
and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn
sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then
her breath—
It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
As, from the morning's dewy
flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a
joy
To have it round us, and her silver
voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its
passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNI- SINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was
brown,
With soft and silent lapse came
down
The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its golden leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of
white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

Earlier Poems.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening
stirred

The tall, gray forest ; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in
hand,

Came winding down beside the
wave,

To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native
bowers

He stood, in the last moon of
flowers,

And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head ;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid ;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and
beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the
slain ;

Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and
martial dress,

Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril
spread,

And heavy and impatient tread,
He came ; and oft that eye so
proud

Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief ; they
freed

Beside the grave his battle steed ;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart ! One piercing
neigh

Arose, and, on the dead man's
plain,

The rider grasps his steed again.

Juvenile Poems.

WRITTEN BETWEEN 1824 AND 1826.

THANKSGIVING.

WHEN first in ancient time from
Jubal's tongue
The tuneful anthem filled the morn-
ing air,
To sacred hymnings and Elysian
song
His music-breathing shell the
minstrel woke.
Devotion breathed aloud from
every chord :
The voice of praise was heard in
every tone,
And prayer, and thanks to Him the
Eternal One,
To Him, that with bright inspira-
tion touched
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly
song,
And warmed the soul with new
vitality.
A stirring energy through Nature
breathed :
The voice of adoration from her
broke,
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and
heard
Long in the sullen waterfall,—what
time
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw
on earth
Its bloom or blighting,—when the
Summer smiled,
Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre
mourned.
The Deity was there !—a nameless
spirit
Moved in the breasts of men to do
Him homage ;

And when the morning smiled, or
evening pale
Hung weeping o'er the melancholy
urn,
They came beneath the broad o'er-
arching trees,
And in their tremulous shadow wor-
shipped oft,
Where pale the vine clung round
their simple altars,
And gray moss mantling hung.
Above was heard
The melody of winds, breathed out
as the green trees
Bowed to their quivering touch in
living beauty,
And birds sang forth their cheerful
hymns. Below
The bright and widely wandering
rivulet
Struggled and gushed amongst the
tangled roots
That choked its reedy fountain, and
dark rocks
Worn smooth by the constant cur-
rent. Even there
The listless wave, that stole with
mellow voice
Where reeds grew rank on the
rushy-fringed brink,
And the green sedge bent to the
wandering wind,
Sang with a cheerful song of sweet
tranquillity.
Men felt the heavenly influence,
and it stole
Like balm into their hearts, till all
was peace ;
And even the air they breathed,
the light they saw,

Became religion ; for the ethereal
spirit
That to soft music wakes the chords
of feeling,
And mellowed everything to beauty,
moved
With cheering energy within their
breasts,
And made all holy there,—for all
was love.
The morning stars, that sweetly
sang together,
The moon, that hung at night in
the mid-sky,
Dayspring, and eventide, and all
the fair
And beautiful forms of nature, had
a voice
Of eloquent worship. Ocean with
its tides
Swelling and deep, where low the
infant storm
Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and
heavily beat
The pulses of the sea, sent forth a
voice
Of awful adoration to the spirit
That, wrapt in darkness, moved
upon its face.
And when the bow of evening
arched the east,
Or, in the moonlight pale, the
curling wave
Kissed with a sweet embrace the
sea-worn beach,
And soft the song of winds came
o'er the waters,
The mingled melody of wind and
wave
Touched like a heavenly anthem
on the ear ;
For it arose a tuneful hymn of wor-
ship.
And have *our* hearts grown cold ?
Are there on earth
No pure reflections caught from
heavenly light ?
Have our mute lips no hymn,—our
souls no song ?

Let him that in the summer day of
youth
Keeps pure the holy fount of youth-
ful feeling,
And him that in the nightfall of his
years
Lies down in his last sleep, and
shuts in peace
His dim pale eyes on life's short
wayfaring,
Praise Him that rules the destiny of
man.



AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

ROUND Autumn's mouldering
urn,
Loud mourns the chill and cheer-
less gale,
When nightfall shades the quiet
vale,
And stars in beauty burn.

'T is the year's eventide.
The wind,—like one that sighs—in
pain
O'er joys that ne'er will bloom
again,
Mourns on the far hillside.

And yet my pensive eye
Rests on the faint blue mountain
long,
And for the fairy-land of song,
That lies beyond, I sigh.

The moon unveils her brow ;
In the mid-sky her urn glows
bright,
And in her sad and mellowing light
The valley sleeps below.

Upon the hazel gray
The lyre of Autumn hangs unstrung,
And o'er its tremulous chords are
flung
The fringes of decay.

I stand deep musing here,
Beneath the dark and motionless
beech,
Whilst wandering winds of nightfall
reach
My melancholy ear.

The air breathes chill and free ;
A Spirit in soft music calls
From Autumn's gray and moss-
grown halls,
And round her withered tree.

The hoar and mantled oak,
With moss and twisted ivy brown,
Bends in its lifeless beauty down
Where weeds the fountain choke.

That fountain's hollow voice
Echoes the sound of precious
things ;—
Of early feeling's tuneful springs
Choked with our blighted joys.

Leaves, that the night-wind
bears
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,
Are types of our mortality,
And of our fading years.

The tree that shades the plain,
Wasting and hoar as time decays,
Spring shall renew with cheerful
days,—
But not my joys again.



ITALIAN SCENERY.

—NIGHT rests in beauty on Mont
Alto.

Beneath its shade the beauteous
Arno sleeps
In Vallombrosa's bosom, and dark
trees
Bend with a calm and quiet shadow
down

Upon the beauty of that silent river.
Still in the west, a melancholy smile
Mantles the lips of day, and twilight
pale

Moves like a spectre in the dusky
sky ;

While eve's sweet star on the fast-
fading year

Smiles calmly :—Music steals at
intervals

Across the water, with a tremulous
swell,

From out the upland dingle of tall
firs,

And a faint footfall sounds, where
dim and dark

Hangs the gray willow from the
river's brink,

O'ershadowing its current. Slowly
there

The lover's gondola drops down
the stream,

Silent,—save when its dipping oar
is heard,

Or in its eddy sighs the rippling
wave.

Mouldering and moss - grown
through the lapse of years,

In motionless beauty stands the
giant oak,

Whilst those that saw its green and
flourishing youth

Are gone and are forgotten. Soft
the fount,

Whose secret springs the star-light
pale discloses,

Gushes in hollow music, and be-
yond

The broader river sweeps its silent
way,

Mingling a silver current with that
sea,

Whose waters have no tides, com-
ing nor going.

On noiseless wing along that fair
blue sea

The halcyon flits,—and where the
wearied storm

Left a loud moaning, all is peace
again.

A calm is on the deep ! The
winds that came

O'er the dark sea-surge with a
tremulous breathing,
And mourned on the dark cliff
where weeds grew rank,
And to the autumnal death-dirge
the deep sea
Heaved its long billows,—with a
cheerless song
Have passed away to the cold earth
again,
Like a wayfaring mourner. Silently
Up from the calm sea's dim and
distant verge,
Full and unveiled the moon's broad
disk emerges.
On Tivoli, and where the fairy hues
Of autumn glow upon Abruzzi's
woods,
The silver light is spreading. Far
above,
Encompassed with their thin, cold
atmosphere,
The Apennines uplift their snowy
brows,
Glowing with colder beauty, where
unheard
The eagle screams in the fathom-
less ether,
And stays his wearied wing.
Here let us pause!
The spirit of these solitudes—the
soul
That dwells within these steep and
difficult places—
Speaks a mysterious language to
mine own,
And brings unutterable musings.
Earth
Sleeps in the shades of nightfall,
and the sea
Spreads like a thin blue haze be-
neath my feet,
Whilst the gray columns and the
mouldering tombs
Of the Imperial City, hidden deep
Beneath the mantle of their
shadows, rest.
My spirit looks on earth!—A
heavenly voice

Comes silently: 'Dreamer, is earth
thy dwelling!—
Lo! nursed within that fair and
fruitful bosom
Which has sustained thy being,
and within
The colder breast of Ocean, lie the
germs
Of thine own dissolution! E'en
the air,
That fans the clear blue sky and
gives thee strength—
Up from the sullen lake of moulder-
ing reeds,
And the wide waste of forest,
where the osier
Thrives in the damp and motion-
less atmosphere,—
Shall bring the dire and wasting
pestilence
And blight thy cheek. Dream thou
of higher things;—
This world is not thy home!' And
yet my eye
Rests upon earth again! How
beautiful,
Where wild Velino heaves its sullen
waves
Down the high cliff of gray and
shapeless granite,—
Hung on the curling mist, the
moonlight bow
Arches the perilous river. A soft
light
Silvers the Albanian mountains,
and the haze
That rests upon their summits,
mellows down
The austerer features of their
beauty. Faint
And dim-discovered glow the
Sabine hills,
And listening to the sea's monoto-
nous shell,
High on the cliffs of Terracina
stands
The castle of the royal Goth¹ in
ruins.

¹ Theodoric.

But night is in her wane :—day's
early flush
Glow like a hectic on her fading
cheek,
Wasting its beauty. And the
opening dawn
With cheerful lustre lights the royal
city,
Where, with its proud tiara of dark
towers,
It sleeps upon its own romantic
bay.



THE LUNATIC GIRL.

MOST beautiful, most gentle! Yet
how lost
To all that gladdens the fair earth ;
the eye
That watched her being ; the
maternal care
That kept and nourished her ; and
the calm light
That steals from our own thoughts,
and softly rests
On youth's green valleys and
smooth-sliding waters !
Alas ! few suns of life, and fewer
winds,
Had withered or had wasted the
fresh rose
That bloomed upon her cheek ;
but one chill frost
Came in that early Autumn, when
ripe thought
Is rich and beautiful, and blighted
it ;
And the fair stalk grew languid
day by day,
And drooped, and drooped, and
shed its many leaves.
'Tis said that some have died of
love, and some,
That once from beauty's high
romance had caught
Love's passionate feelings and
heart-wasting cares,

Have spurned life's threshold with
a desperate foot :
And others have gone mad,—and
she was one !
Her lover died at sea ; and they
had felt
A coldness for each other when
they parted ;
But love returned again, and to
her ear
Came tidings that the ship which
bore her lover
Had suddenly gone down at sea,
and all were lost.
I saw her in her native vale, when
high
The aspiring lark up from the
reedy river
Mounted on cheerful pinion ; and
she sat
Casting smooth pebbles into a
clear fountain,
And marking how they sunk ; and
oft she sighed
For him that perished thus in the
vast deep.
She had a sea-shell, that her lover
brought
From the far-distant ocean, and
she pressed
Its smooth cold lips unto her ear,
and thought
It whispered tidings of the dark
blue sea ;
And sad she cried, ' The tides are
out !—and now
I see his corse upon the stormy
beach !'
Around her neck a string of rose-
lipped shells,
And coral, and white pearl, was
loosely hung, [fan,
And close beside her lay a delicate
Made of the halcyon's blue wing ;
and when
She looked upon it, it would calm
her thoughts
As that bird calms the ocean,—for
it gave

Mournful, yet pleasant memory.
 Once I marked
 When through the mountain
 hollows and green woods
 That bent beneath its footsteps
 the loud wind
 Came with a voice as of the rest-
 less deep,
 She raised her head, and on her
 pale cold cheek
 A beauty of diviner seeming came :
 And then she spread her hands,
 and smiled, as if
 She welcomed a long-absent friend,
 —and then
 Shrunk timorously back again,
 and wept.
 I turned away : a multitude of
 thoughts,
 Mournful and dark, were crowding
 on my mind,
 And as I left that lost and ruined
 one,—
 A living monument that still on
 earth
 There is warm love and deep
 sincerity,—
 She gazed upon the west, where
 the blue sky
 Held, like an ocean, in its wide
 embrace
 Those fairy regions of bright cloud
 that lay
 So calm and quietly in the thin
 ether.
 And then she pointed where, alone
 and high,
 One little cloud sailed onward, like
 a lost
 And wandering bark, and fainter
 grew, and fainter,
 And soon was swallowed up in the
 blue depths.
 And when it sunk away, she
 turned again
 With sad despondency and tears
 to earth.
 Three long and weary months,
 —yet not a whisper

Of stern reproach for that cold
 parting ! Then
 She sat no longer by her favourite
 fountain !
 She was at rest for ever.



THE VENETIAN GON- DOLIER.

HERE rest the weary oar ! soft
 airs
 Breathe out in the o'erarching
 sky ;
 And Night—sweet Night—serenely
 wears
 A smile of peace ; her noon is
 nigh.

Where the tall fir in quiet stands,
 And waves, embracing the
 chaste shores,
 Move o'er sea-shells and bright
 sands,
 Is heard the sound of dipping
 oars.

Swift o'er the wave the light bark
 springs,
 Love's midnight hour draws
 lingering near :
 And list !—his tuneful viol strings
 The young Venetian Gondolier.

Lo ! on the silver-mirrored deep,
 On earth and her embosomed
 lakes,
 And where the silent rivers sweep,
 From the thin cloud fair moon-
 light breaks.

Soft music breathes around, and
 dies
 On the calm bosom of the sea ;
 Whilst in her cell the novice
 sighs
 Her vespers to her rosary.

At their dim altars bow fair forms,
In tender charity for those
That, helpless left to life's rude
storms,
Have never found this calm
repose.

The bell swings to its midnight
chime,
Relieved against the deep blue
sky !
Haste !—dip the oar again !—'tis
time
To seek Geneva's balcony.



DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE.

By yon still river, where the wave
Is winding slow at evening's
close,
The beech upon a nameless grave
Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks
down
Upon the many-twinkling leaves,
And twilight's mellow shades are
brown,
Where darkly the green turf
upheaves.

The river glides in silence there,
And hardly waves the sapling
tree :
Sweet flowers are springing, and
the air
Is full of balm,—but where is
she ?

They bade her wed a son of pride,
And leave the hopes she
cherished long ;
She loved but one,—and would
not hide
A love which knew no wrong.

And months went sadly on, and
years ;
And she was wasting day by day :

At length she died ; and many
tears
Were shed, that she should pass
away.

Then came a gray old man, and
knelt
With bitter weeping by her
tomb ;
And others mourned for him, who
felt
That he had sealed a daughter's
doom,

The funeral train has long passed
on,
And time wiped dry the father's
tear !
Farewell, lost maiden ! there is one
That mourns thee yet,—and he
is here.



A SONG OF SAVOY.

As the dim twilight shrouds
The mountains' purple crest,
And Summer's white and folded
clouds
Are glowing in the west,
Loud shouts come up the rocky
dell,
And voices hail the evening bell.

Faint is the goatherd's song,
And sighing comes the breeze :
The silent river sweeps along
Amid its bending trees,
And the full moon shines faintly
there,
And music fills the evening air.

Beneath the waving firs
The tinkling cymbals sound ;
And as the wind the foliage stirs,
I feel the dancers bound
Where the green branches, arched
above,
Bend over this fair scene of love.

And he is there that sought
 My young heart long ago !
 But he has left me,—though I
 thought
 He ne'er could leave me so.
 Ah ! lovers' vows,—how frail are
 they !
 And his were made but yesterday.
 Why comes he not ? I call
 In tears upon him yet ;
 'Twere better ne'er to love at all,
 Than love, and then forget !
 Why comes he not ? Alas ! I
 should
 Reclaim him still, if weeping could.
 But see,—he leaves the glade,
 And beckons me away :
 He comes to seek his mountain
 maid ;
 I cannot chide his stay.
 Glad sounds along the valley swell,
 And voices hail the evening bell.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

WHEN the summer harvest was
 gathered in,
 And the sheaf of the gleaner grew
 white and thin,
 And the ploughshare was in its fur-
 row left,
 Where the stubble land had been
 lately cleft,
 An Indian hunter, with unstrung
 bow,
 Looked down where the valley lay
 stretched below.
 He was a stranger there, and all
 that day
 Had been out on the hills, a peril-
 ous way,
 But the foot of the deer was far
 and fleet,
 And the wolf kept aloof from the
 hunter's feet.

And bitter feelings passed o'er him
 : then,
 As he stood by the populous haunts
 of men.

The winds of Autumn came over
 the woods
 As the sun stole out from their
 solitudes ;
 The moss was white on the maple's
 trunk,
 And dead from its arms the pale
 vine shrunk,
 And ripened the mellow fruit hung,
 and red
 Were the trees' withered leaves
 around it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow
 on the lawn,
 And the sickle cut down the yellow
 corn ;
 The mower sung loud by the
 meadow-side,
 Where the mists of evening were
 spreading wide,
 And the voice of the herdsman
 came up the lea,
 And the dance went round by the
 greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from
 that scene,
 Where the home of his fathers
 once had been,
 And heard by the distant and
 measured stroke
 That the woodman hewed down
 the giant oak,
 And burning thoughts flashed over
 his mind
 Of the white man's faith and love
 unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high
 and bright,
 As her golden horn pierced the
 cloud of white ;
 A footstep was heard in the rus-
 tling brake

Where the beech overshadowed
the misty lake,
And a mourning voice, and a
plunge from shore.
And the hunter was seen on the
hills no more.

When years had passed on, by
that still lake-side
The fisher looked down through
the silver tide,
And there, on the smooth, yellow
sand displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was
laid,
And 'twas seen, as the waters
moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a
hunter's bow.



JECKOYVA.

The Indian chief, Jeckoyva, as tradition
says, perished alone on the mountain which
now bears his name. Night overtook him
whilst hunting among the cliffs, and he was
not heard of till after a long time, when his
half-decayed corpse was found at the foot of
a high rock, over which he must have fallen.
Mount Jeckoyva is near the White Hills.

THEY made the warrior's grave
beside
The dashing of his native tide;
And there was mourning in the
glen—
The strong wail of a thousand
men—

O'er him thus fallen in his pride,
Ere mist of age, or blight, or blast,
Had o'er his mighty spirit past.

They made the warrior's grave
beneath
The bending of the wild elm's
wreath,
When the dark hunter's piercing
eye

Had found that mountain rest on
high,
Where, scattered by the sharp
wind's breath,
Beneath the rugged cliff were
thrown
The strong belt and the mouldering
bone.

Where was the warrior's foot, when
first
The red sun on the mountain burst?
Where, when the sultry noontime
came
On the green vales with scorching
flame,
And made the woodlands faint
with thirst?
'Twas where the wind is keen and
loud,
And the gray eagle breasts the
cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot when
night
Veiled in thick cloud the mountain
height?
None heard the loud and sudden
crash,—
None saw the fallen warrior dash
Down the bare rock so high and
white!
But he that drooped not in the
chase
Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the
long day
Of cold desertion passed away,
And traces on that barren cleft
Of struggling hard with death were
left,—
Deep marks and footprints in
the clay!
And they have laid this feathery
helm
By the dark river and green elm.

THE SEA DIVER.

MY way is on the bright blue sea,
My sleep upon its rocking tide;
And many an eye has followed me
Where billows clasp the worn
seaside.

My plumage bears the crimson
blush,
When ocean by the sun is kissed;
When fades the evening's purple
flush,
My dark wing cleaves the silver
mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid
deep,
My ear has heard the sea-shell
breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem;
Where the pale sea-grape had o'er-
grown
The glorious dwellings made for
them.

At night upon my storm-drenched
wing,
I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shattered thing
Had passed away and left no
mark.

And when the wind and storm
were done,
A ship, that had rode out the
gale,
Sunk down without a signal gun,
And none was left to tell the
tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart,
The cloud resign its golden
crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart
The sailor's wasted corse went
down.

Peace be to those whose graves
are made
Beneath the bright and silver
sea!
Peace, that their relics there were
laid
With no vain pride and pa-
geantry.

MUSINGS.

I SAT by my window one night,
And watched how the stars grew
high,
And the earth and skies were a
splendid sight
To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon
shone down
With gentle and mellow ray,
And beneath the crowded roofs
of the town
In broad light and shadow lay.

A glory was on the silent sea,
And mainland and island too,
Till a haze came over the lowland
lea,
And shrouded that beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn
wood
Its crimson scarf unrolled,
And the trees like a splendid army
stood
In a panoply of gold!

I saw them waving their banners
high,
As their crests to the night wind
bowed,
And a distant sound on the air went
by,
Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watched from my window
how fast
The lights all around me fled,
As the wearied man to his slumber
passed,
And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one, that burned
With distant and steady light ;
But that, too, went out,—and I
turned
Where my own lamp within
shone bright !

Thus, thought I, our joys must
die ;
Yes, the brightest from earth we
win ;
Till each turns away, with a sigh,
To the lamp that burns brightly
within.



SONG.

WHERE, from the eye of day,
The dark and silent river
Pursues through tangled woods a
way
O'er which the tall trees quiver,—

The silver mist, that breaks
From out that woodland cover,
Betrays the hidden path it takes,
And hangs the current over !

So oft the thoughts that burst
From hidden springs of feeling,
Like silent streams, unseen at first,
From our cold hearts are stealing.

But soon the clouds that veil
The eye of Love, when glowing,
Betray the long unwhispered tale
Of thoughts in darkness flow-
ing.

TWO SONNETS FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO.

I.

ART AND NATURE.

*Causa la vista el artificio humano,
etc.*

THE works of human artifice soon
tire

The curious eye ; the fountain's
sparkling rill,

And gardens, when adorned by
human skill,

Reproach the feeble hand, the vain
desire.

But oh ! the free and wild magni-
ficence

Of Nature in her lavish hours doth
steal,

In admiration silent and intense,
The soul of him who hath a soul to
feel.

The river moving on its ceaseless
way,

The verdant reach of meadows fair
and green,

And the blue hills that bound the
sylvan scene,—

These speak of grandeur that
defies decay,—

Proclaim the Eternal Architect on
high,

Who stamps on all his works his
own eternity.

II.

THE TWO HARVESTS.

*Yo vi romper aquestas vegas
llanas, etc.*

BUT yesterday those few and hoary
sheaves

Waved in the golden harvest ;
from the plain

I saw the blade shoot upward,
and the grain

Put forth the unripe ear and tender
leaves.

Then the glad upland smiled
upon the view,
And to the air the broad green
leaves unrolled,
A peerless emerald in each silken
fold,

And on its palm a pearl of morn-
ing dew.
And thus sprang up and ripened
in brief space

All that beneath the reaper's
sickle died,
All that smiled beauteous in the
summer-tide.

And what are we? a copy of that
race,

The later harvest of a longer
year!

And oh! how many fall before
the ripened ear.

COLUMBUS.

A TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

STEER, bold mariner, on! albeit
witlings deride thee,
And the steersman drop idly his
hand at the helm;

Ever, ever to westward! There
must the coast be discovered,
If it but lie distinct, luminous lie in
thy mind.

Trust to the God that leads thee,
and follow the sea that is
silent;

Did it not yet exist, now would it
rise from the flood.

Nature with Genius stands united
in league everlasting;

What is promised to one, surely the
other performs.

INSCRIPTION ON THE SHANKLIN FOUNTAIN.

O TRAVELLER, stay thy weary feet;
Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet;

It flows for rich and poor the same.
Then go thy way, remembering still
The wayside well beneath the hill,
The cup of water in His name.

Translations.

[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honourable mention of him as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as 'a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valour. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame.' He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, 'Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn.' This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on,—calm, dignified, and majestic.]

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and
awake;

Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding
fast

We heed not, but the past,—the
past,
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present
keeps,
Onward the constant current
sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy
train

Will not decay;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal; side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few;
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant
leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth, the Good and
Wise,
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common
lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot
astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each
wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the
sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the
eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances
strange,
Disastrous accident, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of
fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms that lovers
seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth
imparts
In life's first stage;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his out-
ward gate
To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others, by guilt and crime, main-
tain
The 'scutcheon, that, without a
stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they
glide,
How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms
stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

Translations.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are
found ;

Her swift revolving wheel turns
round,

And they are gone !

No rest the inconstant goddess
knows,

But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice
save

Its gilded baubles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely ;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the
dust,

They fade and die ;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's
doom

Eternally !

The pleasures and delights which
mask

In treacherous smiles life's serious
task,

What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay, but onward speed
With loosened rein ;

And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age im-
part,

And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with
light,

And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power,
What ardour show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
In weeds of woe !

Monarchs, the powerful and the
strong,

Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion ? who the
strong ?

Pontiff and priest, and sceptred
throng ?

On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's
breath

Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes ;

Nor of Rome's great and glorious
dead,

Though we have heard so oft, and
read,

Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled ;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan ?
Where

Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon ?

Where are the courtly gallantries ?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done ?

Translations.

Tourney and joust, that charmed
the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume,
What were they but a pageant
scene?
What but the garlands, gay and
green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames,
and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odours sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that
came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent
flame,
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with
gold,
The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre
swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside!

But O, how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a
smile
But to betray!
She, that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, the stately
walls,
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold;

Plate with armorial bearings
wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures
fraught
Of wealth untold;

The noble steeds, and harness
bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart
knight,
In rich array,
Where shall we seek them now?
Alas!
Like the bright dewdrops on the
grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious
zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train!

But he was mortal; and the breath,
That flamed from the hot forge of
Death
Blasted his years;
Judgment of God! that flame by
Thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable, the true
And gallant Master, whom we
knew
Most loved of all;
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,
His villages and villas fair,
His mighty power,
What were they all but grief and
shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when
came
The parting hour?

Translations.

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,
Might rival kings;
Who made the bravest and the
best

The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride?
What, but a transient gleam of
light,
A flame, which, glaring at its
height,
Grew dim and died?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire
wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou con-
cealed
In the dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten
nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting
high,
And flag displayed;
High battlements intrenched
around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and
mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and
deep,
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,

When thou dost battle in thy
wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their
path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou
dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with
grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and
fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many
a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of
woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and
shade,
To whom all hearts their homage
paid
As Virtue's son,
Roderic Manrique, he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy.
Ye saw his deeds !

Why should their praise in verse be
sung ?

The name, that dwells on every
tongue,
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend ; how kind to
all

The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief !

To foes how stern a foe was he !
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief !

What prudence with the old and
wise :

What grace in youthful gaities ;
In all how sage !

Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely
brave

A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call ;

His Scipio's virtue ; his the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, his
A Titus' noble charities

And righteous laws ;

The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause ;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still ;

The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will ;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command ;

The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate ;
He fought the Moors, and, in their
fall,

City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-
ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders
found

A common grave ;

And there the warrior's hand did
gain

The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honoured and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that
more

And fairer regions, than before,
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he
traced

On history's page ;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

Translations.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power ;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valour of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served ;
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the
glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down ;
When he had served, with patriot
zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valour
strong,
That neither history nor song
Can count them all ;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,

Saying, ' Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien ;
Let thy strong heart of steel this
day
Put on its armour for the fray,
The closing scene.

' Since thou hast been, in battle-
strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again ;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

' Think not the struggle that draws
near
Too terrible for man, nor fear
To meet the foe ;

Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

' A life of honour and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
'Tis but a name ;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which
leads
To want and shame.

' The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the
high
And proud estate ;
The soul in dalliance laid, the
spirit
Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit
A joy so great.

' But the good monk, in cloistered
cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears ;
And the brave knight, whose arm
endures
Fierce battles, and against the
Moors
His standard rears.

' And thou, brave knight, whose
hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at
length,
The guerdon of thine earthly
strength
And dauntless hand.

' Cheered onward by this promise
sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, thy hope is certainty,
The third, the better life on high
Shalt thou possess.'

'O Death, no more, no more delay;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest;
The will of Heaven my will shall
be,
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

'My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient
heart
Breathes forth no sigh;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sove-
reign will
That we shall die.

'O thou, that for our sins didst
take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

'And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O, pardon me!'

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or
shade
Upon his mind;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind,

His soul to Him who gave it rose;
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest!
And, though the warrior's sun has
set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE
VEGA.

SHEPHERD! who with thine amor-
ous, sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber that
encompassed me,
Who mad'st thy crook from the
accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms
were stretched so long!
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing
fountains;
For thou my shepherd, guard,
and guide shalt be;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to
see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the
mountains.
Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy
flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins,
for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's
vow.
O, wait! to thee my weary soul is
crying,
Wait for me! Yet why ask it,
when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross,
thou'rt waiting still for me!



TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE
VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that with un-
ceasing care
Thou didst seek after me, that
thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before
my gate,

Translations.

And pass the gloomy nights of
winter there?
O strange delusion! that I did not
greet
Thy blest approach, and O, to
Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds
upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently
cried,
'Soul, from thy casement look,
and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and
wait for thee!'
And, O! how often to that voice
of sorrow,
'To-morrow we will open,' I
replied,
And when the morrow came I
answered still, 'To-morrow.'

THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRAN-
CISCO DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light! my native
land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall
never fade!
Mansion of truth! without a
veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's
eye.
There dwells the soul in its
ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's
feeble breath;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its
glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet
fears not, death.
Beloved country! banished from
thy shore,

A stranger in this prison-house
of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and
sighs for thee!
Heavenward the bright perfections
I adore
Direct, and the sure promise
cheers the way,
That, whither love aspires, there
shall my dwelling be.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRAN-
CISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD! who seest, from yon
starry height,
Centred in one the future and
the past,
Fashioned in thine own image,
see how fast
The world obscures in me what
once was bright!
Eternal Sun! the warmth which
thou hast given,
To cheer life's flowery April, fast
decays;
Yet, in the hoary winter of my
days,
For ever green shall be my trust
in Heaven.
Celestial King! O let thy presence
pass
Before my spirit, and an image
fair
Shall meet that look of mercy
from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who
seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's
eye.

THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of
bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of
the morn!
The soul of April, unto whom
are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps
wild in thee!
Although, where'er thy devious
current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and
silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding
brighter seems
Than golden sands that charm
each shepherd's gaze.
How without guile thy bosom, all
transparent
As the pure crystal, lets the
curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth,
round pebbles count!
How, without malice murmuring,
glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone
by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man,
to dwell in limpid fount!

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold! as at the ap-
proach of morning,
Through the gross vapours, Mars
grows fiery red
Down in the west upon the
ocean floor,
Appeared to me,—may I again
behold it!—

A light along the sea, so swiftly
coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is
equalled.
And when therefrom I had with-
drawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question
my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown
and larger.
Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white, and
underneath,
Little by little, there came forth
another.
My master yet had uttered not a
word,
While the first whiteness into
wings unfolded;
But, when he clearly recognised
the pilot,
He cried aloud: 'Quick, quick,
and bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold
up thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see
such officers!
See, how he scorns all human
arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor
other sail
Than his own wings, between so
distant shores!
See, how he holds them, pointed
straight to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal
pinions,
That do not moult themselves
like mortal hair!'
And then, as nearer and more
near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more
glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain
his presence,
But down I cast it; and he came
to shore
With a small vessel, gliding
swift and light,

So that the water swallowed
naught thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial
Pilot!
Beatitude seemed written in
his face!
And more than a hundred spirits
sat within.
'*In exitu Israel de Ægypto!*'
Thus sang they all together in
one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is
after written.
Then made he sign of holy rood
upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves
upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he
came.



THE TERRESTRIAL. PARADISE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO,
XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and
round
The heavenly forest, dense and
living-green,
Which tempered to the eyes the
new-born day,
Withouten more delay I left the
bank,
Crossing the level country slowly,
slowly,
Over the soil, that everywhere
breathed fragrance.
A gently-breathing air, that no
mutation
Had in itself, smote me upon the
forehead,
No heavier blow than of a
pleasant breeze,

Whereat the tremulous branches
readily
Did all of them bow downward
towards that side
Where its first shadow casts the
Holy Mountain;
Yet not from their upright direc-
tion bent
So that the little birds upon
their tops
Should cease the practice of
their tuneful art;
But, with full-throated joy, the
hours of prime
Singing received they in the
midst of foliage
That made monotonous burden
to their rhymes,
Even as from branch to branch it
gathering swells
Through the pine forests on the
shore of Chiassi,
When Æolus unlooses the
Sirocco.
Already my slow steps had led me
on
Into the ancient wood so far,
that I
Could see no more the place
where I had entered.
And lo! my further course cut off
a river,
Which, towards the left hand,
with its little waves,
Bent down the grass that on its
margin sprang.
All waters that on earth most
limpid are,
Would seem to have within
themselves some mixture,
Compared with that, which no-
thing doth conceal,
Although it moves on with a brown,
brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that
never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the
moon.

BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO,
XXX, XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, at the final
summons,
Shall rise up quickened, each
one from his grave,
Wearing again the garments of
the flesh,
So, upon that celestial chariot,
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti*
senis,
Ministers and messengers of life
eternal.
They all were saying, '*Benedictus*
qui venis,'
And scattering flowers above
and round about,
'*Manibus o date lilia plenis*.'
Oft have I seen, at the approach of
day,
The orient sky all stained with
roseate hues,
And the other heaven with light
serene adorned,
And the sun's face uprising, over-
shadowed,
So that, by temperate influence
of vapours,
The eye sustained his aspect for
long while ;
Thus in the bosom of a cloud of
flowers,
Which from those hands angelic
were thrown up,
And down descended inside and
without,
With crown of olive o'er a snow-
white veil,
Appeared a lady, under a green
mantle,
Vested in colours of the living
flame.
Even as the snow, among the living
rafters

Upon the back of Italy, con-
geals,
Blown on and beaten by Scla-
vonian winds,
And then, dissolving, filters through
itself,
Whene'er the land, that loses
shadow, breathes,
Like as a taper melts before a
fire,
Even such I was, without a sigh or
tear,
Before the song of those who
chime for ever
After the chiming of the eternal
spheres ;
But, when I heard in those sweet
melodies
Compassion for me, more than
had they said,
'O wherefore, lady, dost thou
thus consume him ?'
The ice, that was about my heart
congealed,
To air and water changed, and,
in my anguish,
Through lips and eyes came
gushing from my breast.
Confusion and dismay, together
mingled,
Forced such a feeble 'Yes!' out
of my mouth,
To understand it one had need
of sight.
Even as a cross-bow breaks, when
'tis discharged,
Too tensely drawn the bow-string
and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits
the mark ;
So I gave way beneath this heavy
burden,
Gushing forth into bitter tears
and sighs,
And the voice, fainting, flagged
upon its passage.

SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES
D'ORLEANS.

XV CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring ! in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display !

For Winter maketh the light heart
sad,

And thou, thou makest the sad
heart gay.

He sees thee, and calls to his
gloomy train,

The sleet, and the snow, and the
wind, and the rain ;

And they shrink away, and they
flee in fear,

When thy merry step draws
near.

Winter giveth the fields and the
trees, so old,

Their beards of icicles and snow ;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and

cold,
We must cower over the embers

low ;

And, snugly housed from the wind
and weather,

Mope like birds that are changing
feather.

But the storm retires, and the sky
grows clear,

When thy merry step draws
near.

Winter maketh the sun in the
gloomy sky

Wrap him round with a mantle
of cloud ;

But, Heaven be praised, thy step
is nigh ;

Thou tearest away the mournful
shroud,

And the earth looks bright, and

Winter surly,

Who has toiled for naught both
late and early,

Is banished afar by the new-born
year,

When thy merry step draws near.



THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy
father's face,

Sleep on the bosom that thy lips
have pressed !

Sleep, little one ; and closely,
gently place

Thy drowsy eyelid on thy
mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little
friend,

Soft sleep shall come, that
cometh not to me !

I watch to see thee, nourish thee,
defend ;

'Tis sweet to watch for thee,
alone for thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits
upon his brow ;

His eye is closed ; he sleeps, nor
dreams of harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's
ruddy glow,

Would you not say he slept on
Death's cold arm ?

Awake, my boy ! I tremble with
affright !

Awake, and chase this fatal
thought ! Unclose

Thine eye but for one moment on
the light !

Even at the price of thine, give
me repose !

Sweet error! he but slept, I
breathe again;
Come, gentle dreams, the hour
of sleep beguile!
O, when shall he, for whom I sigh
in vain,
Beside me watch to see thy
waking smile?



THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

FOR thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born,
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh,
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within;
There thou art fast detained
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends;
Thou hast no friend,
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee;
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.



KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES
EWALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the
lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it
passed;

Then sank each hostile hulk and
mast,
In mist and smoke.
'Fly!' shouted they, 'fly he who
can!
Who braves of Denmark's Chris-
tian
The stroke?'

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's
roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once
more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the
tempest's roar,
'Now is the hour!'
'Fly!' shouted they, 'for shelter
fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?'

Translations.

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel
rent

Thy murky sky !

Then champions to thine arms were
sent ;

Terror and Death glared where he
went ;

From the waves was heard a wail,
that rent

Thy murky sky !

From Denmark, thunders Torden-
skiol' ,

Let each to Heaven commend his
soul,

And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !
Dark-rolling wave !

Receive thy friend, who, scorning
flight,

Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's
might,

Dark-rolling wave !

And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
My grave !

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an alehouse on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their
cups

Around the rustic board ;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with
wine,

' Long live the Swabian land !

' The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare ;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens
there.'

' Ha !' cried a Saxon, laughing,
And dashed his beard with wine ;
' I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine !

' The goodliest land on all this
earth,
It is the Saxon land !
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand !'

' Hold your tongues ! both Swabian
and Saxon !'
A bold Bohemian cries ;
' If there's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

' There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn.'

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to Heaven raised her hand,
And said, ' Ye may no more con-
tend,—

There lies the happiest land !'

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

' WHITHER, thou turbid wave ?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou ?'

' I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust ;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time.'

THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOCK-
MANN.

How they so softly rest,
All they the holy ones,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!



THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

'The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

'The clouds are passing far and
high,
We little birds in them play;
And everything, that can sing and
fly,
Goes with us, and far away.

'I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither,
or whence,
With thy fluttering golden
band?'—

'I greet thee, little bird! To the
wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.

'Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

'And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou mayest stand on the main-
mast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all.'—

'I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy
am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my
own.

'High over the sails, high over the
mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are
still, at last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of my
voice.

'Who neither may rest, nor listen
may,
God bless them every one!
I dart away, in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun.

'Thus do I sing my weary song,
Wherever the four winds blow;
And this same song, my whole life
long,
Neither Poet nor Printer may
know.'



WHITHER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside ;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going ?
Whither ? O brooklet, say !
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur ?
That can no murmur be ;
'Tis the water-nymphs, that are
singing
Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them
murmur,
And wander merrily near ;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

— — —
BEWARE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care !
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She has two eyes, so soft and
brown,
Take care !
She gives a side-glance and looks
down,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care !
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care !
She knows how much it is best to
show,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care !
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !



SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BELL ! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie !
Bell ! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie !

Bell ! thou soundest merrily ;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bed-time draweth nigh !
Bell ! thou soundest mournfully,
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by !

Say ! how canst thou mourn ?
How canst thou rejoice ?
Thou art but metal dull !
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all !

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form !
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm !

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'HAST thou seen that lordly
castle,

That Castle by the Sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

'And fain it would stoop down-
ward

To the mirrored wave below;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow.'

'Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.'

'The winds and the waves of
ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty
chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's
rhyme?'

'The winds and the waves of
ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of
wail,
And tears came to mine eye.'

'And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson
mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?

'Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?'

'Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds
of woe,
No maiden was by their side!'

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'TWAS Pentecost, the Feast of
Gladness,

When woods and fields put off all
sadness.

Thus began the King and spake:
'So from the halls

Of ancient Hofburg's walls,
A luxuriant Spring shall break.'

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly,
From balcony the King looked
on;

In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers,
Before the monarch's stalwart
son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable Knight.

'Sir Knight! your name and
'scutcheon, say!'

'Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear;
I am a Prince of mighty sway!'

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black
with mists,

And the castle 'gan to rock;
At the first blow,

Fell the youth from saddle-bow,
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high halls
glances;

Waves a mighty shadow in;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin.

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around;
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame ;
'Twixt son and daughter all dis-
traught,
With mournful mind
The ancient King reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took :
'Golden wine will make you
whole !'
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank :
'O, that draught was very
cool !'

Each the father's breast em-
braces,
Son and daughter ; and their
faces
Colourless grow utterly ;
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

'Woe ! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth ;
Take me, too, the joyless
father !'
Spake the grim Guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast :
'Roses in the spring I gather !'

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

INTO the Silent Land !
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?
Clouds in the evening sky more
darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker
on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither,
Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection ! Tender morn-
ing visions
Of beauteous souls ! The Future's
pledge and band !
Who in Life's battle firm doth
stand,
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate
allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch
doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great Departed,
Into the Silent Land !

Ballads.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

'SPEAK! speak! thou fearful
guest!

Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?'

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

'I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

'Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

'Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;

Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

'But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

'Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

'Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

'I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

'Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,

Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

'While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft

The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

'She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and
smiled,

I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

'Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she

Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

'Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;

And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

'And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!

Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

'As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

'Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

'There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

'Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

'Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skaal!*
—Thus the tale ended.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his
little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of
day,
And her bosom white as the haw-
thorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the
helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering
flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now
South.

Then up and spake an old Sailør,
Had sailed the Spanish
Main,
'I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

'Last night the moon had a golden
ring,
And to-night no moon we see !'
The skipper he blew a whiff from
his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed
he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like
yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote
amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a
frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's
length.

'Come hither ! come hither ! my
little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest
gale
That ever wind did blow.'

He wrapped her warm in his sea-
man's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

'O father ! I hear the church-bells
ring,
O say, what may it be ?'
''Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound
coast !'—
And he steered for the open
sea.

'O father ! I hear the sound of
guns,
O say, what may it be ?'
'Some ship in distress, that cannot
live
In such an angry sea !'

'O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be ?'
But the father answered never a
word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and
stark,
With his face turned to the
skies,
The lantern gleamed through the
gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her
hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who
stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight
dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and
snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel
swept
Towards the reef of Norman's
Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling
surf

On the rocks and the hard
sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath
her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the
crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and
fleecey waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her
side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed
in ice,
With the masts went by the
board ;
Like a vessel of glass she stove
and sank,—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-
beach
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting
mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her
breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown
sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hes-
perus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like
this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!



THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Of Edenhall the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's
call ;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revel-
lers all,
'Now bring me the Luck of Eden-
hall!'

The butler hears the words with
pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth
again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall :
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: 'This glass to
praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!'
The graybeard with trembling
hand obeys ;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Eden-
hall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves
it light :
'This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-
Sprite ;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth
fall,*
*Farewell then, O Luck of Eden-
hall!*

'Twas right a goblet the fate
should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall !
Deep draughts drink we right
willingly ;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling ! klang ! to the Luck of
Edenhall !

First rings it deep, and full, and
mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale ;
Then like the roar of a torrent
wild ;
Then mutters at last like the
thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

'For its keeper takes a race of
might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;
It has lasted longer than is right ;
Kling ! klang !—with a harder blow
than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall !'

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;
And through the rift the wild
flames start ;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Eden-
hall !

In storms the foe with fire and
sword ;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youth-
ful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal
tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes
alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Eden-
hall.

'The stone wall,' saith he, 'doth
fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall ;
Glass is this earth's Luck and
Pride ;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Eden-
hall !'



THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven
miles wide,

But never, ah never, can meet with
the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hillside
A Knight full well equipped ;
His steed was black, his helm was
barred ;

He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds ;
Anon he spurred his steed with a
clang,
And there sat all the birds and
sang.

He wore upon his mail
Twelve little golden wheels ;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
And round and round the wheels
they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest ;
And it was sharper than diamond-
stone—

It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
A wreath of ruddy gold ;
And that gave him the Maidens
Three—

The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight
 eftsoon

 If he were come from Heaven
 down;

‘Art thou Christ of Heaven?’ quoth
 he,

 ‘So will I yield me unto thee.’

‘I am not Christ the Great,
 Thou shalt not yield thee yet;

I am an Unknown Knight,
 Three modest Maidens have me
 bedight.’

‘Art thou a Knight elected,
 And have three Maidens thee
 bedight;

So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
 For all the Maidens’ honour!’

The first tilt they together rode
 They put their steeds to the
 test;

The second tilt they together
 rode

 They proved their manhood .
 best.

The third tilt they together rode,
 Neither of them would yield;

The fourth tilt they together
 rode

 They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
 And their blood runs unto death;
Now sit the Maidens in the high
 tower,

 The youngest sorrows till death.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village
Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,
Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire beheld by Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with
roses,

Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! With lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest.
Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbour
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron
Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection.
Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed,
(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished with
blossoms.

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes,
While all around at his feet an eternity slumbered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust
was

Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions
Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with
silver,

Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg,

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

Crept a garland gigantic ; and bright-curling tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass new-polished blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already ; the thronging crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark ! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle,
So cast off the soul its garments of earth ; and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land
Tuned to the choral of Luther. The song on its mighty pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo ! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.
Father he hight and he was in the parish ; a Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds ; but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man ;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.
Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.
Then, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places,
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming
But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies,
Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens,—
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.

Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's
Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.
Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,
Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.

Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear—for sublimity always is simple,
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when Springtide approaches,
Leaf by leaf puts forth, and warmed by the radiant sunshine
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar ;—and straightway transfigured
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher ; earthward descending

Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were transparent
Shot he ; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

'This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,
This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye
Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom ;
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendour
Downward rains from the heaven ;—to-day on the threshold of childhood
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,
For she knows naught of compulsion, and only conviction desireth.
This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,
Seed for the coming days ; without revocation departeth
Now from your lips the confession ; bethink ye, before ye make answer !
Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher.
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey ; the multitude hears you,
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy
Standeth before your sight as a witness ; the Judge everlasting
Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside Him
Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal.
Thus, then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created ?
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united ?
Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise !) to cherish
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother ?
Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living,
Th' heavenly faith of affection ! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer,
Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness ?
Will ye promise me this before God and man ?'—With a clear voice
Answered the young men Yes !—and Yes ! with lips softly-breathing

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the
Teacher
Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle,
Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

'Hail, then, hail to you all ! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome ;
Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters !
Yet,—for what reason not children ? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,
Ruling them all as his Household,—forgiving in turn and chastising,
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.
Blest are the pure before God ! Upon purity and upon virtue
Resteth the Christian Faith ; she herself from on high is descended.
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine
Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross for.
O, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,
O, how soon will ye come,—too soon !—and long to turn backward
Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illuminated, where Judgment
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,
Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven !
Seventy years have I lived already ; the Father eternal
Gave me gladness and care ; but the loveliest hours of existence,
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them,
Known them all again ;—they were my childhood's acquaintance.
Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's
childhood.

Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's roaring billows
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men ; in the desert
Angels descend and minister unto her ; she herself knoweth
Naught of her glorious attendance ; but follows faithful and humble,
Follows so long as she may her friend ; O do not reject her,
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.—
Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly flieth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame ever upward.
Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions,
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the
flowerets,

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd angels.
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ; and homesick for heaven
Longs the wanderer again ; and the Spirit's longings are worship ;
Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,
Then it is good to pray unto God; for His sorrowing children
Turns He ne'er from His door, but He heals and helps and consoles them.
Yet it is better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune
Kneels before the Eternal's throne; and with hands interfolded,
Praises thankful and moved the only Giver of blessings.
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven?
What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not received?
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of Him who
Hung His masonry pendent on naught, when the world He created.
Earth declareth His might, and the firmament utters His glory.
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,
Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millen-
niums

Lay themselves down at His feet, and He sees them, but counts them as
nothing.

Who shall stand in His presence? The wrath of the Judge is terrific,
Casting the insolent down at a glance. When He speaks in His anger
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck.
Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful avenger,
Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earthquake,
Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.
Love is the root of creation; God's essence; worlds without number
Lie in His bosom like children; He made them for this purpose only.
Only to love and to be loved again, He breathed forth His spirit
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.
Quench, O quench not that flame! It is the breath of your being.
Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother
Loved you, as God has loved you; for 'twas that you may be happy
Gave He His only Son. When He bowed down His head in the death-
hour

Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing
Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other
Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—Atonement!
Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.
Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection;
Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;
Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy
brethren;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is he not sailing
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided
By the same stars that guide thee? Why shouldst thou hate then thy
brother?

Hateth he thee, forgive! For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called Forgiveness!
Knowest thou Him who forgave with the crown of thorns on His
temples?

Earnestly prayed for His foes, for His murderers? Say, dost thou know
Him?

Ah! thou confessest His name, so follow likewise His example,
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,
Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly Shepherd
Took the lost lamb in His arms, and bore it back to its mother.
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.
Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but Love among mortals
Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.
Hope,—so is called upon earth his recompense,—Hope, the befriending,
Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows!
Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,
Him who has given us more; for to us has Hope been transfigured,
Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.
Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the eye of affection,
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.
Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh
Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapours descending.
There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,
Fears not the winged crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead.
Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring,
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate Springtide.
Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness
Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed is he who
Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth until Death's
hand

Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you?
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading
Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its Father.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions,
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them ! I fear not before
him.

Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast ; and face to face standing
Look I on God as He is, a sun unpolled by vapours ;
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,
Nobler, better than I ; they stand by the throne all transfigured,
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather,
Never forgets he the weary ;—then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter !
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,
Wander from holiness onward to holiness ; earth shall ye heed not ;
Earth is but dust and heaven is light ; I have pledged you to heaven.
God of the universe, hear me ! thou fountain of Love everlasting,
Hark to the voice of thy servant ! I send up my prayer to thy heaven.
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,
Whom thou hast given me here ! I have loved them all like a father.
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,
Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word ; again may they know me,
Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,
Father, lo ! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me !'

Weeping he spake in these words ; and now at the beck of the old man
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.
Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly
With him the children read ; at the close, with tremulous accents,
Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them.
Now should have ended his task for the day ; the following Sunday
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.
Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his
Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward ; while thoughts high
and holy
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful
brightness.

' On the next Sunday, who knows ! perhaps I shall rest in the grave-
yard !

Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
Bow down his head to the earth ; why delay I ? the hour is accom-
plished.

Warm is the heart ;—I will ! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.
What I began accomplish I now ; what failing therein is
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.
Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven.
Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement ?
What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and trans-
gressions

Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'Twas in the beginning
Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the
Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atonement.
Infinite is the fall,—the Atonement infinite likewise.

See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward,
Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions,
Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals.
Sin is brought forth full-grown; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms
Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven and of angels,
Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's strings,
Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.
Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement,
Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all
resplendent,

Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her.
Downward to earth He came and, transfigured, thence reascended;
Not from the heart in like wise, for there He still lives in the Spirit,
Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.
Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token.
Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting
Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision.
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone of amendment
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all
Sin and guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended,
Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold
flows

Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom,
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body,
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh
Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father!
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children,
'Yes!' with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications,
Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem:
'O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions,
Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!'
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids,
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols.
O, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday,
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan
to shiver.

The Children of the Lord's Supper.

But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and
above it
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there
Radiant in glory the Father, and on His right hand the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold
clouds
Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and
their faces,
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings,
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

Miscellaneous Poems.

THE VILLAGE BLACK-SMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars ;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver white the river gleams
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,

Love gives itself, but is not bought ;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes, — the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity, —
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep

Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts ! O slumbering eyes !

O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again !

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

Responds,—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings ;

And whispers, in its song,
'Where hast thou stayed so long ?'

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,

I wander through the world ;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife
Close in my heart was locked,
And in the sweet repose of life
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake ! Away that dream, —
away !

Too long did it remain !
So long, that both by night and day

It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought ;
To a grave so cold and deep
The mother beautiful was brought ;
Then dropt the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,
I bathe my eyes and see ;
And wander through the world
once more,
A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—

Left me that vision mild ;
The brown is from the mother's hair,
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,
Pale grows the evening-red ;
And when the dark lock I behold,
I wish that I were dead.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño.
Spanish Proverb.

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear,

The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where waiting till the west-wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new ;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves ;—
There are no birds in last year's nest !

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight !
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For O, it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest ;
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest !

—+—
THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;

My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—+—
GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase,
which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre !
It is just ;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas ! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom
In the fair gardens of that second birth,

And each bright blossom mingle
its perfume
With that of flowers which
never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death,
turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the
seed we sow ;
This is the field and Acre of our
God,
This is the place where human
harvests grow !



TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER ! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright
and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea !

Four long years of mingled feeling
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River !
Many a lesson, deep and long ;
Thou hast been a generous giver ;
I can give thee but a song.

Of in sadness and in illness
I have watched thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me like a tide.

And in better hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap onward with thy
stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowy woodlands
hide thee,

And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside
thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this ;—thy name re-
minds me

Of three friends, all true and
tried ;

And that name, like magic, binds
me

Closer, closer to thy side.

Friends my soul with joy re-
members !

How like quivering flames they
start,

When I fan the living embers
On the hearth-stone of my heart !

'Tis for this, thou Silent River !

That my spirit leans to thee ;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.



BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits ;
He hears the crowd ;—he hears a
breath

Say, ' It is Christ of Nazareth !'

And calls, in tones of agony,

Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !

The thronging multitudes increase ;

Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !

But still, above the noisy crowd,

The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;

Until they say, ' He calleth thee !'

Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε !

Then saith the Christ, as silent
stands

The crowd, ' What wilt thou at my
hands ?'

And he replies, 'O give me light !
Rabbi, restore the blind man's
sight.'

And Jesus answers "Υπαγε"
'Η πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
'Ιησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !
Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε !
'Η πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the
brim ;
And though my eyes with tears are
dim,

I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow.

No purple flowers,—no garlands
green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or
sheen,

Nor maddening draughts of Hip-
pocrène,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash be-
tween
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

This goblet, wrought with curious
art,
Is filled with waters, that upstart
When the deep fountains of the
heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and
crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-im-
browned
Are in its waters steeped and
drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous
powers,
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength, and fearless
mood ;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food ;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the coloured waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they
give !

And he who has not learned to
know
How false its sparkling bubbles
show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow,
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light ;
Through all that dark and desper-
ate fight,
The blackness of that noonday
night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light,—for strength to
bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity !
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried !

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter
leaf!
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm,—the struggle,—the
relief,
Then sleep we side by side.



MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN! with the meek brown
eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath
snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where
slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-num-
bered;—
Age, that bough with snows en-
cumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that
grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and
ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.



EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling
fast,
As through an Alpine village
passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and
ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye be-
neath
Flashed like a falchion from its
sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown
tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and
bright ;

Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

'Try not the Pass!' the old man
said ;

'Dark lowers the tempest over-
head,

The roaring torrent is deep and
wide!'

And loud that clarion voice re-
plied,

Excelsior !

'O stay,' the maiden said, 'and
rest

Thy weary head upon this breast !'
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

'Beware the pine-tree's withered
branch !

Beware the awful avalanche !'
This was the peasant's last Good-
night.

A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled
air,

Excelsior !

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange de-
vice,

Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and
gray,

Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior !



MEZZO CAMMIN.

Written at Boppard, on the Rhine, August
25, 1842, just before leaving for home.

HALF of my life is gone, and I have
let

The years slip from me and have
not fulfilled

The aspiration of my youth, to
build

Some tower of song with lofty
parapet.

Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor
the fret

Of restless passions that would
not be stilled,

But sorrow, and a care that
almost killed,

Kept me from what I may ac-
complish yet ;

Though, half-way up the hill, I see
the Past

Lying beneath me with its sounds
and sights,—

A city in the twilight dim and
vast,

With smoking roofs, soft bells, and
gleaming lights,—

And hear above me on the
autumnal blast

The cataract of Death far thun-
dering from the heights.

Poems on Slavery.

[The following poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October, 1842. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, in testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
'Servant of God! well done!'

Well done! Thy words are great
and bold;

At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and
yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side.
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice that cried
To John in Patmos, 'Write!'

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless
Wail,
This dread Apocalypse!

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted
hair
Was buried in the sand.

Again, in the mist and shadow of
sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his
dreams

The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed
queen

Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed
his cheeks,

They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his
scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed
their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind
grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed
the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll
of drums,
Through the triumph of his
dream.

The forests, with their myriad
tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the Blast of the Desert cried
aloud,

With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and
smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For Death had illumined the Land
of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !



THE GOOD PART THAT
SHALL NOT BE TAKEN
AWAY.

SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's
side,

In valleys green and cool ;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her
girls

With praise and mild rebukes ;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save ;
To cast the captive's chains aside
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free,
And musical as silver bells
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall
And laboured in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern
Sea

Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never
cease,

That clothe her with such grace ;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.



THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL
SWAMP.

IN dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The hunted Negro lay ;

He saw the fire of the midnight
camp,

And heard at times a horse's tramp
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-
worms shine,

In bulrush and in brake ;
Where waving mosses shroud the
pine,

And the cedar grows, and the
poisonous vine

Is spotted like the snake ;

Where hardly a human foot could
pass,

Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green
morass

He crouched in the rank and
tangled grass,
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and
lame;

Great scars deformed his face ;
On his forehead he bore the brand
of shame,

And the rags, that hid his mangled
frame,

Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and
fair,

All things were glad and free ;
Lithe squirrels darted here and
there,

And wild birds filled the echoing
air

With songs of Liberty !

On him alone was the doom of
pain,

From the morning of his birth ;
On him alone the curse of Cain

Fell, like a flail on the garnered
grain,

And struck him to the earth !

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sang the psalm of
David !

He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear.

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egypt-
ians,

When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion ;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas in their prison
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy angel
Brings the Slave this glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of
might

Breaks his dungeon-gates at night?

THE WITNESSES.

IN Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves ;
They gleam from the abyss ;
They cry from yawning waves,
'We are the Witnesses !'

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives ;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with
gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey ;
Murders, that with affright
Scare school-boys from their
play !

All evil thoughts and deeds ;
Anger, and lust, and pride ;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide !

These are the woes of Slaves ;
They glare from the abyss ;
They cry from unknown graves,
'We are the Witnesses !'



THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail ;
He waited for the rising moon
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was
tied,
And all her listless crew
Watched the gray alligator slide
Into the still bayou.

Odours of orange-flowers and
spice
Reached them from time to
time,
Like airs that breathe from Para-
dise
Upon a world of crime.

The Planter, under his roof of
thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;
The Slaver's thumb was on the
latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, ' My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon ;
I only wait the evening tides
And the rising of the moon.'

Before them, with her face up-
raised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large and full of
light,
Her arms and neck were bare ;
No garment she wore save a kirtle
bright,
And her own long, raven hair.

And on her lips there played a
smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

'The soil is barren,—the farm is
old,'
The thoughtful planter said ;
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains :
For he knew whose passions gave
her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too
weak ;
He took the glittering gold !
Then pale as death grew the
maiden's cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land !

THE WARNING.

BEWARE! The Israelite of old, who
tore

The lion in his path,—when,
poor and blind,

He saw the blessed light of heaven
no more,

Shorn of his noble strength and
forced to grind

In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its
overthrow

Destroyed himself, and with him
those who made

A cruel mockery of his sightless
woe;

The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and
jest of all,

Expired, and thousands perished in
the fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson in
this land,

Shorn of his strength and bound
in bonds of steel,

Who may, in some grim revel, raise
his hand,

And shake the pillars of this
Commonweal,

Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and
rubbish lies.

The Spanish Student.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN }					<i>Students of Alcalá.</i>
HYPOLITO }					
THE COUNT OF LARA }					<i>Gentlemen of Madrid.</i>
DON CARLOS }					
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.					
A CARDINAL.					
BELTRAN CRUZADO					<i>Count of the Gipsies.</i>
BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN					<i>A young Gipsy.</i>
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.					
PEDRO CRESPO					<i>Alcalde.</i>
PANCHO					<i>Alguacil.</i>
FRANCISCO					<i>Lara's Servant.</i>
CHISPA					<i>Victorian's Servant.</i>
BALTASAR					<i>Innkeeper.</i>
PRECIOSA					<i>A Gipsy Girl.</i>
ANGELICA					<i>A poor Girl.</i>
MARTINA					<i>The Padre Cura's Niece.</i>
DOLORES					<i>Preciosa's Maid.</i>

Gipsies, Musicians, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. Night. The COUNT in his dressing-gown, smoking, and conversing with DON CARLOS.*

Lara. You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos; How happened it?

Don C. I had engagements elsewhere.

Pray who was there?

Lara. Why, all the town and court.

The house was crowded; and the busy fans

Among the gaily dressed and perfumed ladies

Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.

There was the Countess of Medina Celi;

The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,

Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,

And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

Don C. What was the play?

Lara. It was a dull affair; One of those comedies in which you see,

As Lope says, the history of the world

Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.

There were three duels fought in the first act,

Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,

Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,

'O, I am dead!' a lover in a closet,

An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,

A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,

Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,

Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

Don C. Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

The Spanish Student.

Lara. And never better. Every
footstep fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

Don C. Almost beyond the privilege
of woman !
I saw her in the Prado yesterday.
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—
and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

Lara. May not a saint fall from
her Paradise,
And be no more a saint ?

Don C. Why do you ask ?

Lara. Because I have heard it
said this angel fell,
And though she is a virgin outwardly,
Within she is a sinner ; like those
panels

Of doors and altar-pieces the old
monks

Painted in convents, with the Virgin
Mary

On the outside, and on the inside
Venus !

Don C. You do her wrong ;
indeed, you do her wrong !

She is as virtuous as she is fair.

Lara. How credulous you are !

Why look you, friend,

There's not a virtuous woman in
Madrid,

In this whole city ! And would
you persuade me

That a mere dancing-girl, who
shows herself,

Nightly, half naked, on the stage,
for money,

And with voluptuous motions fires
the blood

Of inconsiderate youth, is to be
held

A model for her virtue ?

Don C. You forget
She is a Gipsy girl.

Lara. And therefore won
The easier.

Don C. Nay, not to be won at all !
The only virtue that a Gipsy prizes
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
Dearer than life she holds it. I
remember

A Gipsy woman, a vile, shameless
bawd,

Whose craft was to betray the
young and fair ;

And yet this woman was above all
bribes.

And when a noble lord, touched
by her beauty,

The wild and wizard beauty of her
race,

Offered her gold to be what she
made others,

She turned upon him with a look
of scorn,

And smote him in the face !

Lara. And does that prove
That Preciosa is above suspicion ?

Don C. It proves a nobleman
may be repulsed

When he thinks conquest easy. I
believe

That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something
undefiled,

Some pledge and keepsake of her
higher nature,

And, like the diamond in the dark,
retains

Some quenchless gleam of the
celestial light !

Lara. Yet Preciosa would have
taken the gold.

Don C. (rising). I do not think so.

Lara. I am sure of it.
But why this haste ? Stay yet a
little longer,

And fight the battles of your Dul-
cinea.

Don C. 'Tis late. I must be-
gone ; for if I stay

You will not be persuaded.

Lara. Yes ; persuade me.

The Spanish Student.

Don C. No one so deaf as he
who will not hear!

Lara. No one so blind as he
who will not see!

Don C. And so good night. I
wish you pleasant dreams,
And greater faith in woman. [*Exit.*

Lara. Greater faith!
I have the greatest faith; for I
believe

Victorian is her lover. I believe
That I shall be to-morrow; and
thereafter

Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her
zodiac,

As Taurus chases Aries.

(*Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.*)

Well, Francisco,
What speed with Preciosa?

Fran. None, my lord.
She sends your jewels back, and
bids me tell you

She is not to be purchased by your
gold.

Lara. Then I will try some
other way to win her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

Fran. Yes, my lord;
I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there?

Fran. I saw him buy
A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it?

Fran. One so like it
I could not choose between them.

Lara. It is well.
To-morrow morning bring that
ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to
my bed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A street in Madrid.*

Enter CHISPA, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanas!
and a plague on all lovers who
ramble about at night, drinking the
elements, instead of sleeping quietly
in their beds. Every dead man to
his cemetery, say I; and every
friar to his monastery. Now, here's
my master, Victorian, yesterday a
cowkeeper, and to-day a gentle-
man; yesterday a student, and to-
day a lover; and I must be up later
than the nightingale, for as the
abbot sings so must the sacristan
respond. God grant he may soon
be married, for then shall all this
serenading cease. Ay, marry!
marry! marry! Mother, what does
marry mean? It means to spin, to
bear children, and to weep, my
daughter! And, of a truth, there is
something more in matrimony than
the wedding-ring. (*To the musi-
cians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax
vobiscum! as the ass said to the
cabbages. Pray, walk this way;
and don't hang down your heads.
It is no disgrace to have an old
father and a ragged shirt. Now,
look you, you are gentlemen who
lead the life of crickets; you enjoy
hunger by day and noise by night.
Yet, I beseech you, for this once be
not loud, but pathetic; for it is a
serenade to a damsel in bed, and
not to the Man in the Moon.
Your object is not to arouse and
terrify, but to soothe and bring
lulling dreams. Therefore, each
shall not play upon his instrument
as if it were the only one in the
universe, but gently, and with a
certain modesty, according with
the others. Pray, how may I call
thy name, friend?

The Spanish Student.

First Mus. Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

First Mus. Why so?

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe.

Chispa. Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off?

First Mus. No, your honour.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Second and Third Musicians. We play the bandurria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth Mus. The fife.

Chispa. I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus. We are the singers, please your honour.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—PRECIOSA'S chamber.

She stands at the open window.

Prec. How slowly through the lilac-scented air Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down The vapoury clouds float in the peaceful sky; And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade The nightingales breathe out their souls in song. And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds, Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!

Far in yon azure deeps,

Hide, hide your golden light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!

Far down yon western steep,

Sink, sink in silver light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!

Where yonder woodbine creeps,

Fold, fold thy pinions light!

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!

Tell her, her lover keeps

Watch! while in slumbers light

She sleeps!

My lady sleeps!

Sleeps!

(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

Vict. Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

Prec. I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!

I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!

The Spanish Student.

Did no one see thee?

Vict. None, my love, but thou.

Prec. 'Tis very dangerous; and when thou art gone

I chide myself for letting thee come here

Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?

Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

Vict. Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá.

Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,

When that dull distance shall no more divide us;

And I no more shall scale thy wall by night

To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Prec. An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

Vict. And we shall sit together unmolested,

And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,

As singing birds from one bough to another.

Prec. That were a life to make time envious!

I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night.

I saw thee at the play.

Vict. Sweet child of air!

Never did I behold thee so attired And garmented in beauty as to-night!

What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

Prec. Am I not always fair?

Vict. Ay, and so fair

That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,

And wish that they were blind.

Prec. I heed them not;

When thou art present, I see none but thee!

Vict. There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes

Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

Prec. And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

Vict. Thou comest between me and those books too often!

I see thy face in everything I see!

The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,

The canticles are changed to sara-bands,

And with the learned doctors of the schools

I see thee dance cachuchas.

Prec. In good sooth,

I dance with learned doctors of the schools

To-morrow morning.

Vict. And with whom, I pray?

Prec. A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace

The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vict. What mad jest is this?

Prec. It is no jest; indeed it is not.

Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.

Prec. Why, simply thus.

Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain

To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vict. I have heard it whispered.

Prec. Now the Cardinal,

Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold

With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop

Has sent for me—

Vict. That thou mayst dance before them!

Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe

The fire of youth into these gray old men!

'Twill be thy proudest conquest!

Prec. Saving one.

And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,

And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

Vict. The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for alms;

With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee

I gave my heart away!

Prec. Dost thou remember When first we met?

Vict. It was at Córdoba, In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting

Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain.

Prec. 'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees

Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.

The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,

And then anon the great cathedral bell.

It was the elevation of the Host.

We both of us fell down upon our knees.

Under the orange-boughs, and prayed together.

I never had been happy till that moment.

Vict. Thou blessed angel!

Prec. And when thou wast gone I felt an aching here. I did not speak

To any one that day. But from that day

Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

Vict. Remember him no more.

Let not his shadow

Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa!

I loved thee even then, though I was silent!

Prec. I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.

Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

Vict. That was the first sound in the song of love!

Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.

Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings

Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,

And play the prelude of our fate.

We hear

The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

Prec. That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings?

Vict. So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.

As drops of rain fall into some dark well,

And from below comes a scarce audible sound,

So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,

And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Prec. I have felt it so, but found no words to say it!

I cannot reason; I can only feel! But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.

Thou art a scholar; and sometimes I think

We cannot walk together in this world!

The distance that divides us is too great!

Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars;

I must not hold thee back.

Vict. Thou little sceptic! Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in woman

Is her affections, not her intellect!

The intellect is finite; but the affections

Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

Compare me with the great men of the earth;

The Spanish Student.

What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!

But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,—

The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!

The world of the affections is thy world,

Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness

Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,

Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,

Feeding its flame. The element of fire

Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,

But burns as brightly in a Gipsy camp

As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

Prec. Yes, that I love thee, as the good love heaven;

But not that I am worthy of that heaven.

How shall I more deserve it?

Vict. Loving more.

Prec. I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

Vict. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,

As in the summer-time the thirsty sands

Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,

And still do thirst for more.

A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria

Purissima! 'Tis midnight and serene!

Vict. Hear'st thou that cry?

Prec. It is a hateful sound, To scare thee from me!

Vict. As the hunter's horn Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds

The moor-fowl from his mate.

Prec. Pray, do not go!

Vict. I must away to Alcalá to-night.

Think of me when I am away.

Prec. Fear not!

I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

Vict. (giving her a ring). And to remind thee of my love, take this,

A serpent, emblem of Eternity;

A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

Prec. It is an ancient saying, that the ruby

Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves

The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,

Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!

It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

Vict. What convent of bare-footed Carmelites

Taught thee so much theology?

Prec. (laying her hand upon his mouth). Hush! hush!

Good night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

Vict. Good night! good night!

Thou art my guardian angel!

I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(He descends by the balcony.)

Prec. Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

Vict. (from the garden). Safe as my love for thee! But art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight

As well as I. Pray shut thy window close;

I am jealous of the perfumed air of night

That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

Prec. (throwing down her handkerchief). Thou silly child!
Take this to blind thine eyes.

It is my benison!

Vict. And brings to me
Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as
the soft wind

Wafts to the out-bound mariner the
breath

Of the beloved land he leaves
behind.

Prec. Make not thy voyage long.

Vict. To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou
art the star

To guide me to an anchorage.
Good night!

My beauteous star! My star of
love, good night!

Prec. Good night!

Watchman (at a distance). Ave
Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV.—*An inn on the road to
Alcalá. BALTASAR asleep on a
bench. Enter CHISPA.*

Chispa. And here we are, half-
way to Alcalá, between cocks and
midnight. Body o' me! what an
inn this is! The lights out, and
the landlord asleep. Holá! an-
cient Baltasar!

Bal. (waking). Here I am.

Chispa. Yes, there you are, like
a one-eyed Alcalde in a town with-
out inhabitants. Bring a light, and
let me have supper.

Bal. Where is your master?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself
about him. We have stopped a
moment to breathe our horses;
and, if he chooses to walk up and
down in the open air, looking into
the sky as one who hears it rain,
that does not satisfy my hunger,
you know. But be quick, for I am

in a hurry, and every man stretches
his legs according to the length of
his coverlet. What have we here?

Bal. (setting a light on the table).
Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (eating). Conscience of
Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you
mean!

Bal. And a pitcher of Pedro
Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (drinking). Ancient Bal-
tasar, amigo! You know how to
cry wine and sell vinegar. I tell
you this is nothing but Vino Tinto
of La Mancha, with a tang of the
swine-skin.

Bal. I swear to you by Saint
Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

Chispa. And I swear to you by
Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it
is no such thing. Moreover, your
supper is like the hidalgo's dinner,
very little meat and a great deal of
tablecloth.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than
nuts.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha! You must
have your joke, Master Chispa.
But shall I not ask Don Victorian
in, to take a draught of the Pedro
Ximenes?

Chispa. No; you might as well
say, 'Don't-you-want-some?' to a
dead man.

Bal. Why does he go so often to
Madrid?

Chispa. For the same reason
that he eats no supper. He is in
love. Were you ever in love,
Baltasar?

Bal. I was never out of it, good
Chispa. It has been the torment
of my life.

Chispa. What! are you on fire,
too, old hay-stack? Why, we shall
never be able to put you out.

Vict. (without). Chispa!

The Spanish Student.

Chispa. Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

Vict. Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

Chispa. Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—VICTORIAN'S *chambers at Alcalá.* *HYPOLITO asleep in an armchair. He awakes slowly.*

Hyp. I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,

Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled

Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!

The candles have burned low; it must be late.

Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,

The only place in which one cannot find him

Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom

Feels the caresses of its master's hand.

Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument,

And make dull midnight merry with a song!

(*He plays and sings.*)

Padre Francisco!

Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins!

Open the door and let her come in, I will shrive her from every sin.

(*Enter VICTORIAN.*)

Vict. Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

Vict. Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,

I am the greatest sinner that doth live.

I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,

A maiden wooed and won.

Hyp. The same old tale Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,

Who, while the pot boils, says, 'Come here, my child;

I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day.'

Vict. Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full

That I must speak.

Hyp. Alas! that heart of thine Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain

Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter

The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

Vict. Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;

Those that remained, after the six were burned,

Being held more precious than the nine together.

But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember

The Gipsy girl we saw at Córdoba Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

Hyp. Thou meanest Preciosa.

Vict. Ay, the same.

Thou knowest how her image haunted me

Long after we returned to Alcalá. She's in Madrid.

Hyp. I know it.

Vict. And I'm in love.

Hyp. And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be In Alcalá.

The Spanish Student.

Vict. O pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret
from thee;

But silence is the charm that guards
such treasures,

And, if a word be spoken ere the
time,

They sink again, they were not
meant for us.

Hyp. Alas! alas! I see thou art
in love.

Love keeps the cold out better than
a cloak.

It serves for food and raiment.
Give a Spaniard

His mass, his olla, and his Doña
Luisa—

Thou knowest the proverb. But
pray tell me, lover,

How speeds thy wooing? Is the
maiden coy?

Write her a song, beginning with
an *Ave*;

Sing as the monk sang to the
Virgin Mary,

*Ave! cujus calcem clare
Nec centenni commendare
Sciret Seraph studio!*

Vict. Pray, do not jest! This is
no time for it!

I am in earnest!

Hyp. Seriously enamoured?
What, ho! The Primus of great

Alcalá

Enamoured of a Gipsy? Tell me
frankly,

How meanest thou?

Vict. I mean it honestly.
Hyp. Surely thou wilt not marry
her!

Vict. Why not?
Hyp. She was betrothed to one

Bartolomé,

If I remember rightly, a young
Gipsy

Who danced with her at Córdoba.

Vict. They quarrelled,
And so the matter ended.

Hyp. But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.

Vict. In truth I will.
The angels sang in Heaven when

she was born!

She is a precious jewel I have
found

Among the filth and rubbish of the
world.

I'll stoop for it; but when I wear
it here,

Set on my forehead like the morn-
ing star,

The world may wonder, but it will
not laugh.

Hyp. If thou wear'st nothing
else upon thy forehead,
'Twill be indeed a wonder.

Vict. Out upon thee
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray

tell me,
Is there no virtue in the world?

Hyp. Not much.
What, think'st thou, is she doing

at this moment;
Now, while we speak of her?

Vict. She lies asleep,
And from her parted lips her gentle

breath
Comes like the fragrance from the

lips of flowers.

Her tender limbs are still, and on
her breast

The cross she prayed to, ere she
fell asleep,

Rises and falls with the soft tide of
dreams,

Like a light barge safe moored.

Hyp. Which means, in prose,
She's sleeping with her mouth a

little open!

Vict. O, would I had the old
magician's glass

To see her as she lies in childlike
sleep!

The Spanish Student.

Hyp. And would'st thou venture?

Vict. Ay, indeed I would!

Hyp. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?

Vict. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!

I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,

What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life!

What groups should we behold about the death-bed,
Putting to shame the group of Niobe!

What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!

What stony tears in those congealed eyes!

What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!

What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!

What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!

What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hyp. Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,

That is the very point I most should dread.

This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,
Might tell a tale were better left untold.

For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,

The Lady Violante, bathed in tears

Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,

Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,

Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,

Desertest for this Glaucè.

Vict. Hold thy peace!
She cares not for me. She may wed another,

Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,

Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

Hyp. (rising). And so, good night! Good morning, I should say.

(Clock strikes three.)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time

Knocks at the golden portals of the day!

And so, once more, good night!
We'll speak more largely

Of Preciosa when we meet again.
Get thee to bed, and the magician,

Sleep,
Shall show her to thee in his magic glass,

In all her loveliness. Good night!
[Exit.

Vict. Good night!
But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left, and lays a large book open upon his knees.)

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch

The changing colour of the waves that break

Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind!

Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,

<p>Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye? O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone, Juices of those immortal plants that bloom Upon Olympus, making us immortal? Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows, Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away, And make the mind prolific in its fancies! I have the wish, but want the will, to act! Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words Have come to light from the swift river of Time, Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed, Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore? From the barred visor of Antiquity Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth, As from a mirror! All the means of action— The shapeless masses, the materials— Lie everywhere about us. What we need Is the celestial fire to change the flint Into transparent crystal, bright and clear. That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits At evening in his smoky cot, and draws With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall. The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,</p>	<p>And begs a shelter from the inclement night. He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand, And, by the magic of his touch at once Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine, And, in the eyes of the astonished clown It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed Rude popular traditions and old tales Shine as immortal poems, at the touch Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard, Who had but a night's lodging for his pains. But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame, Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart Rises the bright ideal of these dreams, As from some woodland fount a spirit rises And sinks again into its silent deeps Ere the enamoured knight can touch her robe! 'Tis this ideal that the soul of man, Like the enamoured knight beside the fountain, Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream; Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore, But from its silent deeps no spirit rises! Yet I, born under a propitious star, Have found the bright ideal of my dreams. Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,</p>
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The Spanish Student.

Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! on my
breast can feel
The pressure of her head! God's
benison
Rest ever on it! Close those beau-
teous eyes,

Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers
that bloom at night
With balmy lips breathe in her
ears my name!

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—PRECIOSA'S *chamber*.
Morning. PRECIOSA and AN-
GELICA.

Prec. Why will you go so soon?
Stay yet a while.

The poor too often turn away un-
heard

From hearts they shut against
them with a sound

That will be heard in Heaven.

Pray, tell me more

Of your adversities. Keep nothing
from me.

What is your landlord's name?

Ang. The Count of Lara.

Prec. The Count of Lara? O,
beware that man!

Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley
with him!

And rather die an outcast in the
streets

Than touch his gold.

Ang. You know him, then!

Prec. As much
As any woman may, and yet be
pure.

As you would keep your name
without a blemish,

Beware of him!

Ang. Alas! what can I do?

I cannot choose my friends. Each
word of kindness,

Come whence it may, is welcome
to the poor.

Prec. Make me your friend. A
girl so young and fair

Should have no friends but those
of her own sex.

What is your name?

Ang. Angelica.

Prec. That name

Was given you, that you might be
an angel

To her who bore you! When
your infant smile

Made her home Paradise, you
were her angel.

O, be an angel still! She needs
that smile.

So long as you are innocent, fear
nothing.

No one can harm you! I am a
poor girl,

Whom chance has taken from the
public streets.

I have no other shield than mine
own virtue.

That is the charm which has pro-
tected me!

Amid a thousand perils I have
worn it

Here on my heart! It is my guar-
dian angel.

Ang. (rising). I thank you for
this counsel, dearest lady.

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.

Prec. Pray, do not go. I have
much more to say.

Ang. My mother is alone. I
dare not leave her.

Prec. Some other time, then,
when we meet again.

You must not go away with words
alone. *(Gives her a purse.)*

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady.

The Spanish Student.

Prec. No thanks. To-morrow
come to me again.

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the
last time.

But what I gain, I promise shall be
yours,

If that can save you from the Count
of Lara.

Ang. O, my dear lady! how
shall I be grateful

For so much kindness?

Prec. I deserve no thanks;
Thank Heaven, not me.

Ang. Both Heaven and you.

Prec. Farewell.

Remember that you come again
to-morrow.

Ang. I will. And may the
Blessed Virgin guard you,

And all good angels. [*Exit.*

Prec. May they guard thee too,
And all the poor; for they have
need of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my
basquina,

My richest maja dress,—my danc-
ing dress,

And my most precious jewels!
Make me look

Fairer than night e'er saw me!
I've a prize

To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*)

Cruz. Ave Maria!

Prec. O God! my evil genius!
What seekest thou here to-day?

Cruz. Thyself,—my child.

Prec. What is thy will with me?

Cruz. Gold! gold!

Prec. I gave thee yesterday; I
have no more.

Cruz. The gold of the Busné,—
give me his gold!

Prec. I gave the last in charity
to-day.

Cruz. That is a foolish lie.

Prec. It is the truth.

Cruz. Curses upon thee! Thou
art not my child!

Hast thou given gold away, and
not to me?

Not to thy father? To whom, then?

Prec. To one

Who needs it more.

Cruz. No one can need it more.

Prec. Thou art not poor.

Cruz. What, I, who lurk about
In dismal suburbs and unwhole-
some lanes;

I, who am housed worse than the
galley slave;

I, who am fed worse than the ken-
nelled hound;

I, who am clothed in rags—Bel-
tran Cruzado,—

Not poor!

Prec. Thou hast a stout heart
and strong hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants; what
wouldst thou more?

Cruz. The gold of the Busné!
give me his gold!

Prec. Beltran Cruzado! hear
me once for all.

I speak the truth. So long as I
had gold,

I gave it to thee freely, at all
times,

Never denied thee; never had a
wish

But to fulfil thine own. Now go
in peace!

Be merciful, be patient, and ere long
Thou shalt have more.

Cruz. And if I have it not,
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in
rich chambers,

Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty
food,

And live in idleness; but go with
me,

Dance the Romalis in the public
streets,

And wander wild again o'er field
and fell;

The Spanish Student.

For here we stay not long.

Prec. What! march again?

Crus. Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!

Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,

The feeling of the breeze upon my face,

The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,

And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.

Then I am free and strong,—once more myself,

Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés!

Prec. God speed thee on thy march!—I cannot go.

Crus. Remember who I am, and who thou art!

Be silent and obey! Yet one thing more.

Bartolomé Román—

Prec. (with emotion). O, I beseech thee!

If my obedience and blameless life,

If my humility and meek submission

In all things hitherto, can move in thee

One feeling of compassion; if thou art

Indeed my father, and canst trace in me

One look of her who bore me, or one tone

That doth remind thee of her, let it plead

In my behalf, who am a feeble girl, Too feeble to resist, and do not force me

To wed that man! I am afraid of him!

I do not love him! On my knees I beg thee

To use no violence, nor do in haste What cannot be undone!

Crus. O child, child, child! Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird

Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.

I will not leave thee here in the great city

To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready

To go with us; and until then remember

A watchful eye is on thee. [*Exit.*

Prec. Woe is me!

I have a strange misgiving in my heart!

But that one deed of charity I'll do, Befall what may; they cannot take that from me.

SCENE II.—*A room in the ARCH-BISHOP'S Palace. The ARCH-BISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.*

Arch. Knowing how near it touched the public morals, And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten

By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,

Beseeching that his Holiness would aid

In curing the gross surfeit of the time,

By seasonable stop put here in Spain

To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.

All this you know.

Card. Know and approve.

Arch. And further, That, by a mandate from his

Holiness, The first have been suppressed.

Card. I trust for ever. It was a cruel sport.

The Spanish Student.

Arch. A barbarous pastime,
Disgraceful to the land that calls
itself

Most Catholic and Christian.

Card. Yet the people
Murmur at this ; and, if the public
dances

Should be condemned upon too
slight occasion,
Worse ills might follow than the
ills we cure.

As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.
Hence I would act advisedly here-
in ;

And therefore have induced your
Grace to see
These national dances, ere we
interdict them.

(Enter a Servant.)

Serv. The dancing-girl, and with
her the musicians
Your Grace was pleased to order,
wait without.

Arch. Bid them come in. Now
shall your eyes behold
In what angelic, yet voluptuous
shape
The Devil came to tempt Saint
Anthony.

*(Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle
thrown over her head. She
advances slowly, in modest, half-
timid attitude.)*

Card. (aside). O, what a fair
and ministering angel
Was lost to Heaven when this sweet
woman fell !

*Prec. (kneeling before the ARCH-
BISHOP).* I have obeyed the
order of your Grace.
If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here
beseech
Your holy benediction.

Arch. May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

Card. (aside). Her acts are
modest, and her words discreet !
I did not look for this ! Come
hither, child.

Is thy name Preciosa ?

Prec. Thus I am called.

Card. That is a Gipsy name.
Who is thy father ?

Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of
the Calés.

Arch. I have a dim remem-
brance of that man ;
He was a bold and reckless char-
acter,

A sun-burnt Ishmael !

Card. Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days ?

Prec. Yes ; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can re-
member still

The river, and the mountains
capped with snow ;
The villages, where, yet a little
child,

I told the traveller's fortune in the
street :

The smuggler's horse, the brigand
and the shepherd ;

The march across the moor ; the
halt at noon ;

The red fire of the evening camp,
that lighted

The forest where we slept ; and,
further back,

As in a dream or in some former
life,

Gardens and palace walls.

Arch. 'Tis the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gipsy
camp was pitched.

But the time wears ; and we would
see thee dance.

Prec. Your Grace shall be
obeyed.

*(She lays aside her mantilla. The
music of the cachucha is played,*

The Spanish Student.

and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)

SCENE III.—*The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening.* DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.

Don C. Holá! good evening,
Don Hypolito.

Hyp. And a good evening to my friend Don Carlos.
Some lucky star has led my steps this way.

I was in search of you.

Don C. Command me always.

Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,
The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,

Asks if his money-bags would rise?

Don C. I do;
But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man.

Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

Hyp. And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.

Don C. Pray, how much need you?

Hyp. Some half-dozen ounces,
Which, with due interest—

Don C. (*giving his purse*). What, am I a Jew

To put my moneys out at usury?
Here is my purse.

Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse,

Made by the hand of some fair Madrilena;

Perhaps a keepsake.

Don C. No, 'tis at your service.

Hyp. Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom,
And with thy golden mouth remind me often,

I am the debtor of my friend.

Don C. But tell me,
Come you to-day from Alcalá?

Hyp. This moment.

Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

Hyp. Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.

A damsel has ensnared him with the glances

Of her dark roving eyes, as herdsmen catch

A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

Don C. And is it faring ill
To be in love?

Hyp. In his case very ill.

Don C. Why so?

Hyp. For many reasons. First and foremost,
Because he is in love with an ideal;
A creature of his own imagination;
A child of air; an echo of his heart;
And, like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

Don C. A common thing with poets. But who is
This floating lily? For, in fine,
some woman,
Some living woman,—not a mere ideal,—

Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.

Who is it? Tell me.

Hyp. Well, it is a woman!
But, look you, from the coffer of his heart

The Spanish Student.

He brings forth precious jewels to
adorn her,

As pious priests adorn some
favourite saint

With gems and gold, until at length
she gleams

One blaze of glory. Without these,
you know,

And the priest's benediction, 'tis
a doll.

Don C. Well, well! who is this
doll?

Hyp. Why, who do you
think?

Don C. His cousin Violante.

Hyp. Guess again.
To ease his labouring heart, in the
last storm

He threw her overboard, with all
her ingots.

Don C. I cannot guess; so tell
me who it is.

Hyp. Not I.

Don C. Why not?

Hyp. (*mysteriously*). Why?
Because Mari Franca

Was married four leagues out of
Salamanca!

Don C. Jestng aside, who is
it?

Hyp. Preciosa.

Don C. Impossible! The Count
of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.

Hyp. Did I say she was?
The Roman Emperor Claudius had
a wife

Whose name was Messalina, as I
think;

Valeria Messalina was her name.
But hist! I see him yonder through
the trees,

Walking as in a dream.

Don C. He comes this way.

Hyp. It has been truly said by
some wise man,
That money, grief, and love cannot
be hidden.

(*Enter VICTORIAN in front.*)

Vict. Where'er thy step has
passed is holy ground!

These groves are sacred! I behold
thee walking

Under these shadowy trees, where
we have walked

At evening, and I feel thy presence
now;

Feel that the place has taken a
charm from thee,

And is for ever hallowed.

Hyp. Mark him well!
See how he strides away with
lordly air,

Like that odd guest of stone, that
grim Commander

Who comes to sup with Juan in the
play.

Don C. What ho! Victorian!

Hyp. Wilt thou sup with us?

Vict. Holá! amigos! Faith, I
did not see you.

How fares Don Carlos?

Don C. At your service ever.

Vict. How is that young and
green-eyed Gaditana

That you both wot of?

Don C. Ay, soft, emerald eyes!
She has gone back to Cadiz.

Hyp. Ay de mí!

Vict. You are much to blame for
letting her go back.

A pretty girl; and in her tender
eyes

Just that soft shade of green we
sometimes see

In evening skies.

Hyp. But, speaking of green
eyes,

Are thine green?

Vict. Not a whit. Why so?

Hyp. I think

The slightest shade of green would
be becoming,

For thou art jealous.

Vict. No, I am not jealous.

The Spanish Student.

Hyp. Thou shouldst be.
Vict. Why?
Hyp. Because thou art in love,
 And they who are in love are
 always jealous.
 Therefore thou shouldst be.
Vict. Marry, is that all?
 Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell,
 Don Carlos.
 Thou sayest I should be jealous?
Hyp. Ay, in truth
 I fear there is reason. Be upon
 thy guard.
 I hear it whispered that the Count
 of Lara
 Lays siege to the same citadel.
Vict. Indeed!
 Then he will have his labour for his
 pains.
Hyp. He does not think so, and
 Don Carlos tells me
 He boasts of his success.
Vict. How's this, Don Carlos?
Don C. Some hints of it I heard
 from his own lips.
 He spoke but lightly of the lady's
 virtue,
 As a gay man might speak.
Vict. Death and damnation!
 I'll cut his lying tongue out of his
 mouth,
 And throw it to my dog! But no,
 no, no!
 This cannot be. You jest, indeed
 you jest.
 Trifle with me no more. For other-
 wise
 We are no longer friends. And so,
 farewell! [*Exit.*]
Hyp. Now what a coil is here!
 The Avenging Child
 Hunting the traitor Quadros to his
 death,
 And the great Moor Calaynos,
 when he rode
 To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
 Were nothing to him! O hot-
 headed youth!

But come; we will not follow.
 Let us join
 The crowd that pours into the
 Prado. There
 We shall find merrier company; I
 see
 The Marialonzos and the Alma-
 vivas,
 And fifty fans, that beckon me
 already. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—PRECIOSA'S chamber.
*She is sitting, with a book in her
 hand, near a table, on which are
 flowers. A bird singing in its
 cage. The COUNT OF LARA
 enters behind unperceived.*

Prec. (reads).

All are sleeping, weary heart!
 Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.
 I know not what it is makes me so
 restless!

(*The bird sings.*)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley
 coat,
 That from thy vaulted, wiry
 dungeon singest,
 Like thee I am a captive, and, like
 thee,
 I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping weary heart!
 Thou, thou only sleepless art!
 All this throbbing, all this aching,
 Evermore shall keep thee waking,
 For a heart in sorrow breaking
 Thinketh ever of its smart!

Thou speakest truly, poet! and
 methinks
 More hearts are breaking in this
 world of ours
 Than one would say. In distant
 villages
 And solitudes remote, where winds
 have wafted

The Spanish Student.

The barbed seeds of love, or birds
of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do
they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence
perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest
leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower
that dies?
Heigho! I wish Victorian would
come.
Dolores!

*(Turns to lay down her book, and
perceives the COUNT.)*

Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me!

Prec. How's this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me—

Prec. Dolores!

Lara. Be not alarmed; I found
no one in waiting.

If I have been too bold—

*Prec. (turning her back upon
him).* You are too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

Lara. My dear lady,
First hear me! I beseech you, let
me speak!

'Tis for your good I come.

*Prec. (turning toward him with
indignation).* Begone! be-
gone!

You are the Count of Lara, but
your deeds

Would make the statues of your
ancestors

Blush on their tombs! Is it
Castilian honour,

Is it Castilian pride, to steal in
here

Upon a friendless girl, to do her
wrong?

O shame! shame! shame! that
you, a nobleman,

Should be so little noble in your
thoughts

As to send jewels here to win my
love,

And think to buy my honour with
your gold!

I have no words to tell you how I
scorn you!

Begone! The sight of you is hate-
ful to me!

Begone, I say!

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm
you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

Lara. I dare anything!

Therefore beware! You are de-
ceived in me.

In this false world we do not
always know

Who are our friends and who our
enemies.

We all have enemies, and all need
friends.

Even you, fair Preciosa, here at
court

Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Prec. If to this

I owe the honour of the present
visit,

You might have spared the coming.

Having spoken,

Once more I beg you, leave me to
myself.

Lara. I thought it but a friendly
part to tell you

What strange reports are current
here in town.

For my own self, I do not credit
them;

But there are many who, not
knowing you,

Will lend a readier ear.

Prec. There was no need
That you should take upon yourself

the duty

Of telling me these tales.

Lara. Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

Prec.

Alas!
I've no protectors. I am a poor girl,

The Spanish Student.

Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.

They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.

I give no cause for these reports. I live

Retired; am visited by none.

Lara. By none?

O, then, indeed, you are much wronged!

Prec. How mean you?

Lara. Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

Prec. Speak out!
What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.

Lara. I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me;

This window, as I think, looks toward the street,

And this into the Prado, does it not?
In yon high house, beyond the garden wall,—

You see the roof there just above the trees,—

There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,

That on a certain night,—be not offended

If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man

Climb to your chamber window. You are silent!

I would not blame you, being young and fair—

(He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger from her bosom.)

Prec. Beware! beware! I am a Gipsy girl!

Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer

And I will strike!

Lara. Pray you, put up that dagger.

Fear not.

Prec. I do not fear. I have a heart

In whose strength I can trust.

Lara. Listen to me.

I come here as your friend,—I am your friend,—

And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name

Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,

Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear,

I love you even to madness, and that love

Has driven me to break the rules of custom,

And force myself unasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN enters behind.)

Prec. Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the place

For such as you are. It becomes you not

To kneel before me. I am strangely moved

To see one of your rank thus low and humbled;

For your sake I will put aside all anger,

All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak

In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,

And as my heart now prompts me. I no more

Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.

But if, without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,

I may speak freely, I will teach my heart

To love you.

Lara. O sweet angel!

Prec. Ay, in truth,

Far better than you love yourself
or me.

Lara. Give me some sign of
this,—the slightest token.

Let me but kiss your hand!

Prec. Nay, come no nearer.
The words I utter are its sign and
token.

Misunderstand me not! Be not
deceived!

The love wherewith I love you is
not such

As you would offer me. For you
come here

To take from me the only thing I
have,

My honour. You are wealthy, you
have friends

And kindred, and a thousand pleas-
ant hopes

That fill your heart with happiness;
but I

Am poor, and friendless, having
but one treasure,

And you would take that from me,
and for what?

To flatter your own vanity, and
make me

What you would most despise. O
sir, such love,

That seeks to harm me, cannot be
true love.

Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
is of a different kind. It seeks
your good.

It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste
desires,

And bids you look into your heart,
and see

How you do wrong that better
nature in you,

And grieve your soul with sin.

Lara. I swear to you,
I would not harm you; I would
only love you.

I would not take your honour, but
restore it,

And in return I ask but some slight
mark

Of your affection. If indeed you
love me,

As you confess you do, O let me thus
With this embrace—

Vict. (rushing forward). Hold!
hold! This is too much.

What means this outrage?

Lara. First, what right have
you

To question thus a nobleman of
Spain?

Vict. I too am noble, and you
are no more!

Out of my sight!

Lara. Are you the master here?

Vict. Ay, here and elsewhere,
when the wrong of others

Gives me the right!

Prec. (to LARA). Go! I beseech
you, go!

Vict. I shall have business with
you, Count, anon!

Lara. You cannot come too
soon! [*Exit.*

Prec. Victorian!
O, we have been betrayed!

Vict. Ha! ha! betrayed!
'Tis I have been betrayed, not
we!—not we!

Prec. Dost thou imagine—

Vict. I imagine nothing;
I see how 'tis thou whilest the
time away

When I am gone!

Prec. O speak not in that tone!
It wounds me deeply.

Vict. 'Twas not meant to flatter.

Prec. Too well thou knowest the
presence of that man

Is hateful to me!

Vict. Yet I saw thee stand
And listen to him, when he told his
love.

Prec. I did not heed his words.

Vict. Indeed thou didst,
And answeredst them with love.

The Spanish Student.

Prec. Hadst thou heard all—

Vict. I heard enough.

Prec. Be not so angry with me.

Vict. I am not angry; I am very calm.

Prec. If thou wilt let me speak—

Vict. Nay, say no more.
I know too much already. Thou art false!

I do not like these Gipsy marriages!
Where is the ring I gave thee?

Prec. In my casket.

Vict. There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it:

I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

Prec. I call the Heavens to witness—

Vict. Nay, nay, nay!
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!

They are forsworn!

Prec. Victorian! dear Victorian!

Vict. I gave up all for thee;
myself, my fame,

My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul!

And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!

Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,

And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,

Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!

(*He casts her from him and rushes out.*)

Prec. And this from thee!

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE V.—*The COUNT OF LARA'S rooms. Enter the COUNT.*

Lara. There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!

I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.

A silly girl to play the prude with me!

The fire that I have kindled—

(*Enter FRANCISCO.*)

Well, Francisco,

What tidings from Don Juan?

Fran. Good, my lord;

He will be present.

Lara. And the Duke of Lemos?

Fran. Was not at home.

Lara. How with the rest?

Fran. I've found

The men you wanted. They will all be there,

And at the given signal raise a whirlwind

Of such discordant noises, that the dance

Must cease for lack of music.

Lara. Bravely done.

Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,

What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close

Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*

Vict. O shame! O shame!

Why do I walk abroad

By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,

And voices, and familiar sights and sounds

Cry 'Hide thyself!' O what a thin partition

Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge

Of evil deeds that have been done
in darkness!

Disgrace has many tongues. My
fears are windows,

Through which all eyes seem
gazing. Every face

Expresses some suspicion of my
shame,

And in derision seems to smile at
me!

Hyp. Did I not caution thee?
Did I not tell thee

I was but half persuaded of her
virtue?

Vict. And yet, Hypolito, we
may be wrong,

We may be over-hasty in con-
demning!

The Count of Lara is a cursed
villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she
cursed, loving him.

Vict. She does not love him!
'Tis for gold! for gold!

Hyp. Ay, but remember, in the
public streets

He shows a golden ring the Gipsy
gave him,

A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.
Vict. She had that ring from

me! God! she is false!

But I will be revenged! The hour
is passed.

Where stays the coward?
Hyp. Nay, he is no coward;

A villain, if thou wilt, but not a
coward.

I've seen him play with swords; it
is his pastime.

And therefore be not over-con-
fident,

He'll task thy skill anon. Look,
here he comes.

(*Enter LARA followed by FRANCISCO.*)

Lara. Good evening, gentlemen.
Hyp. Good evening, Count.

Lara. I trust I have not kept
you long in waiting.

Vict. Not long, and yet too
long. Are you prepared?

Lara. I am.

Hyp. It grieves me much
to see this quarrel

Between you, gentlemen. Is there
no way

Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your

swords?

Vict. No! none!
I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,

Stand not between me and my foe.
Too long

Our tongues have spoken. Let
these tongues of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard,
Sir Count!

(*They fight. VICTORIAN disarms
the COUNT.*)

Your life is mine; and what shall
now withhold me

From sending your vile soul to its
account?

Lara. Strike! strike!

Vict. You are disarmed.
I will not kill you.

I will not murder you. Take up
your sword.

(*FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his
sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.*)

Hyp. Enough! Let it end here!
The Count of Lara

Has shown himself a brave man,
and Victorian

A generous one, as ever. Now be
friends.

Put up your swords; for, to speak
frankly to you,

Your cause of quarrel is too slight
a thing

To move you to extremes.

Lara. I am content.

The Spanish Student.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words;

Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

Vict. Nay, something more than that.

Lara. I understand you. Therein I did not mean to cross your path.

To me the door stood open, as to others.

But, had I known the girl belonged to you,

Never would I have sought to win her from you.

The truth stands now revealed; she has been false

To both of us.

Vict. Ay, false as hell itself!

Lara. In truth, I did not seek her; she sought me;

And told me how to win her, telling me

The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict. Say, can you prove this to me? O, pluck out

These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!

Let me know all! all! all!

Lara. You shall know all. Here is my page, who was the messenger

Between us. Question him. Was it not so,

Francisco?

Fran. Ay, my lord.

Lara. If further proof Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

Vict. Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!

Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample

Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,

We both have been abused, been much abused!

I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.

Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.

I now can see the folly I have done,

Though, 'tis, alas! too late. So fare you well!

To-night I leave this hateful town for ever.

Regard me as your friend. Once more farewell!

Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count.

[Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.]

Lara. Farewell! farewell! farewell!

Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!

I have none else to fear; the fight is done,

The citadel is stormed, the victory won! *[Exit with FRANCISCO.]*

SCENE VII.—*A lane in the suburbs.*

Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.

Cruz. And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

Bart. In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

Cruz. And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

Bart. There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little

friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

Cruz. Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

Bart. First tell me what keeps thee here?

Cruz. Preciosa.

Bart. And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise!

Cruz. The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busné lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz. Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz. Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the house. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—*The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of 'Brava!' and 'Afuera!' She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

SCENE IX.—*The COUNT OF LARA'S chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.*

Lara. So, Caballeros, once more many thanks!

You have stood by me bravely in this matter.

Pray fill your glasses.

Don J. Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began,

And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!

Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom

Tumultuous as the sea!

Don L. I pitied her.

Lara. Her pride is humbled; and this very night

I mean to visit her.

Don J. Will you serenade her?

Lara. No music! no more music!

Don L. Why not music?

It softens many hearts.

Lara. Not in the humour She now is in. Music would madden her.

Don J. Try golden cymbals.

Don L. Yes, try Don Dinero; A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

Lara. To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.

A bumper and away; for the night wears.

A health to Preciosa.

(*They rise and drink.*)

All. Preciosa!

Lara (*holding up his glass*).

Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!

Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen

My secret from me, and 'mid sighs of passion

The Spanish Student.

Caught from my lips, with red and
fiery tongue,
Her precious name! O never more
henceforth
Shall mortal lips press thine; and
never more
A mortal name be whispered in
thine ear.

Go! keep my secret!

(*Drinks and dashes the goblet
down.*)

Don J. Ite! missa est!

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE X.—*Street and garden wall.*
*Night. Enter CRUZADO and
BARTOLOMÉ.*

Cruz. This is the garden wall,
and above it, yonder, is her house.
The window in which thou seest
the light is her window. But we
will not go in now.

Bart. Why not?

Cruz. Because she is not at
home.

Bart. No matter; we can wait.
But how is this? The gate is
bolted. (*Sound of guitars and
voices in a neighbouring street.*)
Hark! There comes her lover with
his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee,—to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good night! Good night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this
way.

Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (*coming nearer*).

Ah! thou moon that shinest
Argent-clear above!
All night long enlighten
My sweet lady-love!
Moon that shinest,
All night long enlighten!

Bart. Woe be to him, if he
comes this way!

Cruz. Be quiet, they are
passing down the street.

SONG (*dying away*).

The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother!
Ay, for the partridge, mother!
The cat has run away with the
partridge!
Puss! puss! puss!

Bart. Follow that! follow that!
Come with me. Puss! puss!

(*Exeunt. On the opposite side
enter the COUNT of LARA and
gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.*)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over
the wall, Francisco,
And draw the bolt. There, so, and
so, and over.
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help
me scale
Yon balcony. How now? Her
light still burns.
Move warily. Make fast the gate,
Francisco.

(*Exeunt. Re-enter CRUZADO and
BARTOLOMÉ.*)

Bart. They went in at the gate.
Hark! I hear them in the garden.
(*Tries the gate.*) Bolted again!
Vive Cristo! Follow me over the
wall. (*They climb the wall.*)

The Spanish Student.

SCENE XI.—*PRECIOSA'S bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an armchair, in an undress. DOLORES watching her.*

Dol. She sleeps at last!

(Opens the window, and listens.)

All silent in the street,
And in the garden. Hark!

Prec. (in her sleep). I must go hence!

Give me my cloak!

Dol. He comes! I hear his footsteps.

Prec. Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;
I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever

That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.

I am too weak to dance.

(Signal from the garden.)

Dol. (from the window). Who's there?

Voice (from below). A friend.

Dol. I will undo the door.

Wait till I come.

Prec. I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!

Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now,—give me my castanets.

Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!

They glare upon me like an evil eye. I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!

They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me!

(She wakes.)

How late is it, Dolores?

Dol. It is midnight.

Prec. We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.)

Voice. Muera!

Another Voice. O villains! villains!

Lara. So! have at you!

Voice. Take that!

Lara. O, I am wounded!

Dol. (shutting the window). Jesu Maria!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

SONG.

Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
Enemy
Of all that mankind may not rue!
Most untrue
To him who keeps most faith with thee.
Woe is me!

The falcon has the eyes of the dove.

Ah, Love!

Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,

Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes
Arcadian;

Hanging our gloomy prison-house
about

With tapestries, that make its walls
dilate

In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hyp. Thinking to walk in those
Arcadian pastures,

Thou hast run thy noble head
against the wall.

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits
Give us clearly to comprehend
Whither tend
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
They are cheats,
Thorns below and flowers above.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp. It suits thy case.

Vict. Indeed, I think it does.

What wise man wrote it?

Hyp. Lopez Maldonado.

Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp. With much truth in it.
I hope thou wilt profit by it; and
in earnest

Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict. I will forget her! All dear recollections

Pressed in my heart, like flowers
within a book,

Shall be torn out, and scattered to
the winds!

I will forget her! But perhaps here-
after,

When she shall learn how heartless
is the world,

A voice within her will repeat my
name,

And she will say, 'He was indeed
my friend!'

O, would I were a soldier, not a
scholar,

That the loud march, the deafening
beat of drums,

The shattering blast of the brass-
throated trumpet,

The din of arms, the onslaught and
the storm,

And a swift death, might make me
deaf for ever

To the upbraidings of this foolish
heart!

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart
upbraid no more!

To conquer love, one need but will
to conquer.

Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in
vain

I throw into Oblivion's sea the
sword

That pierces me; for, like Exca-
libar,

With gemmed and flashing hilt, it
will not sink.

There rises from below a hand that
grasps it,

And waves it in the air; and
wailing voices

Are heard along the shore.

Hyp. And yet at last
Down sank Excalibur to rise no
more.

This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.
Instead of whistling to the steeds
of Time,

To make them jog on merrily with
life's burden,

Like a dead weight thou hankest
on the wheels.

Thou art too young, too full of lusty
health

To talk of dying.

Vict. Yet I fain would die!

To go through life, unloving and
unloved;

To feel that thirst and hunger of the
soul

We cannot still; that longing, that
wild impulse,

And struggle after something we
have not

And cannot have; the effort to be
strong;

And, like the Spartan boy, to smile,
and smile,

While secret wounds do bleed be-
neath our cloaks;

All this the dead feel not,—the
dead alone!

Would I were with them!

Hyp. We shall all be soon.

Vict. It cannot be too soon; for

I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of
Life,

Where strangers walk as friends,
and friends as strangers;
Where whispers overheard betray
false hearts;

And through the mazes of the
crowd we chase

Some form of loveliness, that
smiles, and beckons,

And cheats us with fair words,
only to leave us

A mockery and a jest; maddened,
—confused,—

Not knowing friend from foe.

Hyp. Why seek to know?
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy
youth!

Take each fair mask for what it
gives itself,

Nor strive to look beneath it.

Vict. I confess,
That were the wiser part. But
Hope no longer

Comforts my soul. I am a wretched
man,

Much like a poor and shipwrecked
mariner,

Who, struggling to climb up into
the boat,

Has both his bruised and bleeding
hands cut off,

And sinks again into the weltering
sea

Helpless and hopeless!

Hyp. Yet thou shalt not perish.
The strength of thine own arm is
thy salvation.

Above thy head, through rifted
clouds, there shines

A glorious star. Be patient. Trust
thy star!

(*Sound of a village bell in the
distance.*)

Vict. Ave Maria! I hear the
sacristan

Ring the chimes from yonder
village belfry!

A solemn sound, that echoes far
and wide

Over the red roofs of the cottages,
And bids the labouring hind a-field,

the shepherd,
Guarding his flock, the lonely

muleteer,
And all the crowd in village streets,

stand still,
And breathe a prayer unto the

blessed Virgin!

Hyp. Amen! amen! Not half
a league from hence

The village lies.

Vict. This path will lead us to it,
Over the wheat-fields, where the

shadows sail
Across the running sea, now green,

now blue,
And, like an idle mariner on the

main,
Whistles the quail. Come, let us

hasten on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Public square in the
village of Guadarrama. The Ave
Maria still tolling. A crowd
of villagers, with their hats in
their hands, as if in prayer. In
front, a group of Gipsies. The
bell rings a merrier peal. A
Gipsy dance. Enter PANCHO,
followed by PEDRO CRESPO.*

Pancho. Make room, ye vaga-
bonds and Gipsy thieves!
Make room for the Alcalde and for
me!

Pedro C. Keep silence all! I
have an edict here

From our most gracious lord, the
King of Spain,

Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,

The Spanish Student.

Which I shall publish in the market-place.

Open your ears and listen !

(Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.)

Padre Cura,
Good day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

Padre C. Good day, and God be with you! Pray, what is it?

Pedro C. An act of banishment against the Gipsies!

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pancho. Silence!

Pedro C. (reads). 'I hereby order and command,
That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,

Known by the name of Gipsies, shall henceforth

Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds

And beggars; and if, after seventy days,

Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,

They shall receive a hundred lashes each;

The second time, shall have their ears cut off;

The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,

Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King.'

Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!

You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not gone,
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(The Gipsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent. PANCHO follows.)

Padre C. A righteous law! A very righteous law!

Pray you, sit down.

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.

(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA'S door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.)

A very righteous judgment, as you say.

Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things,—

How came these Gipsies into Spain?

Padre C. Why, look you; They came with Hercules from Palestine,

And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,

As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.

And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,

There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor

Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the Gipsies.

They never marry, never go to mass,

Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,

Nor see the inside of a church,—nor—nor—

Pedro C. Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!

No matter for the other ninety-five. They should be burnt, I see it plain

enough,—

They should be burnt.

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.)

Padre C. And pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

Hyp. Good evening, gentlemen!
Is this Guadarrama?

Padre C. Yes, Guadarrama, and
good evening to you.

Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura
of the village;
And, judging from your dress and
reverend mien,
You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what's
your pleasure?

Hyp. We are poor students,
travelling in vacation.
You know this mark?

(*Touching the wooden spoon in his
hat-band.*)

Padre C. (joyfully). Ay, know
it, and have worn it.

Pedro C. (aside). Soup-eaters!
by the mass! The worst of
vagrants!

And there's no law against them.
Sir, your servant. [*Exit.*]

Padre C. Your servant, Pedro
Crespo.

Hyp. Padre Cura,
From the first moment I beheld
your face,
I said within myself, 'This is the
man!'

There is a certain something in
your looks,
A certain scholar-like and studious
something,—

You understand,—which cannot be
mistaken;

Which marks you as a very learned
man,

In fine, as one of us.

Vict. (aside). What impudence!

Hyp. As we approached, I said
to my companion,

'That is the Padre Cura; mark my
words!'

Meaning your Grace. 'The other
man,' said I,

'Who sits so awkwardly upon the
bench,

Must be the sacristan.'

Padre C. Ah! said you so?
Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the
alcalde!

Hyp. Indeed! you much as-
tonish me! His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an alcalde's should be.

Padre C. That is true.
He's out of humour with some
vagrant Gipsies,
Who have their camp here in the
neighbourhood.

There's nothing so undignified as
anger.

Hyp. The Padre Cura will ex-
cuse our boldness,
If, from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre C. I pray you!
You do me honour! I am but too
happy

To have such guests beneath my
humble roof.

It is not often that I have occasion
To speak with scholars; and
Emollit mores,

Nec sinit esse feros, Cicero says.

Hyp. 'Tis Ovid, is it not?

Padre C. No, Cicero.

Hyp. Your Grace is right. You
are the better scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think
it Ovid!

But hang me if it is not! (*Aside.*)
Padre C. Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was
Cicero!

Pray you, go in, go in! no cere-
mony. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the PADRE
CURA'S house. Enter the PADRE
and HYPOLITO.*

Padre C. So then, Señor, you
come from Alcalá.

The Spanish Student.

I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honoured name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

Padre C. Gerónimo
De Santillana, at your Honour's service.

Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

Padre C. From the Marquis,
Not from the poet.

Hyp. Why, they were the same.
Let me embrace you! O some lucky star

Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—once more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,
And our professor, when we are unruly,

Will shake his hoary head, and say,
'Alas!

It was not so in Santillana's time!'

Padre C. I did not think my name remembered there.

Hyp. More than remembered; it is idolized.

Padre C. Of what professor speak you?

Hyp. Timoneda.

Padre C. I don't remember any Timoneda.

Hyp. A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow

O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech

As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

Padre C. Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days,

Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!

I had not buried then so many hopes!

I had not buried then so many friends!

I've turned my back on what was then before me;

And the bright faces of my young companions

Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.

Do you remember Cueva?

Hyp. Cueva? Cueva?

Padre C. Fool that I am! He was before your time.

You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C. Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'Tis my niece.

(Enter MARTINA.)

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that.

I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* (Aside.)

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Your servant, fair Martina.

Mart. Servant, sir.

Padre C. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.

Let us have supper.

Mart. 'Twill be ready soon.

Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas

Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.

Pray you, Señor, excuse me.

[Exit.

Hyp. Hist! Martina!

One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!

To-day there have been Gipsies in the village.

Is it not so?

Mart. There have been Gipsies here.

Hyp. Yes, and have told your fortune.

The Spanish Student.

Mart. (*embarrassed*). Told my fortune?

Hyp. Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.

I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said,

The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,

And him you should not marry. Was it not?

Mart. (*surprised*). How know you that?

Hyp. O, I know more than that.

What a soft little hand! And then they said,

A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall

And rich, should come one day to marry you,

And you should be a lady. Was it not?

He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(*Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.*)

Vict. The muleteer has come.

Hyp. So soon?

Vict. I found him sitting at supper by the tavern door,

And, from a pitcher that he held aloft

His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

Hyp. What news from Court?

Vict. He brought this letter only.

(*Reads.*)

O cursed perfidy! Why did I let That lying tongue deceive me!

Preciosa, Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

Hyp. What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale,

And thy hand tremble?

Vict. O, most infamous! The Count of Lara is a worthless villain!

Hyp. That is no news, forsooth.

Vict. He strove in vain To steal from me the jewel of my soul,

The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,

He swore to be revenged; and set on foot

A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.

She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,

Her reputation stained by slanderous lies

Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar,

She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,

Housing with Gipsies!

Hyp. To renew again The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains

Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana.

Redit et Virgo!

Vict. Dear Hypolito, How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!

I will go seek for her; and with my tears

Wash out the wrong I've done her!

Hyp. O beware! Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict. Ay, folly, Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,

I will confess my weakness,—I still love her!

Still fondly love her!

(*Enter the PADRE CURA.*)

Hyp. Tell us, Padre Cura, Who are these Gipsies in the neighbourhood?

The Spanish Student.

Padre C. Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

Vict. Kind Heaven,
I thank thee! She is found! is found again!

Hyp. And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,
Called Preciosa?

Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl. The gentleman seems moved.

Hyp. Yes, moved with hunger, He is half famished with this long day's journey.

Padre C. Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the cachucha.*

Chispa. Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I too should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gipsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(*Enter DON CARLOS.*)

Don C. Are not the horses ready yet?

Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses!

horses! horses! (*He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.*)

Mosg. Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

Chispa. Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

Mosg. You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

Chispa. Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

Mosg. No; she has a beard.

Chispa. Go to! go to!

Mosg. Are you from Madrid?

Chispa. Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mosg. What's the news at Court?

Chispa. Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip. (*Strikes him round the legs.*)

Mosg. Oh! oh! you hurt me!

Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (*Gives money to MOSQUITO.*) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gipsies passed this way of late?

Mosg. Yes; and they are still in the neighbourhood.

Don C. And where?

Mosg. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama.

[*Exit.*]

Don C. Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gipsy camp.

Chispa. Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

Don C. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chispa. And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don C. I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

Chispa. Among the Squires?

Don C. No; among the Gipsies, blockhead!

Chispa. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Gipsy camp in the forest. Night. Gipsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.*

Gipsies (at the forge sing).

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the
lea,

O how from their fury shall I flee, flee,
flee?

O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gipsy (playing). Down
with your John-Dorados, my
pigeon. Down with your John-
Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gipsies (at the forge sing).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran;
God send the Gipsy lassie here,
And not the Gipsy man.

First Gipsy (playing). There
you are in your morocco!

Second Gipsy. One more game.
The Alcalde's doves against the
Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gipsy. Have at you,
Chirelin.

Gipsies (at the forge sing).

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gipsy man,
The Gipsy lassie came.

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*)

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gipsies. Ay!

Cruz. (to the left). And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gipsies. Ay!

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

Gipsies. Ay!

Cruz. Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gipsies. Ay! ay!

Cruz. Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.*)

Prec. How strangely gleams
through the gigantic trees
The red light of the forge! Wild,
beckoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, ever and
anon
Rising and bending with the flicker-
ing flame,
Then fitting into darkness! So
within me

The Spanish Student.

Strange hopes and fears do beckon
to each other,
My brightest hopes giving dark
fears a being
As the light does the shadow. Woe
is me!
How still it is about me, and how
lonely!

(BARTOLOMÉ rushes in.)

Bart. Ho! Preciosa!

Prec. O Bartolomé!
Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou?

Bart. From the rough ridges of
the wild Sierra,
From caverns in the rocks, from
hunger, thirst,
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the
sheepfold
Come I for thee, my lamb.

Prec. O touch me not!
The Count of Lara's blood is on
thy hands!

The Count of Lara's curse is on
thy soul!

Do not come near me! Pray, be-
gone from here!

Thou art in danger! They have
set a price

Upon thy head!

Bart. Ay, and I've wandered
long

Among the mountains; and for
many days

Have seen no human face, save
the rough swineherd's.

The wind and rain have been my
sole companions.

I shouted to them from the rocks
thy name,

And the loud echo sent it back to
me,

Till I grew mad. I could not stay
from thee,

And I am here! Betray me, if thou
wilt.

Prec. Betray thee? I betray
thee?

Bart. Preciosa!
I come for thee! for thee I thus
brave death!

Fly with me o'er the borders of
this realm!

Fly with me!

Prec. Speak of that no more.
I cannot.

I'm thine no longer.

Bart. O, recall the time
When we were children! how we
played together,

How we grew up together; how
we plighted

Our hearts unto each other, even
in childhood!

Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has
come.

I'm hunted from the kingdom, like
a wolf!

Fulfil thy promise.

Prec. 'Twas my father's promise,
Not mine. I never gave my heart
to thee,

Nor promised thee my hand!

Bart. False tongue of woman!
And heart more false!

Prec. Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never
loved thee;

I cannot love thee. This is not
my fault,

It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst
thou with me,

A feeble girl, who have not long to
live,

Whose heart is broken? Seek
another wife,

Better than I, and fairer; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods

estrangle her from thee.

Thou art unhappy in this hopeless
passion.

I never sought thy love; never did
aught

The Spanish Student.

To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.

Beware, beware of that.

Bart. For thy dear sake I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

Prec. Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.
Thou must not linger here.

Bart. Come, come with me.

Prec. Hark! I hear footsteps.

Bart. I entreat thee, come!

Prec. Away! It is in vain.

Bart. Wilt thou not come?

Prec. Never!

Bart. Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee!

Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die. [*Exit.*]

Prec. All holy angels keep me in this hour!

Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!

Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!

Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!

Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?

To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,

To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,

All ignominy, suffering, and despair,

And be at rest for ever! O dull heart,

Be of good cheer When thou shalt cease to beat,

Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(*Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.*)

Vict. 'Tis she! Behold, how beautiful she stands
Under the tent-like trees!

Hyp. A woodland nymph!

Vict. I pray thee, stand aside.
Leave me.

Hyp. Be wary.
Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict. (*disguising his voice*). Hist! Gipsy!

Prec. (*aside, with emotion*). That voice! that voice from heaven! O speak again!

Who is it calls?

Vict. A friend.

Prec. (*aside*). 'Tis he! 'Tis he! I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,
And sent me this protector! Now be strong,

Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.

False friend or true?

Vict. A true friend to the true; Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

Prec. Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

Vict. (*putting a piece of gold into her hand*). There is the cross.

Prec. Is't silver?

Vict. No, 'tis gold.

Prec. There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,
And for yourself alone.

Vict. Fie! the old story! Tell me a better fortune for my money;

Not this old woman's tale!

Prec. You are passionate;

And this same passionate humour in your blood

Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now;

The line of life is crossed by many marks.

Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid who loved you!

How could you do it?

Vict. I never loved a maid; For she I loved was then a maid no more.

Prec. How know you that?

Vict. A little bird in the air Whispered the secret.

Prec. There, take back your gold!

Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand!

There is no blessing in its charity! Make her your wife, for you have been abused;

And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

Vict. (aside). How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman, When pleading in another's cause her own!

That is a pretty ring upon your finger.

Pray give it me.

(Tries to take the ring.)

Prec. No; never from my hand Shall that be taken!

Vict. Why, 'tis but a ring. I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,

Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

Prec. Why would you have this ring?

Vict. A traveller's fancy, A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it

As a memento of the Gipsy camp In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller

Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.

Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec. No, never! never!

I will not part with it, even when I die;

But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,

That it may not fall from them.

'Tis a token

Of a beloved friend who is no more.

Vict. How? dead?

Prec. Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.

He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.

I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,

To prove to him that I was never false.

Vict. (aside). Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still!

Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl. Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine,

And that you stole it.

Prec. O, you will not dare To utter such a falsehood!

Vict. I not dare? Look in my face, and say if there is aught

I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(She rushes into his arms.)

Prec. 'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected! Yes; My dearest dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!

Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou leave me?

Vict. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.

Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec. Hadst thou not come—

Vict. I pray thee, do not chide me!

Prec. I should have perished here among these Gipsies.

The Spanish Student.

Vict. Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer.
Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,
Thou being absent? O, believe it not!

Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,
For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!

Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

Prec. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,
I had forgiven thee.

Vict. I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.

It was the Count of Lara—

Prec. That bad man
Has worked me harm enough.
Hast thou not heard—

Vict. I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;

For every tone, like some sweet incantation,

Calls up the buried past to plead for me.

Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,

Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(They walk aside.)

Hyp. All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,
All passionate love scenes in the best romances,
All chaste embraces on the public stage,
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,

Have been surpassed here by my friend the student,
And this sweet Gipsy lass, fair Preciosa!

Prec. Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.

Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

Hyp. Not to-night;
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,

And send me back to marry maids forlorn,

My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

Chispa (within). What ho! the Gipsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado!

Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.)

Vict. What now?
Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you,

My worthy masters.

Vict. Speak; what brings thee here?

Chispa (to PRECIOSA). Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your father,

But your true father has returned to Spain

Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gipsy.

Vict. Strange as a Moorish tale!

Chispa. And we have all been drinking at the tavern to your health,

As wells drink in November, when it rains.

Vict. Where is the gentleman?

The Spanish Student.

Chispa. As the old song says,
His body is in Segovia,
His soul is in Madrid.

Prec. Is this a dream? O, if it
be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake
me yet!

Repeat thy story! Say I'm not
deceived!

Say that I do not dream! I am
awake;

This is the Gipsy camp; this is
Victorian,

And this his friend, Hypolito!
Speak! speak!

Let me not wake and find it all a
dream!

Vict. It is a dream, sweet child!
a waking dream,

A blissful certainty, a vision
bright

Of that rare happiness, which even
on earth

Heaven gives to those it loves.

Now art thou rich,

As thou wast ever beautiful and
good;

And I am now the beggar.

Prec. (*giving him her hand*). I
have still

A hand to give.

Chispa (*aside*). And I have two
to take.

I've heard my grandmother say,
that Heaven gives almonds

To those who have no teeth. That's
nuts to crack.

I've teeth to spare, but where shall
I find almonds?

Vict. What more of this strange
story?

Chispa. Nothing more.
Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at

the village

Showing to Pedro Crespo, the
Alcalde,

The proofs of what I tell you.

The old hag

Who stole you in your childhood
has confessed;

And probably they'll hang her for
the crime,

To make the celebration more
complete.

Vict. No; let it be a day of
general joy;

Fortune comes well to all, that
comes not late.

Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp. So farewell

The student's wandering life!

Sweet serenades

Sung under ladies' windows in the
night,

And all that makes vacation beau-
tiful!

To you, ye cloistered shades of
Alcalá,

To you, ye radiant visions of ro-
mance,

Written in books, but here sur-
passed by truth,

The Bachelor Hypolito returns,

And leaves the Gipsy with the
Spanish Student.

SCENE VI.—*A pass in the
Guadarrama mountains. Early
morning. A muleteer crosses the
stage, sitting sideways on his
mule, and lighting a paper cigar
with flint and steel.*

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door,

'Tis the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet;

We shall have to pass through the dewy
grass,

And waters wide and fleet.

(*Disappears down the pass. Enter
a Monk. A shepherd appears on
the rocks above.*)

The Spanish Student.

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia plena.
Olá ! good man !

Shep. Olá !

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia ?

Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it ?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley ?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains ?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What ?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria ! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me ?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried ;
Onward, caballito mio,
With the white star in thy forehead !
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack !
Ay, jaléo ! Ay, ay, jaléo !
Ay, jaléo ! They cross our track.

(Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot, and armed.)

Vict. This is the highest point.
Here let us rest.
See, Preciosa, see how all about us

Kneeling, like hooded friars, the
misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun !
O glorious sight !

Prec. Most beautiful indeed !

Hyp. Most wonderful !

Vict. And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like
lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy bel-
fries,

Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen
shields,

And shouted victory !

Prec. And which way lies
Segovia ?

Vict. At a great distance yonder.
Dost thou not see it ?

Prec. No. I do not see it.

Vict. The merest flaw that dents
the horizon's edge.

There, yonder !

Hyp. 'Tis a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aque-
duct,

And an Alcázar, builded by the
Moors,

Wherein, you may remember, poor
Gil Blas

Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many
a time

Out of its grated windows have I
looked

Hundreds of feet plumb down to
the Eresma,

That, like a serpent through the
valley creeping,

Glides at its foot.

Prec. O yes ! I see it now,
Yet rather with my heart than
with mine eyes,

So faint it is. And all my thoughts
sail thither,

Freighted with prayers and hopes
and forward urged

Against all stress of accident, as
in

The Spanish Student.

The Eastern tale, against the wind
and tide

Great ships were drawn to the
Magnetic Mountains,

And there were wrecked, and perished
in the sea ! (*She weeps.*)

Vict. O gentle spirit ! Thou
didst bear unmoved

Blasts of adversity and frosts of
fate !

But the first ray of sunshine that
falls on thee

Melts thee to tears ! O, let thy
weary heart

Lean upon mine ! and it shall faint
no more,

Nor thirst, nor hunger ; but be
comforted

And filled with my affection.

Prec. Stay no longer !

My father waits. Methinks I see
him there,

Now looking from the window, and
now watching

Each sound of wheels or footfall in
the street,

And saying, 'Hark ! she comes !'
O father ! father !

(*They descend the pass. CHISPA
remains behind.*)

Chispa. I have a father, too,
but he is a dead one. Alas and

alack-a-day ! Poor was I born,
and poor do I remain. I neither
win nor lose. Thus I wag through
the world, half the time on foot,
and the other half walking ; and
always as merry as a thunder-
storm in the night. And so we
plough along, as the fly said to
the ox. Who knows what may
happen ? Patience, and shuffle the
cards ! I am not yet so bald that
you can see my brains ; and per-
haps, after all, I shall some day go
to Rome, and come back Saint
Peter. Benedicite ! [*Exit.*]

(*A pause. Then enter BARTO-
LOMÉ wildly, as if in pursuit,
with a carbine in his hand.*)

Bart. They passed this way !
I hear their horses' hoofs !

Yonder I see them ! Come, sweet
caramillo,
This serenade shall be the Gipsy's
last !

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha ! ha ! Well whistled, my sweet
caramillo !

Well whistled !—I have missed
her !—O my God !

(*The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ
falls.*)

The Belfry of Bruges.

CARILLON.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangour
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had
ended,

Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering
vision,

Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and
fancies,

Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling;
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these
chimes

Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities!
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished
long;

Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ring-
ing,
And wakes, and finds his slum-
brous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the
night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

The Belfry of Bruges.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown ;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.
As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.
Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.
At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.
Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.
From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high ;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.
Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,
Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir ;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.
Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again ;
All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy Philip, Guy de Dampierre.
I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old ;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.
Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and ease.
I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground ;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound ;
And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.
I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold ;
Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.
And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote ;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat ;
Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
'I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the land !'
Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.
Hours had passed away like minutes ; and, before I was aware,
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illuminated square.

Miscellaneous Poems.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,

Let me review the scene,
And summon from the shadowy Past

The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town ;

There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church
with thee,
O gentlest of my friends !

The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass ;
Between them and the moving
boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they ;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

'Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting
cares,
Of earth and folly born !'
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the
golden sun

Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's
fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For in my heart I prayed with
him,
And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas ! the place seems
changed ;
Thou art no longer here :
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in
my heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,
Subdue the light of noon, and
breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh ;

This memory brightens o'er the
past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us
hangs
Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRING-FIELD.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor
to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the
burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no
anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange
alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how
wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches
those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal
Miserere
Will mingle with their awful
symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce
chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless
groan,
Which, through the ages that have
gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our
own.

On helm and harness rings the
Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars
the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal
clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the
Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from
his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with
dreadful din,

And Aztec priests upon their tec-
callis
Beat the wild war-drums made
of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and
burning village;
The shout that every prayer for
mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of
pillage;
The wail of famine in belea-
guered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway
wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clash-
ing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of
thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant
noises,
With such accursed instruments
as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and
kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial har-
monies?

Were half the power that fills the
world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed
on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind
from error,
There were no need of arsenals
or forts:

The warrior's name would be a
name abhorred!
And every nation that should
lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its
forehead
Would wear for evermore the
curse of Cain!

Miscellaneous Poems.

Down the dark future, through long
generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter
and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet
vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of
Christ say, ' Peace ! '

Peace ! and no longer from its
brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ
shakes the skies !
But beautiful as songs of the im-
mortals,
The holy melodies of love
arise.

NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them
throng :

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand ;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art :
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart ;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Miscellaneous Poems.

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air !

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal
lanes,
Walked of yore the Master-singers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime ;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy
bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard ;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour,—the long pedigree of toil.

THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.

THIERRY, *Conquête de l'Angleterre.*

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that from the neighbouring kloster
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

'Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King like David, priest like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
'Miserere, Domine!'

In that hour of deep contrition
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, 'Amen!'

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing
spout !

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber
looks
At the twisted brooks ;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool ;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the
rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted
hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen
stand ;

Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread,
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,
And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smok-
ing soil

For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,
From under the sheltering trees,
The farmer sees
His pastures, and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,
The Poet sees !
He can behold
Aquarius old
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold
Things manifold
That have not yet been wholly
told,—

Have not been wholly sung nor said.
For his thought, that never stops,
Follows the water-drops
Down to the graves of the dead,
Down through chasms and gulfs
profound,
To the dreary fountain-head
Of lakes and rivers under ground ;

And sees them, when the rain is
done,
On the bridge of colours seven
Climbing up once more to heaven,
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,
With vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear
In the perpetual round of strange
Mysterious change
From birth to death, from death to
birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven
to earth ;
Till glimpses more sublime
Of things, unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The Universe, as an immeasurable
wheel
Turning for evermore
In the rapid and rushing river of
Time.



TO A CHILD.

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy
mother's knee,
With merry-making eyes and
jocund smiles,
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,
Whose figures grace,
With many a grotesque form and
face,
The ancient chimney of thy nursery !
The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin ;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud com-
mand
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune !

Thousands of years in Indian seas
That coral grew, by slow degrees,
Until some deadly and wild mon-
soon
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !

Those silver bells
Reposed of yore,
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep-sunken wells
Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines !

And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and
escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy
cape ;
For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath a burning tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the
wild goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling clutched the frail arbute,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the miser
Time.

But, lo ! thy door is left ajar !
Thou hearest footsteps from afar !
And, at the sound,
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and sur-
prise !
And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.
The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to thee.
No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles,
Delight thee, nor the playthings
on the floor,

Miscellaneous Poems.

That won thy little beating heart
before ;
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls
Thy pattering footstep falls.
The sound of thy merry voice
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart,
O'er the light of whose gladness
No shadows of sadness
From the sombre background of
memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country, dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and
damp
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread ;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts
to thee ?

Out, out ! into the open air !
Thy only dream is liberty,
Thou carest little how or where.
I see thee eager at thy play,
Now shouting to the apples on the
tree,
With cheeks as round and red as
they ;
And now among the yellow stalks,
Among the flowering shrubs and
plants,
As restless as the bee.
Along the garden walks
The tracks of thy small carriage-
wheels I trace ;
And see at every turn how they
efface

Whole villages of sand-roofed
tents,
That rise like golden domes
Above the cavernous and secret
homes
Of wandering and nomadic tribes
of ants.
Ah, cruel little Tamerlane,
Who, with thy dreadful reign,
Dost persecute and overwhelm
These hapless Troglodytes of thy
realm !

What ! tired already ! with those
suppliant looks,
And voice more beautiful than a
poet's books,
Or murmuring sound of water as
it flows,
Thou comest back to parley with
repose !
This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,
With its o'erhanging golden
canopy
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal
hues,
And shining with the argent light
of dews,
Shall for a season be our place of
rest.

Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent
nest,
From which the laughing birds
have taken wing,
By thee abandoned, hangs thy
vacant swing.
Dream-like the waters of the river
gleam ;
A sailless vessel drops adown the
stream,
And like it, to a sea as wide and
deep,
Thou driftest gently down the tides
of sleep.

O child ! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city ! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison !

Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.

I see its valves expand,
As at the touch of Fate!
Into those realms of love and hate,

Into that darkness blank and drear,

By some prophetic feeling taught,
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,

Freighted with hope and fear;
As upon subterranean streams,
In caverns unexplored and dark,
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,

Laden with flickering fire,
And watch its swift-receding beams,
Until at length they disappear,
And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope

Dare I to cast thy horoscope!
Like the new moon thy life appears;

A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years;
And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;

A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light that lies
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—

To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labour, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power,—
Remember, in that perilous hour,
When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labour there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate
On thy advancing steps await,
Still let it ever be thy pride
To linger by the labourer's side;
With words of sympathy or song
To cheer the dreary march along
Of the great army of the poor,
O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.

Nor to thyself the task shall be
Without reward; for thou shalt learn

The wisdom early to discern
True beauty in utility;
As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,

And hearing the hammers, as they smote

The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones that hung

Vibrant on every iron tongue,
The secret of the sounding wire,
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer;
I will no longer strive to ope
The mystic volume, where appear
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,

And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.
Thy destiny remains untold;
For, like Aestes' shaft of old,
The swift thought kindles as it flies,
And burns to ashes in the skies.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION¹.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of Time.
O'er East and West its beam impended ;

And day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While, opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,

From earth unto the fixed stars.
And through the dewy atmosphere
Not only could I see, but hear,
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,

In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,

From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,

Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space

Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east ;
And slow ascending one by one
The kindling constellations shone.

¹ Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect, as I apply to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science, and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose.

Begirt with many a blazing star
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast !
His sword hung gleaming by his side,

And on his arm the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint ;
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod

Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars,
That were to prove her strength,
and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet pale face,
She reached the station of Orion.
Aghast he stood in strange alarm !
And suddenly from his outstretched arm

Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull ; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Ænion,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,

And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead,

An angel with a trumpet said,
'For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er !'
And, like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,

And on from sphere to sphere the
words
Re-echoed down the burning
chords,—
'For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!'



THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the
hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from
the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them
away,

As, sweeping and eddying through
them,
Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight,
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at mid-
night
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing
tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and rest-
less,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could
bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odour of brine from the
ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sor-
row,
Have crossed the bridge since
then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and rest-
less,
And the old subdued and slow!

And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,

The moon and its broken reflec-
tion
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahas ;
Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken !
Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's
Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers
Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.
What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints ?
How canst thou walk these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the
prairies ?

How canst thou breathe this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of the
mountains ?

Ah ! 'tis in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge
Looks of disdain in return, and question these walls and these pavements,
Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions
Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,
Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division !

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash !
There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple
Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.
There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses !
There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elkhorn,
Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omaha
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfeet !

Hark ! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts ?
Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,
Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,
And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man ?
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,
Lo ! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's
Merciless current ! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires
Gleam through the night ; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the day-
break

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race ;
It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches !
Ha ! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the
east-wind,
Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams !

Songs and Sonnets.

SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks :

From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore ;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;
And from wrecks of ships, and
drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main ;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth ;

From the flashing surf, whose
vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong Will, and the
Endeavour
That for ever
Wrestle with the tides of Fate ;
From the wreck of Hopes far-
scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate ;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart ;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the dark-
ness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the
mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes
o'er me
That my soul cannot resist :

Songs and Sonnets.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain.
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured
volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with
music,
And the cares that infest the
day
Shall fold their tents, like the
Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
And every feeling
Within me responds
To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,
My heart is bewailing
And toiling within
Like a funeral bell.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sullen gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with
thee,
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy
margin,
Made by hands that clasped thee
rudely,
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art ;
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
As the russet, rain-molested
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine
Scattered from hilarious goblets,
As the leaves with the libations
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall
Days departed, half-forgotten,
When in dreamy youth I wandered
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear
The old ballad of King Christian
Shouted from suburban taverns
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,
Who, in solitary chambers,
And with hearts by passion wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
Where thy songs of love and
friendship
Made the gloomy Northern winter
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
Chanted staves of these old ballads
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky bar-
racks ;—
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus !

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale me-
chanics,
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;
They, alas ! have left thee friend-
less !
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chim-
neys,
So thy twittering songs shall
nestle
In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.



WALTER VON DER VOGEL- WEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of
ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster
towers.

And he gave the monks his
treasures,
Gave them all with this behest :
They should feed the birds at
noontide
Daily on his place of rest ;

Songs and Sonnets.

Saying 'From these wandering
minstrels

I have learned the art of song ;
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and
long.'

Thus the bard of love departed ;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tomb-
stone,
On the poet's sculptured face.

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wart-
burg,
Which the bard had fought
before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side ;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, 'Why this waste of
food ?

Be it changed to loaves hencefor-
ward
For our fasting brotherhood.'

Then in vain o'er tower and
turret,
From the walls and woodland
nests,
When the minster bells rang
noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant,
Clamorous round the Gothic
spire

Screamed the feathered Minne-
singers
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscrip-
tions

On the cloister's funeral stones,
And tradition only tells us
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,
By sweet echoes multiplied,
Still the birds repeat the legend,
And the name of Vogelweid.

DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE
PITCHER.

COME, old friend ! sit down and
listen !

From the pitcher, placed between
us,

How the waters laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
Led by his inebriate Satyrs ;
On his breast his head is sunken,
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus
follow ;

Ivy crowns that brow supernal
As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and
thyrses,

Wild from Naxian groves, or
Zante's

Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the
nations,
Bloodless victories, and the
farmer

Bore, as trophies and oblations,
Vines for banners, ploughs for
armour.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigour,
Much this mystic throng ex-
presses :

Bacchus was the type of vigour,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
Of a faith long since forsaken ;
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,
Frighten mortals wine-o'-ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the moun-
tains

Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;
Youth perpetual dwells in foun-
tains,—

Not in flasks, and casks, and
cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons
And huge tankards filled with
Rhenish,

From that fiery blood of dragons
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vaunted
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher
Wreathed about with classic
fables ;

Ne'er Falernian threw a richer
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and
listen

As it passes thus between us,
How its wavelets laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus !

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balan-
cier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots
seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux :
'Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!'

JACQUES BRIDAINE.

SOMEWHAT back from the village
street

Stands the old-fashioned country-
seat.

Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows
throw ;

And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to
all,—

'For ever—never!
Never—for ever !'

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its
hands

From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his
cloak,

Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who
pass,—

'For ever—never!
Never—for ever !'

By day its voice is low and light ;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's
fall,

It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-
door,—

'For ever—never!
Never—for ever !'

Through days of sorrow and of
mirth,

Through days of death and days of
birth,

Songs and Sonnets.

Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it
has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things
saw,
It calmly repeats those words of
awe,—

‘For ever—never!
Never—for ever!’

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney
roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never
ceased,—

‘For ever—never!
Never—for ever!’

There groups of merry children
played,
There youths and maidens dream-
ing strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece
told,—

‘For ever—never!
Never—for ever!’

From that chamber, clothed in
white,
The bride came forth on her wed-
ding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of
snow;
And in the hush that followed the
prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the
stair,—

‘For ever—never!
Never—for ever!’

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are
dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of
pain,
‘Ah! when shall they all meet
again?’
As in the days long since gone
by,
The ancient timepiece makes re-
ply,—

‘For ever—never!
Never—for ever!’

Never here, for ever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disap-
pear,—
For ever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—

‘For ever—never!
Never—for ever!’



THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and
strong
That it can follow the flight of
song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to
end,
I found again in the heart of a
friend.

SONNETS.

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo ! in the painted oriel of the West,
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
The evening star, the star of love and rest !
And then anon she doth herself divest
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.
O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus !
My morning and my evening star of love !
My best and gentlest lady ! even thus,
As that fair planet in the sky above,
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
And from thy darkened window fades the light.

AUTUMN.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain !
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain !
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves ;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended ;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves !

DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms of gloom
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom ;

Songs and Sonnets.

Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume !
Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease ;
And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers, 'Peace!'



THE CROSS OF SNOW.

IN the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died ; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose ; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

Translations.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree!
how faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer
time,
But in the winter's frost and
rime!

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree!
how faithful are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how
faithless is thy bosom!
To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!
O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how
faithless is thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale,
thou tak'st for thine example!
So long as summer laughs she
sings,
But in the autumn spreads her
wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale,
thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow
brook, is mirror of thy false-
hood!
It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drouth its springs soon dry
again.

The meadow brook, the meadow
brook, is mirror of thy false-
hood!

ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON
DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of
old,
She is my life, and my goods, and
my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once
again
To me has surrendered in joy and
in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my
good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my
blood!

Then come the wild weather, come
sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, how-
ever it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and
sorrow, and pain
Shall be to our true love as links to
the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so
straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the
more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow
mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows,
through manifold wrong.

Translations.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to
wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is
scarce known,—

Through forests I'll follow, and
where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron,
through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my
sun,
The threads of our two lives are
woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou
hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not
gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love
stand,
Where there is not one heart, and
one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and
trouble, and strife;
Like a dog and a cat live such man
and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our
love;
Thou art my lambkin, my chick,
and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine
may be seen;
I am king of the household, and
thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's
sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one
soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut
where we dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a
home to a hell.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS
MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are
standing
The cathedral door above;
Yet I saw but one among them
Who had soothed my soul with
love.

In his mantle, wound about him
As their robes the sowers
wind,
Bore he swallows and their fledg-
lings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and child-
like,
High in wind and tempest wild;
O, were I like him exalted,
I would be like him, a child!

And my songs—green leaves and
blossoms—
To the doors of heaven would
bear,
Calling even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of
air.



THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS
MOSEN.

ON the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids
calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trem-
bling
In his pierced and bleeding
palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never
tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 't would free the
Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mild-
ness :
'Blest be thou of all the good !
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood !'

And that bird is called the cross-
bill ;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to
hear.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEIN-
RICH HEINE.

THE sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars ;
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven ;
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart ;
My heart, and the sea, and the
heaven
Are melting away with love !

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF
FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good ?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and
care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

JOY and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

MAN-LIKE is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A BLIND man is a poor man, and
blind a poor man is ;
For the former seeth no man, and
the latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

LIVE I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbour honestly.
Die I, so die I.

CREEDS.

LUTHERAN, Popish, Calvinistic,
all these creeds and doctrines
three
Extant are ; but still the doubt is,
where Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A MILLSTONE and the human heart
are driven ever round ;
If they have nothing else to grind,
they must themselves be
ground.

Translations.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

WHILOM Love was like a fire, and
warmth and comfort it bespoke;
But, alas ! it now is quenched, and
only bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

INTELLIGENCE and courtesy not
always are combined ;
Often in a wooden house a golden
room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

THOUGH the mills of God grind
slowly, yet they grind exceed-
ing small ;
Though with patience he stands
waiting, with exactness grinds
he all.

TRUTH.

WHEN by night the frogs are
croaking, kindle but a torch's
fire,
Ha ! how soon they all are silent !
Thus Truth silences the liar.

RHYMES.

IF perhaps these rhymes of mine
should sound not well in
strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them
that it happens so with theirs ;
For so long as words, like mortals,
call a fatherland their own,
They will be most highly valued
where they are best and
longest known.

Evangeline.

A TALE OF ACADIE.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the
huntsman ?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven ?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed !
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean ;
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest ;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the
maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of their owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-
leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and her ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the
farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the
harrows ;
There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion ;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment !
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron ;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of all men ;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters

Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the labouring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings :
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow !
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
'Sunshine of Saint Eulalie' was she called ; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples :
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints !
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light ; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,

All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him ;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, *Evangeline's* beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves
howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness ;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-
wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
'Welcome!' the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the
threshold,

'Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes.'
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—
'Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe.'
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—
'Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.'
Then made answer the farmer:—'Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children.'
'Not so thinketh the folk in the village,' said, warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—
'Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower.'
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
'Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about
them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III.

Bent like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
'Father Leblanc,' he exclaimed, 'thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand.'
Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary public,—
'Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?'
'God's name!' shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
'Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!'

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
'Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.'
This was the old man's favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbours complained that any injustice was done them.
'Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted ;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the
mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo ! o'er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven.'
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language ;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapours
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-
Pré :

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver ;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manoeuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of
the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

IV.

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighbouring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.

Evangeline.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people ; and noisy groups at the house-
doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted ;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant :
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Striped of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated ;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waist-
coats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter !
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-
stones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangour
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

'You are convened this day,' he said, 'by his Majesty's orders. Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his kindness, Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous. Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch ; Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from this province Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people ! Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty's pleasure !' As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer, Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows, Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-
roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures ;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and wildly he shouted,—
'Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have sworn them
allegiance !
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our
harvests !'

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his people ;
Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
'What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has seized you ?
Forty years of my life have I laboured among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations ?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness ?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred ?
Lo ! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you !
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion !

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, "O Father, forgive them!"
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, "O Father, forgive them!"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion
translated
Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendour, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the
dairy;

And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,
'Gabriel!' cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.

Evangeline.

Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created !
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven ;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V.

Four times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; and there on the sea-
beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply ;
All day long the wains came labouring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-
doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned but patient Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came ; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions :—
' Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible fountain !
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience ! '
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the
wayside,
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered—

'Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!'
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his
footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their
children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the reflux ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odour of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering firelight.
'*Benedicite!*' murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of
a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on ship-board.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
'We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré !'
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them ;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber :
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.

Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
'Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.'
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking ;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbour,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the north-
east
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes ; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by

Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished ;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavour ;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tomb-
stones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known
him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

'Gabriel Lajeunesse !' said they ; 'O yes ! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies ;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers.'

'Gabriel Lajeunesse !' said others ; 'O yes ! we have seen him.

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana.'

Then would they say, 'Dear child ! why dream and wait for him longer ?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel ? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal ?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year ; come, give him thy hand and be happy !

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses.'

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, 'I cannot !

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.'

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile, 'O daughter ! thy God thus speaketh within thee !

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted ;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment ;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

Patience ; accomplish thy labour ; accomplish thy work of affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven !'

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline laboured and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, 'Despair
not !'

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer's footsteps ;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence ;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley :
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only ;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur ;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles : a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune ;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering the Bayou of
Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,

Evangeline.

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them ;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches :
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades ; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island ;
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers ;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, 'O Father Felician !
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit ?'
Then, with a blush, she added, 'Alas for my credulous fancy !
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning.'
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—
'Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees ;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana.'

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape ;
Twinkling vapours arose ; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.

Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,

And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring dwelling ;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose
branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof ; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees ; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.

Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder.
When they beheld his face, they recognised Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbour of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, ' If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous ? '
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
' Gone ? is Gabriel gone ? ' and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
' Be of good cheer, my child ; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy ! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the fugitive lover ;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison.'

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
'Long live Michael,' they cried, 'our brave Acadian minstrel !'
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the cidevant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanour ;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take
them ;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened :—
'Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and
homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one !
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the
water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies ;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer :—
'Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever !

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell !'
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbours :
Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the
moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odours, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, 'Upharsin.'
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, 'O Gabriel ! O my beloved !
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee ?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me ?
Ah ! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie !
Ah ! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me !

Ah ! how often beneath this oak, returning from labour,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers !
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee ?'
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods ; and anon, through the neighbouring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
'Patience !' whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness :
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, 'To-morrow !'

Bright rose the sun next day ; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
'Farewell !' said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold ;
'See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was
coming.'
'Farewell !' answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him ; but vague and uncertain
Rumours alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country ;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska ;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck ;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless horses ;

Evangeline.

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel ;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders ;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers ;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest
welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-
light

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their
blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended

Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis ;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendour
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night ; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed ; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along, 'On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus ;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him.'
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
'Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us !'
Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrs and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—
‘Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!’
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
‘Far to the north he has gone,’ continued the priest; ‘but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.’
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,
‘Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.’
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
‘Patience!’ the priest would say; ‘have faith, and thy prayer will be
answered!’

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller’s journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dew of nepenthe.’

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel came
not:
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird

Evangeline.

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin !

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden ;—
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battlefields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey ;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger ;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavour,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,—
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;—
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord:—‘The poor ye always have with you.’
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour,
Such as the artist paints o’er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o’er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Evangeline.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden ;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ
Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit ;
Something within her said, ' At length thy trials are ended ' ;
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time ;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her
fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples ;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
' Gabriel ! O my beloved ! ' and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood ;

Evangeline.

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have
spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now,—the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, ‘ Father, I thank thee ! ’

Still stands the forest primeval ; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,—
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman’s cot the wheel and the loom are still busy ;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline’s story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

The Seaside and the Fireside.

DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight
gloom,

Hears round about him voices as
it darkens,

And seeing not the forms from
which they come,

Pauses from time to time, and
turns and hearkens ;

So walking here in twilight, O my
friends !

I hear your voices, softened by
the distance,

And pause, and turn to listen, as
each sends

His words of friendship, comfort,
and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or
told,

Has ever given delight or con-
solation,

Ye have repaid me back a thou-
sandfold

By every friendly sign and salu-
tation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye
have shown !

Thanks for each kindly word,
each silent token,

That teaches me, when seeming
most alone,

Friends are around us, though
no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land
to land ;

Kind letters, that betray the
heart's deep history,

In which we feel the pressure of a
hand,—

One touch of fire,—and all the
rest is mystery !

The pleasant books, that silently
among

Our household treasures take
familiar places,

And are to us as if a living
tongue

Spake from the printed leaves or
pictured faces !

Perhaps on earth I never shall be-
hold,

With eye of sense, your outward
form and semblance ;

Therefore to me ye never will grow
old,

But live for ever young in my
remembrance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor
pass away !

Your gentle voices will flow on
for ever,

When life grows bare and tarnished
with decay,

As through a leafless landscape
flows a river.

By the Seaside.

Not chance of birth or place has
made us friends,
Being oftentimes of different
tongues and nations,
But the endeavour for the selfsame
ends,
With the same hopes, and fears,
and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your sea-
side walk,
Saddened, and mostly silent,
with emotion ;

Not interrupting with intrusive
talk
The grand, majestic symphonies
of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome
guest,
At your warm fireside, when the
lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among
the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and
uninvited !

BY THE SEASIDE.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

'BUILD me straight, O worthy
Master !
Staunch and strong, a goodly
vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind
wrestle !'

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard ;
For his heart was in his work, and
the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the
tide

Play round the bows of ships
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, 'Ere long we will
launch

A vessel as goodly, and strong, and
staunch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea !'

And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,

A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature ;

That with a hand more swift and
sure
The greater labour might be
brought

To answer to his inward thought.
And as he laboured, his mind ran
o'er

The various ships that were built
of yore,
And above them all, and strangest
of all,

Towered the Great Harry, crank
and tall,

Whose picture was hanging on the
wall,

With bows and stern raised high
in air,

And balconies hanging here and
there,

And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those
that frown

From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.
And he said with a smile, 'Our
ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this !'

The Seaside and the Fireside.

It was of another form, indeed ;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft ;
Broad in the beam, that the stress
 of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows over-
 whelm ;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow
 degrees,
That she might be docile to the
 helm,
And that the currents of parted
 seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her
 course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master,
 With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
 And with wave and whirlwind
 wrestle !

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around ;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and
 oak,
And scattered here and there, with
 these,
The knarred and crooked cedar
 knees ;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring
 Roanoke !
Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in
 motion !
There's not a ship that sails the
 ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or
 small,
And help to build the wooden
 wall !

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single
 day.

That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every
 one,
Ere the work of man was yet
 begun.

Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest
 meaning.

Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth !
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again ;—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his
 daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched
 from land
What the elder head had planned.

' Thus,' said he, ' will we build this
 ship !

Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest
 care ;

Of all that is unsound beware ;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name !
For the day that gives her to the
 sea

Shall give my daughter unto thee !'

By the Seaside.

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard ;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of
pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised
bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh
and fair
With the breath of morn and the
soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach ;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy
sea !

Ah, how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command !
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far excelleth all the rest !

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the ship-
yard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side ;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening
fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and
strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched
along
The blocks, well placed upon the
slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labour well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied
By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was
o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still.
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September
gales,
Of pirates coasting the Spanish
Main,
And ships that never came back
again,
The chance and change of a sailor's
life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay, and nothing
can bind,
And the magic charm of foreign
lands,
With shadows of palms, and
shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy
Lascar
As he lies alone and asleep on the
turf.
And the trembling maiden held
her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless
sea,
With all its terror and mystery,
The dim, dark sea, so like unto
Death,
That divides and yet unites man-
kind !
And whenever the old man paused,
a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would
awhile illumine
The silent group in the twilight
gloom,
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream ;
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the
dark,

The Seaside and the Fireside.

That the head of the maiden lay at
rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's
breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and
true,

Stemson and keelson and sternson-
knee,

Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along
the side

The heavy hammers and mallets
plied,

Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!

And around it columns of smoke,
up-wreathing,

Rose from the boiling, bubbling,
seething

Caldron, that glowed,

And overflowed

With the black tar, heated for the
sheathing.

And amid the clamours

Of clattering hammers,

He who listened heard now and
then

The song of the Master and his
men:—

'Build me straight, O worthy
Master,

Staunch and strong, a goodly
vessel,

That shall laugh at all disaster,

And with wave and whirlwind
wrestle!'

With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have
control

Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose
giant hand

Would reach down and grapple
with the land,

And immovable and fast

Hold the great ship against the
bellowing blast!

And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic
mould,

Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modelled from the Master's
daughter!

On many a dreary and misty night,
'Twill be seen by the rays of the
signal light,

Speeding along through the rain
and the dark,

Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,

Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!

Behold, at last,

Each tall and tapering mast

Is swung into its place;

Shrouds and stays

Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,

In the deer-haunted forests of
Maine,

When upon mountain and plain

Lay the snow,

They fell,—those lordly pines!

Those grand, majestic pines!

'Mid shouts and cheers

The jaded steers,

Panting beneath the goad,

Dragged down the weary, winding
road

Those captive kings so straight and
tall,

To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,

To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,

Whose roar

Would remind them for evermore
Of their native forests they should
not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast-head,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and
stars.

Ah! when the wanderer, lonely,
friendless,
In foreign harbours shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories
sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be
launched!

With fleecy clouds the sky is
blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendours dight,
The great sun rises to behold the
sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncon-
trolled,

Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his
breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers
gay,

In honour of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering,
blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his
head;

And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to
run.

The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering
flock,

That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart

Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible
force,

The will from its moorings and its
course.

Therefore he spake, and thus said
he:—

'Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are
we.

The Seaside and the Fireside.

Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's
bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the
skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer
brink.

Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and
shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of
ocean.

Ah! if our souls but poise and
swing
Like the compass in its brazen
ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have
to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely
reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose
shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds
we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of
fear!

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on
blow,
Knocking away the shores and
spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she
seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,

And, spurning with her foot the
ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and
loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
'Take her, O bridegroom, old and
gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her
charms!'

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that
press

Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right on-
ward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling
lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and
great!

Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy
keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs
of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail,
and rope,

What anvils rang, what hammers
beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy
hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and
shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with
thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers,
our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with
thee!

CHRYSAOR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and
dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky
glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far
Falls the trail of its golden
splendour,
And the gleam of that single star
Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,
Showed thus glorious and thus
emulous,
Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe,
For ever tender, soft, and tremu-
lous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
Trailed the gleam of his falchion
brightly;
Is it a God, or is it a star
That, entranced, I gaze on
nightly!

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me;

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley,
Steering onward to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried, with impulse
strong,—

'Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous
song!'

'Wouldst thou,'—so the helmsman
answered,—

'Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!'

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward-blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

The Seaside and the Fireside.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the
window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and
wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and
bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the
mother,
Drive the colour from her cheek?



SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he
bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the
light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
'Do not fear! Heaven is as near,'
He said, 'by water as by land!'

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing
clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain o'er the open
main;
Yet there seems no change of
place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-
Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo!
how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendour in the glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the rest-
less surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
And when, returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quench-
less flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The Seaside and the Fireside.

The sea-bird wheeling round it,
with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary
cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light
within,
Dashes himself against the glare,
and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon
the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire
of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed
the shock,
But hails the mariner with words
of love.

'Sail on!' it says, 'sail on, ye
stately ships!
And with your floating bridge
the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from
all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer
unto man!'



THE FIRE OF DRIFT- WOOD.

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLE-
HEAD.

We sat within the farmhouse old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the
bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and
cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent
town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and
brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought
and said,
Of what had been, and might have
been,
And who was changed, and who
was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of
friends,
When first they feel, with secret
pain,
Their lives thenceforth have sepa-
rate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the
heart,
That words are powerless to
express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could
but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to
make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then
expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and
failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the
main,
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

By the Fireside.

The windows, rattling in their
frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering
flames,
All mingled vaguely in our
speech ;
Until they made themselves a
part
Of fancies floating through the
brain,—

The long-lost ventures of the
heart,
That send no answers back
again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts
that yearned !
They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that
burned,
The thoughts that burned and
glowed within.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched
and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !
There is no fireside, howsoe'er de-
fended,
But has one vacant chair !
The air is full of farewells to the
dying,
And mournings for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her
children crying,
Will not be comforted !
Let us be patient ! These severe
afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial bene-
dictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly through the
mists and vapours ;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal
tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.
There is no Death ! What seems
so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead, the child of our
affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our
poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and
seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from
sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is
doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps
pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and
keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance,
though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold
her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold
her,
She will not be a child ;

The Seaside and the Fireside.

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous
with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning
like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage
the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Somewith massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown !
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favourite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt
and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread ;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into
the air
Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of
Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love
and faith
Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's
palms
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Ar-
menian psalms
In half-articulate speech ;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's
gate
With westward steps depart ;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of
Fate,
And resolute in heart !

These have passed over it, or may
have passed !
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand
at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls
expand ;
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting
sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining
blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting
sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow
run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes ! These walls
again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable
plain ;
The half-hour's sand is run !

— — —
BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BLACK shadows fall
From the lindens tall,
That lift aloft their massive wall
Against the southern sky ;

And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,
And everywhere
A warm, soft vapour fills the air,
And distant sounds seem near ;

And above, in the light
Of the star-lit night,
Swift birds of passage wing their
flight
Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry
Of their voices high
Falling dreamily through the sky,
But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so !
Those sounds that flow
In murmurs of delight and woe
Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs
Of the poet's songs,
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains,
 and wrongs,
The sound of winged words.

This is the cry
Of souls, that high
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight
Through realms of light
It falls into our world of night,
With the murmuring sound of
 rhyme.



THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air ;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door ;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall ;
But shadow, and silence, and sad-
 ness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet, familiar tone ;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand !

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING- HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their
 revels,
And drank from the golden bowl,
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass ;
In their beards the red wine
 glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and
 Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty
They remembered one Saint
 more.

And the reader droned from the
 pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil's homilies ;

Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the
 chimney,
And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and
 flickered,
But the Abbot was stark and
 dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.
But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, 'Fill high the
goblet!
We must drink to one Saint
more!'

—♦—
GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of
fame.
'Twas an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill;
But, alas! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.
From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been
brought;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought;
Till, discouraged and desponding,
Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.
Then a voice cried, 'Rise, O
master!
From the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within
thee!'
And the startled artist woke,—
Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized and quenched the glowing
wood;
And therefrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.
O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and
sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering
leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ring-
ing
From its belfry gaunt and grim;
'Twas the daily call to labour,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its gleaming vapour veiled;
Not the less he breathed the odours
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
By the schoolboys he was found;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street pro-
claiming
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and
old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Winged steed, with mane of
gold.

Thus the day passed, and the
evening
Fell, with vapours cold and dim;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall, for
him.

The Seaside and the Fireside.

Patiently, and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden
bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the land-
scape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighbouring
farmyard
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo ! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor
where.

But they found, upon the green-
sward
Where his struggling hoofs had
trod,

Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its
waters,
While it soothes them with its
sound.



TEGNÉR'S DRAPA.

I HEARD a voice, that cried,
' Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead !'
And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the Northern sky.
Blasts from Niffelheim
Lifted the sheeted mists
Around him as he passed.

And the voice for ever cried,
' Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead !'
And died away
Through the dreary night,
In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the Gods !
Light from his forehead beamed,
Runes were upon his tongue,
As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
Bound were by magic spell
Never to do him harm ;
Even the plants and stones ;
All save the mistletoe,
The sacred mistletoe !

Hœder, the blind old God,
Whose feet are shod with silence,
Pierced through that gentle breast
With his sharp spear, by fraud
Made of the mistletoe,
The accursed mistletoe !

They laid him in his ship,
With horse and harness,
As on a funeral pyre.
Odin placed
A ring upon his finger,
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship !
It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Till like the sun it seemed,
Sinking beneath the waves.
Balder returned no more !

So perish the old Gods !
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,
O ye bards,
Fairer than before !
Ye fathers of the new race,
Feed upon morning dew,
Sing the new Song of Love !

The law of force is dead !
The law of love prevails !
Thor, the thunderer,
Shall rule the earth no more,
No more, with threats,
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,
O ye bards of the North,
Of Vikings and of Jarls !
Of the days of Eld
Preserve the freedom only,
Not the deeds of blood !

SONNET.

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS
FROM SHAKESPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings ! all too
swiftly sped !
Leaving us heirs to amplest
heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the
greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the
silent dead !
How our hearts glowed and trem-
bled as she read,
Interpreting by tones the won-
drous pages
Of the great poet who foreruns
the ages,
Anticipating all that shall be
said !

O happy Reader ! having for thy
text
The magic book, whose Sibylline
leaves have caught
The rarest essence of all human
thought !
O happy Poet ! by no critic vex !
How must thy listening spirit
now rejoice
To be interpreted by such a
voice !

THE SINGERS.

GOD sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts
of men,
And bring them back to heaven
again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;
Through groves he wandered, and
by streams,
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and
loud
The hearts of all the listening
crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers
three
Disputed which the best might be ;
For still their music seemed to
start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

The Seaside and the Fireside.

But the great Master said, 'I see
No best in kind, but in degree ;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to
teach.

'These are the three great chords
of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.'



SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death ! and bear
away
Whatever thou canst call thine
own !
Thine image, stamped upon this
clay,
Doth give thee that, but that
alone !

Take them, O Grave ! and let them
lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves !

Take them, O great Eternity !
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy
tree,
And trails its blossoms in the
dust !



HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said :
'Yet one thing more ;
If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the
poor,
And come and follow me !'

Within this temple Christ again,
unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day have
been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his
way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and
say,
'Dost thou, dear Lord, approve ?'

Beside him at the marriage feast
shall be,
To make the scene more fair ;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust ! O endless sense of
rest !
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's
breast,
And thus to journey on !



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE NOËL BOURGUIGNON
DE GUI BARÔZAI.

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs ;
Hark ! they play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas
songs !
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

In December ring
Every day the chimes ;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

By the Fireside.

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet ;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something else,
Christmas songs at times have
tried.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

Washerwomen old,
To the sound they beat,
Sing by rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps his feet and sings ;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might
Rehearse this little tragedy aright;
Let me attempt it with an English quill;
And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

I.

At the foot of the mountain
height

Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè,
When the apple, the plum, and the
almond tree

In the plain below were growing
white,

This is the song one might
perceive

On a Wednesday morn of Saint
Joseph's Eve :

'The roads should blossom, the
roads should bloom,

So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with
garlands gay,

So fair a bride shall pass to-day !'

This old Te Deum, rustic rites
attending,

Seemed from the clouds descend-
ing ;

When lo ! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the
eye,

Each one with her attendant
swain,

Came to the cliff, all singing the
same strain ;

Resembling there, so near unto
the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven
has sent

For their delight and our encourage-
ment.

Together blending,
And soon descending

The narrow sweep
Of the hillside steep,

They wind aslant
Towards Saint Amant,

Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys

With merry sallies
Singing their chant :

'The roads should blossom, the
roads should bloom,

So fair a bride shall leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with
garlands gay,

So fair a bride shall pass to-day !'

It is Baptiste, and his affianced
maiden,

With garlands for the bridal laden !

The sky was blue ; without one
cloud of gloom,

The sun of March was shining
brightly,

The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè.

And to the air the freshening wind
gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges
blossom,

A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it is !

To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the
trembling bosom,

A band of maidens

Gaily frolicking,

A band of youngsters

Wildly rollicking !

Kissing,

Caressing,

With fingers pressing,

Till in the veriest

Madness of mirth, as they
dance,

They retreat and advance,

Trying whose laugh shall be
loudest and merriest ;

While the bride, with roguish
eyes,

Sporting with them, now escapes
and cries :

‘Those who catch me

Married verily

This year shall be !’

And all pursue with eager haste,

And all attain what they pursue,

And touch her pretty apron fresh
and new,

And the linen kirtle round her
waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it
that among

These youthful maidens fresh
and fair,

So joyous, with such laughing
air,

Baptiste stands sighing, with
silent tongue ?

And yet the bride is fair and
young !

Is it Saint Joseph would say to us
all,

That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a
fall ?

O no ! for a maiden frail, I trow,

Never bore so lofty a brow !

What lovers ! they give not a single
caress !

To see them so careless and cold
to-day,

These are grand people, one
would say.

What ails Baptiste ? what grief
doth him oppress ?

It is, that, half-way up the hill,

In yon cottage, by whose walls

Stand the cart-house and the
stalls,

Dwelleth the blind orphan still,

Daughter of a veteran old ;

And you must know, one year
ago,

That Margaret, the young and
tender,

Was the village pride and
splendour,

And Baptiste her lover bold.

Love, the deceiver, them en-
snared ;

For them the altar was pre-
pared ;

But alas ! the summer's blight,

The dread disease that none can
stay,

The pestilence that walks by
night,

Took the young bride's sight
away.

All at the father's stern command
was changed ;

Their peace was gone, but not their
love estranged.

Wearied at home, ere long the lover
fled ;

Returned but three short days
ago,

The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille.

The golden chain they round him
throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
'Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!
Here comes the cripple Jane!'
And by a fountain's side
A woman, bent and gray with
years,
Under the mulberry-trees ap-
pears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had their wings upon their
feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
She telleth fortunes, and none com-
plain.
She promises one a village swain,
Another a happy wedding-day,
And the bride a lovely boy
straightway.
All comes to pass as she avers;
She never deceives, she never
errs.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe,
And from beneath her eyebrows
thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons
bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in
waistcoat blue,
Who, like a statue, stands in
view;
Changing colour, as well he
might,
When the beldame wrinkled and
gray
Takes the young bride by the
hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy
wand

Making the sign of the cross,
doth say :—
'Thoughtless Angela, beware!
Lest, when thou weddest this
false bridegroom,
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!'

And she was silent; and the maid-
ens fair
Saw from each eye escape a swollen
tear;
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
What are two drops of turbid rain?
Saddened a moment, the bridal
train
Resumed the dance and song
again;
The bridegroom only was pale
with fear;—
And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies,
They sang the refrain :—

'The roads should blossom, the
roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with
garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!'

II.

AND by suffering worn and weary,
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret,
In her cottage lone and dreary :—

'He has arrived! arrived at last!
Yet Jane has named him not these
three days past;
Arrived! yet keeps aloof so far!
And knows that of my night he is
the star!
Knows that long months I wait
alone, benighted,
And count the moments since he
went away!'

The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille.

Come! keep the promise of that
happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee
I plighted!
What joy have I without thee?
what delight?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it
misery;
Day for the others ever, but for me
For ever night! for ever night!
When he is gone 'tis dark! my
soul is sad!
I suffer! O my God! come, make
me glad.
When he is near, no thoughts of
day intrude;
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste
has blue eyes!
Within them shines for me a heaven
of love,
A heaven all happiness, like that
above,
No more of grief! no more of
lassitude!
Earth I forget,—and heaven, and
all distresses,
When seated by my side my hand
he presses;
But when alone, remember all!
Where's Baptiste? he hears not
when I call!
A branch of ivy, dying on the
ground,
I need some bough to twine
around!
In pity come! be to my suffering
kind!
True love, they say, in grief doth
more abound!
What then—when one is blind?
'Who knows? perhaps I am
forsaken!
Ah! woe is me! then bear me to
my grave!
O God! what thoughts within
me waken!
Away! he will return! I do but
rave!

He will return! I need not
fear!
He swore it by our Saviour dear;
He could not come at his own
will;
Is weary, or perhaps is ill!
Perhaps his heart, in this dis-
guise,
Prepares for me some sweet
surprise!
But some one comes! Though
blind, my heart can see!
And that deceives me not! 'tis he!
'tis he!'

And the door ajar is set,
And poor confiding Margaret
Rises, with outstretched arms, but
sightless eyes;
'Tis only Paul, her brother, who
thus cries:—
'Angela the bride has passed!
I saw the wedding guests go
by;
Tell me, my sister, why were we
not asked?
For all are there but you and I!'
'Angela married! and not send
To tell her secret unto me!
O, speak! who may the bride-
groom be?'
'My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy
friend!'

A cry the blind girl gave, but no-
thing said;
A milky whiteness spreads upon
her cheeks;
An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
Descending, as her brother
speaks,
Upon her heart, that has ceased
to beat,
Suspends awhile its life and heat.
She stands beside the boy, now
sore distressed,
A wax Madonna as a peasant
dressed.

The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuiffé.

At length the bridal song again
Brings her back to her sorrow
and pain.
'Hark! the joyous airs are
ringing!
Sister, dost thou hear them
singing?
How merrily they laugh and
jest!
Would we were bidden with
the rest!
I would don my hose of home-
spun gray,
And my doublet of linen striped
and gay;
Perhaps they will come; for they
do not wed
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock,
it is said!
'I know it!' answered Margaret;
Whom the vision, with aspect black
as jet,
Mastered again; and its hand of
ice
Held her heart crushed, as in a
vice!
'Paul, be not sad! 'Tis a holiday;
To-morrow put on thy doublet
gay!
But leave me now for a while
alone.'
Away, with a hop and a jump,
went Paul,
And, as he whistled along the
hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.
'Holy Virgin! what dreadful
heat!
I am faint, and weary, and out
of breath!
But thou art cold—art chill as
death;
My little friend! what ails thee,
sweet?'
'Nothing! I hear them singing
home the bride;
And, as I listened to the song,

I thought my turn would come
ere long,—
Thou knowest it is at Whitsun-
tide.
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
To me such joy they prophesy;
Thy skill shall be vaunted far
and wide
When they behold him at my
side.
And poor Baptiste, what sayest
thou?
It must seem long to him;—me-
thinks I see him now!
Jane, shuddering, her hand doth
press:
'Thy love I cannot all approve;
We must not trust too much to hap-
piness;—
Go, pray to God, that thou mayst
love him less!'
'The more I pray, the more I
love!
It is no sin, for God is on my side!'
It was enough; and Jane no more
replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred
and cold;
But to deceive the beldame old
She takes a sweet, contented air;
Speak of foul weather or of fair,
At every word the maiden
smiles!
Thus the beguiler she beguiles;
So that, departing at the evening's
close,
She says, 'She may be saved!
she nothing knows!'

Poor Jane, the cunning sor-
ceress!
Now that thou wouldst, thou art no
prophetess!
This morning, in the fulness of thy
heart,
Thou wast so, far beyond thine
art!

The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé.

III.

Now rings the bell, nine times re-
verberating,
And the white daybreak, stealing
up the sky,
Sees in two cottages two maidens
waiting,
How differently !

Queen of a day, by flatterers ca-
ressed,
The one puts on her cross and
crown,
Decks with a huge bouquet her
breast,
And flaunting, fluttering up and
down,
Looks at herself, and cannot
rest.

The other, blind, within her little
room,
Has neither crown nor flower's
perfume ;
But in their stead for something
gropes apart,
That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
And, 'neath her bodice of bright
scarlet dye,
Convulsive clasps it to her
heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
'Mid kisses ringing,
And joyous singing,
Forgets to say her morning
prayer !

The other, with cold drops upon
her brow,
Joins her two hands, and kneels
upon the floor,
And whispers, as her brother opes
the door,
'O God ! forgive me now !'

And then the orphan, young and
blind,

Conducted by her brother's
hand,
Towards the church, through
paths unscanned,
With tranquil air, her way doth
wind.
Odours of laurel, making her faint
and pale,
Round her at times exhale,
And in the sky as yet no sunny
ray,
But brumal vapours gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
Crowded with sculptures old, in
every part,
Marvels of nature and of art,
And proud of its name of high
degree,
A little chapel, almost bare
At the base of the rock, is
builded there ;
All glorious that it lifts aloof,
Above each jealous cottage roof,
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn
gales,
And its blackened steeple high
in air,
Round which the osprey screams
and sails.

'Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by !'
Thus Margaret said. 'Where are
we ? we ascend !'

'Yes ; seest thou not our jour-
ney's end ?
Hearest not the osprey from the
belfry cry ?

The hideous bird, that brings ill
luck, we know !

Dost thou remember when our
father said,

The night we watched beside
his bed,

'O daughter, I am weak and
low ;

Take care of Paul ; I feel that I
am dying !'

The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé.

And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?

Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud;

And here they brought our father in his shroud.

There is his grave; there stands the cross we set;

Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?

Come in! The bride will be here soon:

Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!

She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary!

A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,

‘What wouldst thou do, my daughter?’—and she started,

And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;

But Paul, impatient, urges evermore
Her steps towards the open door;

And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid

Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,

And with her head, as Paul talks on again,

Touches the crown of filigrane
Suspended from the low-arched portal,

No more restrained, no more afraid,

She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
And in the ancient chapel’s sombre night

They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,

With booming sound,

Sends forth, resounding round,

Its hymeneal peal o’er rock and down the dell.

It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain;

And yet the guests delay not long,

For soon arrives the bridal train,
And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,

For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,

Mute as an idiot, sad as yestern-morning,

Thinks only of the beldame’s words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis;

To be a bride is all! The pretty lisper

Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,

‘How beautiful! how beautiful she is!’

But she must calm that giddy head,

For already the Mass is said;
At the holy table stands the priest;

The wedding ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it;

Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,

He must pronounce one word at least!

’Tis spoken; and sudden at the groomsmen’s side

‘’Tis he!’ a well-known voice has cried.

And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,

Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see!

‘Baptiste,’ she said, ‘since thou hast wished my death,

As holy water be my blood for thee!’

And calmly in the air a knife suspended!

The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé.

Doubtless her guardian angel near
attended,
For anguish did its work so well,
That, ere the fatal stroke descended,
Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal verse,
The De Profundis filled the air ;
Decked with flowers a simple
hearse
To the churchyard forth they
bear ;

Village girls in robes of snow
Follow, weeping as they go ;
Nowhere was a smile that day,
No, ah no ! for each one seemed
to say :—

‘The road should mourn and be
veiled in gloom,
So fair a corpse shall leave its home !
Should mourn and should weep,
ah, well-away !
So fair a corpse shall pass to-
day !’

The Song of Hiawatha.

INTRODUCTION.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories?

Whence these legends and traditions,

With the odours of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,
'From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the North-land,

From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands,

Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,

Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer.'

Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,

Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
'In the birds'-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyrie of the eagle!

'All the wild-fowl sang them to him,

In the moorlands and the fenlands,
In the melancholy marshes;

Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose,

Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,

And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!

If still further you should ask me,
Saying, 'Who was Nawadaha?

Tell us of this Nawadaha,'
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow.

'In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,

And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,

Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.

'And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.

'There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,

The Peace-Pipe.

That the tribes of men might
prosper,

That he might advance his people !'

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-
storm,

And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-
trees,

And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes

Flap like eagles in their eyries ;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and child-
like,

Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken ;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose hearts are fresh and
simple,

Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings,
strivings

For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that
darkness

And are lifted up and strength-
ened ;—

Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes, in your
rambles

Through the green lanes of the
country,

Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-
craft,—

Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter ;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha !

I.

THE PEACE-PIPE.

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone
Quarry,

Gitché Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging down-
ward

Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, ' Run in this way !'

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with
figures ;

From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it ;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow ;
Breathed upon the neighbouring
forest,

The Song of Hiawatha.

Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled ;

And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,

As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly,
slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,—

First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapour,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers

All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations
Said : ' Behold it, the Pukwana !
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council ! '

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,

Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,

All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,

Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other ;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,

With paternal love and pity ;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling

But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children !

Over them he stretched his right hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand ;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise :—

' O my children ! my poor children !

Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you.

' I have given you lands to hunt in,

I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,

The Four Winds.

Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

‘I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,

Of your wranglings and dissensions;

All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,

And as brothers live together.

‘I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,

Who shall toil and suffer with you.

If you listen to his counsels,

You will multiply and prosper;

If his warnings pass unheeded,

You will fade away and perish!

‘Bathe now in the stream before you,

Wash the war-paint from your faces,

Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,

Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,

Break the red stone from this quarry,

Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,

Take the reeds that grow beside you,

Deck them with your brightest feathers,

Smoke the calumet together,

And as brothers live henceforward!’

Then upon the ground the warriors

Threw their cloaks and shirts of deerskin,

Threw their weapons and their war-gear,

Leaped into the rushing river,

Washed the war-paint from their faces.

Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the foot-prints

Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,

As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,

Clean and washed from all their war-paint;

On the banks their clubs they buried,

Buried all their warlike weapons.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,

The Great Spirit, the creator,

Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors

Broke the red stone of the quarry,

Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,

Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest

feathers,

And departed each one homeward,

While the Master of Life, ascending,

Through the opening of cloud-curtains,

Through the doorways of the heaven,

Vanished from before their faces,

In the smoke that rolled around him,

The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

II.

THE FOUR WINDS.

‘HONOUR be to Mudjekeewis!’

Cried the warriors, cried the old men,

The Song of Hiawatha.

When he came in triumph homeward

With the sacred Belt of Wampum,
From the regions of the North-Wind,

From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum

From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,
From the Great Bear of the mountains,

From the terror of the nations,
As he lay asleep and cumbrous
On the summit of the mountains,
Like a rock with mosses on it,
Spotted brown and gray with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared him,

Till the hot breath of his nostrils
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,
As he drew the Belt of Wampum
Over the round ears, that heard not,

Over the small eyes, that saw not,

Over the long nose and nostrils,
The black muffle of the nostrils,
Out of which the heavy breathing
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,
Shouted loud and long his warcry,

Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of the forehead,
Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains;

But his knees beneath him trembled,

And he whimpered like a woman,

As he reeled and staggered forward,

As he sat upon his haunches;
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Standing fearlessly before him,
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spake disdainfully in this wise:—

‘Hark you, Bear! you are a coward,

And no Brave, as you pretended;
Else you would not cry and whimper

Like a miserable woman!
Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,

Long have been at war together;
Now you find that we are strongest,
You go sneaking in the forest,
You go hiding in the mountains!
Had you conquered me in battle
Not a groan would I have uttered;
But you, Bear! sit here and whimper,

And disgrace your tribe by crying,
Like a wretched Shaugodaya,
Like a cowardly old woman!’

Then again he raised his war-club,

Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of his forehead,
Broke his skull, as ice is broken
When one goes to fish in Winter.
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
He the Great Bear of the mountains,

He the terror of the nations.

‘Honour be to Mudjekeewis!’
With a shout exclaimed the people,
‘Honour be to Mudjekeewis!’
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,

And hereafter and for ever
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!’

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen

The Four Winds.

Father of the Winds of Heaven.
For himself he kept the West-Wind,

Gave the others to his children ;
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,
Gave the South to Shawondasee,
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,

To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun ;
He it was who brought the morning,

He it was whose silver arrows
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley ;

He it was whose cheeks were
painted

With the brightest streaks of
crimson,

And whose voice awoke the village,
Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun ;
Though the birds sang gaily to him,

Though the wild-flowers of the
meadow

Filled the air with odours for him,
Though the forests and the rivers
Sang and shouted at his coming,
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earth-ward,

While the village still was sleeping,
And the fog lay on the river,
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
He beheld a maiden walking
All alone upon a meadow,
Gathering water-flags and rushes
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earth-ward,

Still the first thing he beheld there
Was her blue eyes looking at him,
Two blue lakes among the rushes.
And he loved the lonely maiden,
Who thus waited for his coming ;

For they both were solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,

With his flattering words he wooed her,

With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odours,
Till he drew her to his bosom,
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Trembling still upon his bosom ;
And for ever in the heavens

They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snow-drifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow ;

He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,

Drove the loon and sea-gull south-ward,

Drove the cormorant and curlew
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang

In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,

From his home among the icebergs,
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,

Streamed behind him like a river,
Like a black and wintry river,
As he howled and hurried south-ward,

Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

The Song of Hiawatha.

There among the reeds and
rushes

Found he Shingebis, the diver,
Trailing strings of fish behind
him,

O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,
Lingering still among the moor-
lands,

Though his tribe had long departed
To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,
'Who is this that dares to brave
me?

Dares to stay in my dominions,
When the Wawa has departed,
When the wild-goose has gone
southward,

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Long ago departed southward?

I will go into his wigwam,
I will put his smouldering fire
out !'

And at night Kabibonokka
To the lodge came wild and wail-
ing,

Heaped the snow in drifts about it,
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
Flapped the curtain of the door-
way.

Shingebis, the diver, feared not,
Shingebis, the diver, cared not ;
Four great logs had he for fire-
wood,

One for each moon of the winter,
And for food the fishes served him.
By his blazing fire he sat there,
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,
Singing, 'O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal !'

Then Kabibonokka entered,
And though Shingebis, the diver,
Felt his presence by the coldness,
Felt his icy breath upon him,
Still he did not cease his singing,
Still he did not leave his laughing,
Only turned the log a little,
Only made the fire burn brighter,

Made the sparks fly up the smoke-
flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,
Making dints upon the ashes,
As along the eaves of lodges,
As from drooping boughs of hem-
lock,

Drips the melting snow in spring-
time,

Making hollows in the snow-drifts.
Till at last he rose defeated,
Could not bear the heat and
laughter,

Could not bear the merry singing,
But rushed headlong through the
doorway,

Stamped upon the crusted snow-
drifts,

Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,
Made the snow upon them harder,
Made the ice upon them thicker,
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
To come forth and wrestle with him,
To come forth and wrestle naked
On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,
Wrestled all night with the North-
Wind,

Wrestled naked on the moorlands
With the fierce Kabibonokka,
Till his panting breath grew
fainter,

Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,
Till he reeled and staggered back-
ward,

And retreated, baffled, beaten,
To the kingdom of Wabasso,
To the land of the White Rabbit,
Hearing still the gusty laughter,
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
Singing, 'O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal !'

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward,
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
In the never-ending Summer.

The Four Winds.

He it was who sent the wood-birds,

Sent the robin, the Opechee,
Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,

Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,

Sent the melons and tobacco,
And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending

Filled the sky with haze and vapour,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,

Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,

Brought the tender Indian Summer
To the melancholy North-land,
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee!
In his life he had one shadow,
In his heart one sorrow had he.
Once, as he was gazing northward,
Far away upon a prairie
He beheld a maiden standing,
Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie;
Brightest green were all her garments,

And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with passion,
Day by day his heart within him
Grew more hot with love and longing

For the maid with yellow tresses.

But he was too fat and lazy
To bestir himself and woo her;
Yes, too indolent and easy
To pursue her and persuade her.
So he only gazed upon her,
Only sat and sighed with passion
For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,

He beheld her yellow tresses

Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,

Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.

'Ah! my brother from the North-land,

From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit!

You have stolen the maiden from me,

You have laid your hand upon her,
You have wooed and won my maiden,

With your stories of the North-land!'

Thus the wretched Shawondasee
Breathed into the air his sorrow;
And the South-Wind o'er the prairie

Wandered warm with sighs of passion,

With the sighs of Shawondasee,
Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,

Full of thistle-down the prairie,
And the maid with hair like sunshine

Vanished from his sight for ever;

Never more did Shawondasee

See the maid with yellow tresses!

Poor, deluded Shawondasee!

'Twas no woman that you gazed at,

'Twas no maiden that you sighed for,

'Twas the prairie dandelion

That through all the dreamy Summer

You had gazed at with such longing,

You had sighed for with such passion,

And had puffed away for ever,

Blown into the air with sighing.

Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were divided;

The Song of Hiawatha.

Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
Had their stations in the heavens,
At the corners of the heavens ;
For himself the West-Wind only
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNWARD through the evening
twilight,

In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-
vines,

And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening
twilight,

On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
'See ! a star falls !' said the people ;
'From the sky a star is falling !'

There among the ferns and
mosses,

There among the prairie lilies,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.

And she called her name Wenonah,
As the first-born of her daughters.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
'O, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis ;

Listen not to what he tells you ;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and
harm you !'

But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not those words of wisdom,
And the West-Wind came at even-
ing,

Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blos-
soms,

Bending low the flowers and
grasses,

Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Wooded her with his words of sweet-
ness,

Wooded her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder ;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faith-
less,

By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis ;
'O that I were dead !' she mur-
mured,

'O that I were dead, as thou art !
No more work, and no more weep-
ing,

Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !'

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-
trees,

Rose the firs with cones upon them ;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

Hiawatha's Childhood.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
'Hush ! the Naked Bear will hear
thee !'

Lulled him into slumber, singing,
'Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !
Who is this, that lights the wig-
wam ?

With his great eyes lights the wig-
wam ?

Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !'

Many things Nokomis taught
him

Of the stars that shine in heaven ;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;
Showed the Death-Dance of the
spirits,

Warriors with their plumes and
war-clubs,

Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter ;
Showed the broad, white road in
heaven,

Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the hea-
vens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the
shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha ;
Heard the whispering of the pine-
trees,

Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;
'Minne-wawa !' said the pine-trees,
'Mudway-aushka !' said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-tay-
see,
Flitting through the dusk of even-
ing,

With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes ;
And he sang the song of children,

Sang the song Nokomis taught
him :

'Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids !'

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, 'What is that, Noko-
mis ?'

And the good Nokomis answered :
'Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw
her

Up into the sky at midnight ;
Right against the moon he threw
her ;

'Tis her body that you see there.'

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, 'What is that, Noko-
mis ?'

And the good Nokomis answered :
'Tis the heaven of flowers you see
there ;

All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and
perish,

Blossom in that heaven above us.'

When he heard the owls at mid-
night,

Hooting, laughing in the forest,
'What is that ?' he cried in terror ;
'What is that ?' he said, 'Noko-
mis ?'

And the good Nokomis answered :
'That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other.'

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its lan-
guage,
Learned their names and all their
secrets,

The Song of Hiawatha.

How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens.'

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,

Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,

Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :
'Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers !'

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,

'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !'
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !'

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,

Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,

'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !'
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !'

But he heeded not, nor heard them,

For his thoughts were with the red deer ;

On their tracks his eyes were fastened,

Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the path-way,

Flecked with leafy light and shadow.

And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,

Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the path-way.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow ;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,

Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled ;
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him !

Dead he lay there in the forest,

Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis.

By the ford across the river ;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis

Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honour.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha !

Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee !

IV.

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

OUT of childhood into manhood
Now had grown my Hiawatha,
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
Learned in all the lore of old men,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labours.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha ;
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness,
That the arrow fell behind him !
Strong of arm was Hiawatha ;
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and
swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string

Ere the first to earth had fallen !

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
Magic mittens made of deerskin ;
When upon his hands he wore them,
He could smite the rocks asunder,
He could grind them into powder.
He had moccasins enchanted,
Magic moccasins of deerskin ;

When he bound them round his
ankles,

When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured !

Much he questioned old Nokomis
Of his father Mudjekeewis ;
Learned from her the fatal secret
Of the beauty of his mother,
Of the falsehood of his father ;
And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,
' I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-Wind,
At the portals of the Sunset ! '

From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting ;

Dressed in deerskin shirt and
leggings,
Richly wrought with quills and
wampum ;

On his head his eagle-feathers,
Round his waist his belt of
wampum,

In his hand his bow of ash-wood,
Strung with sinews of the reindeer ;
In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with
feathers ;

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,
' Go not forth, O Hiawatha !
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning ! '

But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman's warning ;
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured ;
Lurid seemed the sky above him,
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,
Hot and close the air around him,
Filled with smoke and fiery vapours,

The Song of Hiawatha.

As of burning woods and prairies,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,

Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison;
Crossed the rushing Esconaba,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
Passed the land of Crows and

Foxes,
Passed the dwellings of the Black-feet,

Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
Where upon the gusty summits
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha
At the aspect of his father.
On the air about him wildly
Tossed and streamed his cloudy

tresses,
Gleamed like drifting snow his

tresses,
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis
When he looked on Hiawatha,
Saw his youth rise up before him
In the face of Hiawatha,
Saw the beauty of Wenonah
From the grave rise up before him.

'Welcome!' said he, 'Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
Long have I been waiting for you!
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
You bring back the days departed,
You bring back my youth of

passion,
And the beautiful Wenonah!'

Many days they talked together,
Questioned, listened, waited, answered;

Much the mighty Mudjekeewis
Boasted of his ancient prowess,

Of his perilous adventures,
His indomitable courage,
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,
Listening to his father's boasting;
With a smile he sat and listened,
Uttered neither threat nor menace,
Neither word nor look betrayed him;
But his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, 'O Mudjekeewis,
Is there nothing that can harm you?
Nothing that you are afraid of?'
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Grand and gracious in his boasting,
Answered, saying, 'There is nothing,

Nothing but the black rock yonder,
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek!'

And he looked at Hiawatha
With a wise look and benignant,
With a countenance paternal,
Looked with pride upon the beauty
Of his tall and graceful figure,
Saying, 'O my Hiawatha!
Is there anything can harm you?
Anything you are afraid of?'

But the wary Hiawatha
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,
Held his peace, as if resolving,
And then answered, 'There is nothing,

Nothing but the bulrush yonder,
Nothing but the great Apukwa!'

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,

Hiawatha cried in terror,
Cried in well-dissembled terror,
'Kago! kago! do not touch it!'
'Ah, kaween!' said Mudjekeewis,
'No indeed, I will not touch it!'

Then they talked of other matters;

First of Hiawatha's brothers,
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,
Of the North, Kabibonokka;

Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis.

Then of Hiawatha's mother,
Of the beautiful Wenonah,
Of her birth upon the meadow,
Of her death, as old Nokomis
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, 'O Mudjekeewis,
It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your footsteps;
You confess it! you confess it!'—
And the mighty Mudjekeewis
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,
With a silent nod assented.

Then upstarted Hiawatha,
And with threatening look and
gesture

Laid his hand upon the black rock,
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Rent the jutting crag asunder,
Smote and crushed it into frag-
ments,

Hurled them madly at his father,
The remorseful Mudjekeewis;
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind
Blew the fragments backward from
him,

With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger,
Blew them back at his assailant;
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze, the giant bulrush;
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha!

Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand among the moun-
tains;

From his eyrie screamed the eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle;
Sat upon the crags around them,
Wheeling flapped his wings above
them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest

Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek;
Till the earth shook with the
tumult

And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, 'Baim-wawa!'

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the moun-
tains,
Stumbling westward down the
mountains,

Three whole days retreated fighting,
Still pursued by Hiawatha
To the doorways of the West-Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes.

'Hold!' at length cried Mud-
jekeewis,

'Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!
'Tis impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your courage;
Now receive the prize of valour!

'Go back to your home and
people,

Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that
harms it,

Clear the fishing-grounds and
rivers,

Slay all monsters and magicians,
All the Wendigoes, the giants,
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
Slew the Great Bear of the moun-
tains.

'And at last when Death draws
near you,

When the awful eyes of Panguk
Glare upon you in the darkness,

The Song of Hiawatha.

I will share my kingdom with you ;
Ruler shall you be thenceforward
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,

Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin.
Thus was fought that famous
battle

In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,
In the days long since departed,
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.
Still the hunter sees its traces
Scattered far o'er hill and valley ;
Sees the giant bulrush growing
By the ponds and water-courses,
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha ;
Pleasant was the landscape round
him,

Pleasant was the air above him,
For the bitterness of anger
Had departed wholly from him,
From his brain the thought of ven-
geance,

From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-
trees,

Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker
Made his arrow-heads of sand-
stone,

Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the
edges,

Hard and polished, keen and
costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed
daughter,

Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sun-
shine,

Eyes that smiled and frowned al-
ternate,

Feet as rapid as the river,
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter ;
And he named her from the river,
From the waterfall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
That my Hiawatha halted
In the land of the Dacotahs ?

Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water
Peeping from behind the curtain,
Hear the rustling of her garments
From behind the waving curtain,
As one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing through the
branches,

As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of branches ?

Who shall say what thoughts
and visions

Fill the fiery brains of young men ?
Who shall say what dreams of
beauty

Filled the heart of Hiawatha ?
All he told to old Nokomis,
When he reached the lodge at
sunset,

Was the meeting with his father,
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis ;
Not a word he said of arrows,
Not a word of Laughing Water.

V.

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

YOU shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,

Hiawatha's Fasting.

But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-
time,

In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions
many,
Seven whole days and nights he
fasted.

On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wan-
dered ;

Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drum-
ming,

Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine-
trees,

And in flocks the wildgoose, Wawa,
Flying to the fenlands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.
'Master of Life!' he cried, de-
sponding,

'Must our lives depend on these
things?'

On the next day of his fasting
By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the
meadow,

Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,
Trailing o'er the alder-branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance !
'Master of Life!' he cried, de-
sponding,

'Must our lives depend on these
things?'

On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,

By the still, transparent water ;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scattering drops like beads of
wampum,

Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis,
And the Shawgashee, the crawfish !
'Master of Life!' he cried, de-
sponding,

'Must our lives depend on these
things?'

On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted ;
From his couch of leaves and
branches

Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and
visions,

On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendour of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and
yellow,

Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendour of the
sunset ;

Plumes of green bent o'er his fore-
head,

And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, 'O my Hiawatha !
All your prayers are heard in
heaven,

For you pray not like the others ;
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

The Song of Hiawatha.

'From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct
you,
How by struggle and by labour
You shall gain what you have
prayed for.

Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with
me !'

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin ;

At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigour
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and
struggled,

Stronger still grew Hiawatha ;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-
trees,

Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

' 'Tis enough ! ' then said Mondamin,

Smiling upon Hiawatha,
' But to-morrow, when the sun
sets,

I will come again to try you.'
And he vanished, and was seen
not ;

Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above
him.

On the morrow and the next
day,

When the sun through heaven
descending,

Like a red and burning cinder
From the hearth of the Great
Spirit,

Fell into the western waters,
Came Mondamin for the trial,

For the strife with Hiawatha ;
Came as silent as the dew comes,

From the empty air appearing,
Into empty air returning,

Taking shape when earth it touches,
But invisible to all men

In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there to-
gether

In the glory of the sunset,
Till the darkness fell around them,

Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-
trees,

Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow ;

To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breath-
ing,

And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, ' O Hiawatha !
Bravely have you wrestled with
me,

Thrice have wrestled stoutly with
me,

And the Master of Life, who sees us,
He will give to you the triumph !'

Then he smiled, and said : ' To-
morrow

Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.

You will conquer and o'ercome me ;
Make a bed for me to lie in,

Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm
me ;

Hiawatha's Fasting.

Strip these garments, green and
yellow,

Strip this nodding plumage from
me,

Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

'Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine.'

And thus saying, he departed ;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complain-
ing,

Perched upon his lonely wigwam ;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near
him,

Talking to the darksome forest ;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slum-
ber

Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers :
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome
him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched
not,

Only said to her, 'Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended.'

Homeward weeping went Noko-
mis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,

Fearing lest his strength should fail
him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing east-
ward,

Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the hea-
ven,

Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Monda-
min,

With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the door-
way.

And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Monda-
min.

Round about him spun the land-
scape,

Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within
him,

As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.

Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed look-
ing

At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle ;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishe-
velled,

Plumage torn, and garments tat-
tered,

Dead he lay there in the sunset.

The Song of Hiawatha.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,

Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him;

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;

Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,

Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments

Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,

Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather

From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, 'It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!'

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,

Showed them where the maize was growing,

Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food for ever.

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long green leaves to yellow,

And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,

Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,

As he once had stripped the wrestler,

Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

VI.

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand

Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,

Never grew the grass upon it;
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,

For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much contriving

How the tribes of men might prosper.

Hiawatha's Friends.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened ;

All the warriors gathered round him,

All the women came to hear him ;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,

Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned

Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,

That the wood-birds ceased from singing,

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, ' O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing ! '

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Envious, said, ' O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,

Teach me songs as full of frenzy ! '

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
Joyous, said, ' O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,

Teach me songs as full of gladness ! '

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,

Sobbing, said, ' O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness ! '

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing ;

All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music ;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing ;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers ;
For his gentleness he loved him,
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many ;
For his very strength he loved him,

For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children,
Never fished and never hunted,
Not like other children was he ;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

' Lazy Kwasind ! ' said his mother,

' In my work you never help me !
In the Summer you are roaming
Idly in the fields and forests ;
In the Winter you are cowering
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam !
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing ;
With my nets you never help me !
At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water ;
Go and wring them, Yenadizze !
Go and dry them in the sunshine ! '

Slowly from the ashes Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer ;

The Song of Hiawatha.

From the lodge went forth in
silence,

Took the nets, that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
Could not wring them without
breaking,

Such the strength was in his fingers.

'Lazy Kwasind!' said his father,
'In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting home-
ward.'

Down a narrow pass they wan-
dered,

Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.

'We must go back,' said the old
man,

'O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through
them,

Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!'
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before
him;

All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

'Lazy Kwasind!' said the young
men,

As they sported in the meadow:
'Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!'

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and, slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation;
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming
river,

Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his compan-
ions,

In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing
currents,

Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without paus-
ing,

Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling sur-
face,

Through the whirlpools chased
the beaver,

Followed him among the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, 'Alas! good-bye to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwa-
sind!'

But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and
dripping,

Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told
you,

Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much con-
triving

How the tribes of men might pros-
per.

Hiawatha's Sailing.

VII.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

'GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

'Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!

Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!'

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gaily,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing;

And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, 'Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!'

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
'Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!'

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

'Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!

Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!'

Through the summit of the Cedar

Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,

'Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!'

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

'Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!

My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!'

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,

Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
'Take them all, O Hiawatha!'

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,

Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

'Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!

Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!'

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,

'Take my balm, O Hiawatha!'

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,

Made each crevice safe from water.

The Song of Hiawatha.

'Give me of your quills, O
Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedge-
hog!

I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
'Take my quills, O Hiawatha!'

From the ground the quills he
gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and
yellow,

With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming neck-
lace,

On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served
him,

And his wishes served to guide
him;

Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man,
Kwasind,

Saying, 'Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars.'

Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the
sand-bars,

With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and
windings,

Sailed through all its deeps and
shallows,

While his friend, the strong man,
Kwasind,

Swam the deeps, the shallows
waded.

Up and down the river went
they,

In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-
bar,

Dragged the dead trees from its
channel,

Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the moun-
tains,

To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

VIII.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumees,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing-line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nah-

ma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,

Hiawatha's Fishing.

In his birch-canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent
water

He could see the fishes swimming
Far down in the depths below
him ;

See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the crawfish,
Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar ;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock branches ;
On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo ;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes ;
Through his gills he breathed the
water,

With his fins he fanned and win-
nowed,

With his tail he swept the sand-
floor.

There he lay in all his armour ;
On each side a shield to guard
him,

Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and
shoulders

Plates of bone with spines pro-
jecting.

Painted was he with his war-
paints,

Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable ;
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple,
As above him Hiawatha

In his birch-canoe came sailing,
With his fishing-line of cedar.

'Take my bait,' cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him,

'Take my bait, O Sturgeon,
Nahma !

Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger !
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent
water,

Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
'Take my bait, O King of Fishes !'

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamour,
His unnecessary tumult,
Till he wearied of the shouting ;
And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike, the Maskenozha,
'Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha !'

In his fingers Hiawatha
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten ;
As he drew it in, it tugged so
That the birch-canoe stood end-
wise,

Like a birch-log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the sum-
mit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,
And he shouted through the water,
'Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes !'

Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
To the bream, with scales of crimson,
'Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha !

Slowly upward, wavering, gleam-
ing,

The Song of Hiawatha.

Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha,
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch-canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling
eddies,

Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting up his disc refulgent,
Loud he shouted in derision,
'Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!'

Slowly downward, wavering,
gleaming,

Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
Heard his challenge of defiance,
The unnecessary tumult,
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the
bottom

Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armour,
Gleaming bright with all his war-
paint;

In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws, and swal-
lowed

Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the
rapids,

Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and
fibre,

Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered
through it,

Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and
perish.

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gaily,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labour was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,
'O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help
me;

Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives
you;

For hereafter and for ever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!'

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted land-
ward

Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin,
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flap-
ping,

As of many wings assembling,
Heard a screaming and confusion,
As of birds of prey contending,
Saw a gleam of light above him,
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,

Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather.

Gazing at him through the opening,
Heard them saying to each other,
‘Tis our brother, Hiawatha!’

And he shouted from below them,
Cried exulting from the caverns:
‘O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings
widen,

Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and for ever
Men shall speak of your achieve-
ments,

Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratch-
ers!’

And the wild and clamorous sea-
gulls

Toiled with beak and claw together,
Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
And from peril and from prison,
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wig-
wam,

On the margin of the water,
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

‘I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
Slain the King of Fishes!’ said he;
‘Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-
gulls;

Drive them not away, Nokomis,
They have saved me from great
peril

In the body of the sturgeon,
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till their craws are full with feast-
ing,

Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
To their nests among the marshes;

Then bring all your pots and kettles,
And make oil for us in Winter.’

And she waited till the sun set,
Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,
Rose above the tranquil water,
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
From their banquet rose with
clamour,

And across the fiery sunset
Winged their way to far-off islands,
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,
And Nokomis to her labour,
Toiling patient in the moonlight,
Till the sun and moon changed
places,

Till the sky was red with sunrise,
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,
Came back from the reedy islands,
Clamorous for their morning ban-
quet.

Three whole days and nights
alternate

Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
Till the waves washed through the
rib-bones,

Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
And upon the sands lay nothing
But the skeleton of Nahma.

IX.

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL- FEATHER.

ON the shores of Gitche Gumees,
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
O’er the water pointing westward,
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending
Burned his way along the heavens,
Set the sky on fire behind him,
As war-parties, when retreating,
Burn the prairies on their war-trail;
And the moon, the Night-sun,
eastward

The Song of Hiawatha.

Suddenly starting from his ambush,
Followed fast those bloody foot-prints,

Followed in that fiery war-trail,
With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
Spake these words to Hiawatha :
'Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,

Megissogwon, the Magician,
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,
Guarded by his fiery serpents,
Guarded by the black pitch-water.
You can see his fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Coiling, playing in the water ;
You can see the black pitch-water
Stretching far away beyond them,
To the purple clouds of sunset !

'He it was who slew my father,
By his wicked wiles and cunning,
When he from the moon descended,
When he came on earth to seek me,
He, the mightiest of Magicians,
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the pestilential vapours,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,

Sends disease and death among us !

'Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch-canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly
You may pass the black pitch-water ;

Slay this merciless magician,
Save the people from the fever
That he breathes across the fen-lands,

And avenge my father's murder !'

Straightway then my Hiawatha
Armed himself with all his war-gear,

Launched his birch-canoe for sailing ;

With his palm its sides he patted,
Said with glee, 'Cheemaun, my darling,

O my Birch-Canoe ! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
Where you see the black pitch-water !'

Forwardleaped Cheemaun exulting,

And the noble Hiawatha
Sang his war-song wild and woeful,
And above him the war-eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Master of all fowls with feathers,
Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,

The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise :
'Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey !'
And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made answer :

'Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !'

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents ;
Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha

Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather.

Harmless sailed, and cried exulting:
'Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling!

Onward to the black pitch-water!'

Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that
swiftly

He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotting water-rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moon-

light,
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled

In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moon-

light,
All the water black with shadow,
And around him the Suggema,
The mosquito, sang his war-song,
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead
him;

And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moon-

light,
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,
Sobbed and sank beneath the sur-

face;
And anon a thousand whistles,
Answered over all the fenlands,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Far off on the reedy margin,
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,
Toward the land of the Pearl-

Feather,
Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,

Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam
Of the Manito of Wampum,
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he
patted,

To his birch-canoe said, 'Onward!'
And it stirred in all its fibres,
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and
rushes,

And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-

tree,
On the sand one end he rested,
With his knee he pressed the
middle,

Stretched the faithful bow-string
tighter,

Took an arrow, jasper-headed,
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
Sent it singing as a herald,
As a bearer of his message,
Of his challenge loud and lofty:
'Come forth from your lodge,

Pearl-Feather!
Hiawatha waits your coming!'

Straightway from the Shining
Wigwam

Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect,
Clad from head to foot in wampum,
Armed with all his warlike weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue, and
yellow,

Crested with great eagle-feathers,
Streaming upward, streaming out-

ward.
'Well I know you, Hiawatha!'
Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision.

'Hasten back, O Shaugodaya!
Hasten back among the women,

The Song of Hiawatha.

Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !
I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father !'

But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing :
'Big words do not smite like war-
clubs,

Boastful breath is not a bow-
string,

Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words
are,

Actions mightier than boastings !'

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.
All a summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset ;
For the shafts of Hiawatha

Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Harmless fell the heavy war-club ;
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,
And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,
From whose branches trailed the
mosses,

And whose trunk was coated over
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-
leather,

With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above
him

Sang the Mama, the woodpecker :
'Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,
At their roots the long black
tresses ;

There alone can he be wounded !'

Winged with feathers, tipped
with jasper,

Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,
And he reeled and staggered for-
ward,

Plunging like a wounded bison,
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,
In the pathway of the other,
Piercing deeper than the other,
Wounding sorer than the other ;
And the knees of Megissogwon
Shook like windy reeds beneath
him,

Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow
Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,
And the mighty Megissogwon
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,
Saw the eyes of Death glare at
him,

Heard his voice call in the dark-
ness ;

At the feet of Hiawatha
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine-tree,
And, in honour of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of
feathers

On the little head of Mama ;
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of
wampum

From the back of Megissogwon,
As a trophy of the battle,
As a signal of his conquest.
On the shore he left the body,

Hiawatha's Wooing.

Half on land and half in water,
In the sand his feet were buried,
And his face was in the water,
And above him, wheeled and clamoured

The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sailing round in narrower circles,
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,
All his wealth of skins and wampum,

Furs of bison and of beaver,
Furs of sable and of ermine,
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,

Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,

Filled with arrows, silver-headed.
Homeward then he sailed exulting,

Homeward through the black pitch-water,

Homeward through the weltering serpents,

With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,
On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,

Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his song of triumph.

And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and dances,

Made a joyous feast, and shouted :
' Honour be to Hiawatha !

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,

Slain the mightiest of Magicians,
Him, who sent the fiery fever,
Sent the white fog from the fenlands,

Sent disease and death among us !'

Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama !
And in token of his friendship,

As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem

With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.
But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

X.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

' As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,

Useless each without the other !'

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

' Wed a maiden of your people,'
Warning said the old Nokomis ;
' Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not !

Like a fire upon the hearthstone
Is a neighbour's homely daughter ;
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers !'

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this : ' Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight !'

Gravely then said old Nokomis :
' Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling ;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,

The Song of Hiawatha.

Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands !'

Smiling answered Hiawatha :
' In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, fire-
light,
Be the sunlight of my people !'

Still dissuading said Nokomis :
' Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs !
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may
open !'

Laughing answered Hiawatha :
' For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed for
ever !'

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women ;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured ;
Yet the way seemed long before
him,

And his heart outran his footsteps ;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laugh-
ter,

Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
' Pleasant is the sound !' he mur-
mured,

' Pleasant is the voice that calls
me !'

On the outskirts of the forest,
' Twixt the shadow and the sun-
shine,

Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha ;
To his bow he whispered, ' Fail
not !'

To his arrow whispered, ' Swerve
not !'

Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck ;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;
Of the past the old man's thoughts
were,

And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow ;
Shot the wildgoose, flying south-
ward,

On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they
were !

Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for wea-
pons !

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning in the Spring-
time

Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,

Hiawatha's Wooing.

Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they
heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,

With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-
maker

Looked up gravely from his labour,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
' Hiawatha, you are welcome ! '

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders ;

And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
' You are welcome, Hiawatha ! '

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deerskin dressed and
whitened,

With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before
them,

Water brought them from the
brooklet,

Gave them food in earthen vessels,

Gave them drink in bowls of bass-
wood,

Listened while the guest was speak-
ing,

Listened while her father answered ;
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his child-
hood,

As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

' After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.'

Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
' That this peace may last for ever,
And our hands be clasped more
closely,

And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women ! '

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely :
' Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha ! '

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood
there,

Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to
say it,

' I will follow you, my husband ! '

The Song of Hiawatha.

This was Hiawatha's wooing !
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs !

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water ;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,

Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
'Fare thee well, O Minnehaha !'

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labour,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying :
'Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us !

Just when they have learned to help us,

When we are old and lean upon them,

Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,

With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger !'

Pleasant was the journey homeward,

Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened

To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden ;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear ;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,

Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest ;

All the stars of night looked at them,

Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber ;

From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers ;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,

Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward !

All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease ;

Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
'Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you !'
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
'Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband !'

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,

Saying to them, 'O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,

Rule by love, O Hiawatha !'

From the sky the moon looked at them,

Filled the lodge with mystic splendours,

Whispered to them, 'O my children,

Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast.

Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble ;
Half is mine, although I follow ;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water !'

Thus it was they journeyed home-ward ;

Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight,
firelight,

Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsome of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

XI.

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

How the handsome Yenadizze
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He the sweetest of musicians,
Sang his songs of love and longing ;
How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
Told his tales of strange adventure,
That the feast might be more joyous,
That the time might pass more
gaily,

And the guests be more contented.
Sumptuous was the feast Noko-
mis

Made at Hiawatha's wedding ;
All the bowls were made of bass-
wood,

White and polished very smoothly,
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the
village

Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation,
As a token of the feasting ;
And the wedding guests assembled

Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and
plumage,

Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon,

Nahma,

And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old Noko-
mis ;

Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had
finished,

Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red-stone pipes for
smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of
fragrance.

Then she said, 'O Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please
us,

That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented !'

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-
Fool,

Rose among the guests assembled.
Skilled was he in sports and
pastimes,

The Song of Hiawatha.

In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-play ;

Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him
Faint-heart,
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
Little heeded he their jesting,
Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
All inwrought with beads of wampum ;
He was dressed in deerskin leggings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
And in moccasins of buckskin,
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.
On his head were plumes of swan's down,
On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
Hung with braids of scented grasses,
As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,

Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,

And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,

Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,

Treading softly like a panther.
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,

Till the leaves went whirling with him,

Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
On he sped with frenzied gestures,
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it

Wildly in the air around him ;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,

Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,

Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo !

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,

And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assembled,
Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
To the friend of Hiawatha,
To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians,
'Sing to us, O Chibiabos !
Songs of love and songs of longing,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented !'

Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast.

And the gentle Chibiabos
Sang in accents sweet and tender,
Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing;
Looking still at Hiawatha,
Looking at fair Laughing Water,
Sang he softly, sang in this wise:

'Onaway! Awake, beloved!
Thou the wild-flower of the forest!
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie!
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-
like!

'If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon them!

'Sweet thy breath is as the fra-
grance
Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,
In the Moon when leaves are
falling.

'Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet
thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine,
In the Moon when nights are
brightest?

'Onaway! my heart sings to
thee,
Sings with joy when thou art near
me,
As the sighing, singing branches
In the pleasant Moon of Straw-
berries!

'When thou art not pleased,
beloved,
Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens
When the clouds drop shadows
on it!

'When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is
brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

'Smiles the earth, and smile the
waters,
Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me!

'I myself, myself! behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, behold
me!
O awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!'

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Jealous of the sweet musician,
Jealous of the applause they gave
him,
Saw in all the eyes around him,
Saw in all their looks and gestures,
That the wedding guests assembled
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo;
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder;
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he
could,
None could dive so deep as he
could,
None could swim so far as he
could;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous story-teller!

The Song of Hiawatha.

Thus his name became a by-word
And a jest among the people ;
And whene'er a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too highly,
Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achievements,

All his hearers cried, 'Iagoo !
Here's Iagoo come among us !'

He it was who carved the cradle
Of the little Hiawatha,
Carved its framework out of linden,
Bound it strong with reindeer
sinews ;

He it was who taught him later
How to make his bows and arrows,
How to make the bows of ash-tree,
And the arrows of the oak-tree.
So among the guests assembled
At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,
Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, 'O good Iagoo,
Tell us now a tale of wonder,
Tell us of some strange adventure,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more
gaily,

And our guests be more contented !'

And Iagoo answered straight-
way,
'You shall hear a tale of wonder,
You shall hear the strange adven-
tures

Of Osseo, the Magician,
From the Evening Star descended.'

XII.

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

CAN it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of water ?
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,
Wounded by the magic arrow,
Staining all the waves with crimson,
With the crimson of its life-blood,

Filling all the air with splendour,
With the splendour of its plumage ?

Yes ; it is the sun descending,
Sinking down into the water ;
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crimson !
No ; it is the Red Swan floating,
Diving down beneath the water ;
To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are red-
dened !

Over it the Star of Evening
Melts and trembles through the
purple,
Hangs suspended in the twilight.
No ; it is a bead of wampum
On the robes of the Great Spirit,
As he passes through the twilight,
Walks in silence through the
heavens.

This with joy beheld Iagoo
And he said in haste : 'Behold it !
See the sacred Star of Evening !
You shall hear a tale of wonder,
Hear the story of Osseo,
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo !

'Once, in days no more remem-
bered,

Ages nearer the beginning,
When the heavens were closer to
us,
And the Gods were more familiar,
In the North-land lived a hunter,
With ten young and comely daugh-
ters,

Tall and lithe as wands of willow ;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
She the wilful and the wayward,
She the silent, dreamy maiden,
Was the fairest of the sisters.

'All these women married war-
riors,

Married brave and haughty hus-
bands ;

Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,
All her young and handsome suitors,
And then married old Osseo,

The Son of the Evening Star.

Old Osseo, poor and ugly,
Broken with age and weak with
coughing,

Always coughing like a squirrel.

'Ah, but beautiful within him

Was the spirit of Osseo,
From the Evening Star descended,
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion !

All its fire was in his bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,
All its splendour in his language !

'And her lovers, the rejected,
Handsome men with belts of wamp-
pum,

Handsome men with paint and
feathers,

Pointed at her in derision,
Followed her with jest and laughter.
But she said : " I care not for you,
Care not for your belts of wampum,
Care not for your paint and feathers,
Care not for your jests and laughter ;
I am happy with Osseo ! "

'Once to some great feast invited,
Through the damp and dusk of
evening

Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their hus-
bands ;

Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweenee beside him ;
All the others chatted gaily,
These two only walked in silence.

'At the western sky Osseo
Gazed intent, as if imploring,
Often stopped and gazed imploring
At the trembling Star of Evening,
At the tender Star of Woman ;
And they heard him murmur softly,
" Ah, *shovain nemeskin, Nosa !*
Pity, pity me, my father ! "

" Listen ! " said the eldest
sister,

" He is praying to his father !
What a pity that the old man
Does not stumble in the pathway,

Does not break his neck by falling ! "
And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

'On their pathway through the
woodlands

Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,
Buried half in leaves and mosses,
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and
hollow.

And Osseo, when he saw it,
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,
Leaped into its yawning cavern—
At one end went in an old man,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly ;
From the other came a young man,
Tall and straight and strong and
handsome.

'Thus Osseo was transfigured,
Thus restored to youth and beauty ;
But, alas for good Osseo,
And for Oweenee, the faithful !
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.
Changed into a weak old woman,
With a staff she tottered onward,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly !
And the sisters and their husbands
Laughed until the echoing forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

'But Osseo turned not from her,
Walked with slower step beside her,
Took her hand, as brown and
withered

As an oak-leaf is in Winter,
Called her sweetheart, *Nenemoosha*,

Soothed her with soft words of
kindness,

Till they reached the lodge of feast-
ing,

Till they sat down in the wigwam,
Sacred to the Star of Evening,
To the tender Star of Woman.

'Wrapt in visions, lost in dream-
ing,

At the banquet sat Osseo ;
All were merry, all were happy,
All were joyous but Osseo.

The Song of Hiawatha.

Neither food nor drink he tasted,
Neither did he speak nor listen,
But as one bewildered sat he,
Looking dreamily and sadly,
First at Oweenee, then upward
At the gleaming sky above them.

‘Then a voice was heard, a whisper,
Coming from the starry distance,
Coming from the empty vastness,
Low, and musical, and tender ;
And the voice said : “ O Osseo !
O my son, my best beloved !
Broken are the spells that bound
you,

All the charms of the magicians,
All the magic powers of evil ;
Come to me ; ascend, Osseo !

“ Taste the food that stands before you :

It is blessed and enchanted,
It has magic virtues in it,
It will change you to a spirit.
All your bowls and all your kettles
Shall be wood and clay no longer ;
But the bowls be changed to wampum,

And the kettles shall be silver ;
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,

Likethefireshallgleamandglimmer.

“ And the women shall no longer
Bear the dreary doom of labour,
But be changed to birds, and glisten
With the beauty of the starlight,
Painted with the dusky splendours
Of the skies and clouds of evening ! ”

‘ What Osseo heard as whispers,
What as words he comprehended,
Was but music to the others,
Music as of birds afar off,
Of the whippoorwill afar off,
Of the lonely Wawonaissa
Singing in the darksome forest.

‘ Then the lodge began to tremble,
Straight began to shake and tremble,
And they felt it rising, rising,

Slowly through the air ascending,
From the darkness of the tree-tops,
Forth into the dewy starlight,
Till it passed the topmost branches ;
And behold ! the wooden dishes
All were changed to shells of scarlet !

And behold ! the earthen kettles
All were changed to bowls of silver !
And the roof-poles of the wigwam
Were as glittering rods of silver,
And the roof of bark upon them
As the shining shards of beetles.

‘ Then Osseo gazed around him,
And he saw the nine fair sisters,
All the sisters and their husbands,
Changed to birds of various plumage.

Some were jays and some were magpies,
Others thrushes, others blackbirds ;
And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,

Perked and fluttered all their feathers,
Strutted in their shining plumage,
And their tails like fans unfolded.

‘ Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was not changed, but sat in silence,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,
Looking sadly at the others ;
Till Osseo, gazing upward,
Gave another cry of anguish,
Such a cry as he had uttered
By the oak-tree in the forest.

‘ Then returned her youth and beauty,
And her soiled and tattered garments

Were transformed to robes of ermine,
And her staff became a feather,
Yes, a shining silver feather !

‘ And again the wigwam trembled,
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,
Through transparent cloud and vapour,

The Son of the Evening Star.

And amid celestial splendours
On the Evening Star alighted,
As a snow-flake falls on snow-
flake,

As a leaf drops on a river,
As the thistle-down on water.

‘Forth with cheerful words of
welcome

Came the father of Osseo,
He with radiant locks of silver,
He with eyes serene and tender—

And he said: “My son, Osseo,
Hang the cage of birds you bring
there,

Hang the cage with rods of silver,
And the birds with glistening
feathers,

At the doorway of my wigwam.”

‘At the door he hung the bird-
cage,

And they entered in and gladly

Listened to Osseo’s father,

Ruler of the Star of Evening,

As he said: “O my Osseo!

I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and
beauty,

Into birds of various plumage
Changed your sisters and their
husbands;

Changed them thus because they
mocked you

In the figure of the old man,

In that aspect sad and wrinkled,

Could not see your heart of passion,

Could not see your youth immortal;

Only Oweenee, the faithful,

Saw your naked heart and loved
you.

“In the lodge that glimmers
yonder,

In the little star that twinkles
Through the vapours, on the left
hand,

Lives the envious Evil Spirit,

The Wabeno, the magician,

Who transformed you to an old
man.

Take heed lest his beams fall on you,
For the rays he darts around him
Are the power of his enchantment,
Are the arrows that he uses.”

‘Many years, in peace and quiet,

On the peaceful Star of Evening

Dwelt Osseo with his father;

Many years, in song and flutter,

At the doorway of the wigwam

Hung the cage with rods of silver,

And fair Oweenee, the faithful,

Bore a son unto Osseo,

With the beauty of his mother,

With the courage of his father.

‘And the boy grew up and
prospered,

And Osseo, to delight him,

Made him little bows and arrows,

Opened the great cage of silver,

And let loose his aunts and uncles,

All those birds with glossy feathers,

For his little son to shoot at.

‘Round and round they wheeled
and darted,

Filled the Evening Star with music,
With their songs of joy and free-
dom;

Filled the Evening Star with
splendour,

With the fluttering of their plum-
age;

Till the boy, the little hunter,

Bent his bow and shot an arrow,

Shot a swift and fatal arrow,

And a bird, with shining feathers,

At his feet fell wounded sorely.

‘But, O wondrous transforma-
tion!

’Twas no bird he saw before him,

’Twas a beautiful young woman,

With the arrow in her bosom!

‘When her blood fell on the
planet,

On the sacred Star of Evening,

Broken was the spell of magic,

Powerless was the strange enchant-
ment,

And the youth, the fearless bowman,

The Song of Hiawatha.

Suddenly felt himself descending,
Held by unseen hands, but sinking
Downward through the empty
spaces,

Downward through the clouds and
vapours,

Till he rested on an island,
On an island, green and grassy,
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

'After him he saw descending
All the birds with shining feathers,
Fluttering, falling, wafted down-
ward,

Like the painted leaves of Autumn;
And the lodge with poles of silver,
With its roof like wings of beetles,
Like the shining shards of beetles,
By the winds of heaven uplifted,
Slowly sank upon the island,
Bringing back the good Osseo,
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

'Then the birds, again trans-
figured,
Reassumed the shape of mortals,
Took their shape, but not their
stature;

They remained as Little People,
Like the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies,
And on pleasant nights of Summer,
When the Evening Star was shining,
Hand in hand they danced together
On the island's craggy headlands,
On the sand-beach low and level.

'Still their glittering lodge is seen
there

On the tranquil Summer evenings,
And upon the shore the fisher
Sometimes hears their happy
voices,

Sees them dancing in the starlight!

When the story was completed,
When the wondrous tale was ended,
Looking round upon his listeners,
Solemnly Iagoo added:

'There are great men, I have known
such,

Whom their people understand not,
Whom they even make a jest of,

Scoff and jeer at in derision.

From the story of Osseo
Let us learn the fate of jesters!

All the wedding guests delighted
Listened to the marvellous story,
Listened laughing and applauding,
And they whispered to each other:
'Does he mean himself, I wonder?
And are we the aunts and uncles?'

Then again sang Chibiabos,
Sang a song of love and longing,
In those accents sweet and tender,
In those tones of pensive sadness,
Sang a maiden's lamentation
For her lover, her Algonquin.

'When I think of my beloved,
Ah me! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'Ah me! when I parted from him,
Round my neck he hung the
wampum,

As a pledge, the snow-white
wampum,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'I will go with you, he whispered,
Ah me! to your native country;
Let me go with you, he whispered,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'Far away, away, I answered,
Very far away, I answered,
Ah me! is my native country,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'When I looked back to behold
him,

Where we parted, to behold him,
After me he still was gazing,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'By the tree he still was standing,
By the fallen tree was standing,
That had dropped into the water,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'When I think of my beloved,
Ah me! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Blessing the Cornfields.

Such the story of Iagoo,
Such the songs of Chibiabos ;
Thus the wedding banquet ended,
And the wedding guests departed,
Leaving Hiawatha happy
With the night and Minnehaha.

XIII.

BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,
Of the happy days that followed,
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful !
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,
Sing the Blessing of the Cornfields !

Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,
Buried were all warlike weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten.
There was peace among the nations ;
Unmolested roved the hunters,
Built the birch-canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the
beaver ;

Unmolested worked the women,
Made their sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
Dressed the skins of deer and
beaver.

All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and
shining,

Waved the green plumes of Mon-
damin,

Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
Filling all the land with plenty.
'Twas the women who in Spring-
time

Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
Buried in the earth Mondamin ;
'Twas the women who in Autumn
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,
Stripped the garments from Mon-
damin,

Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was
planted,

Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
Spake and said to Minnehaha,
To his wife, the Laughing Water :
' You shall bless to-night the corn-
fields,

Draw a magic circle round them,
To protect them from destruction,
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-
ear !

' In the night, when all is silence,
In the night, when all is darkness,
When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepah-
win,

Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,
So that not an ear can hear you,
So that not an eye can see you,
Rise up from your bed in silence,
Lay aside your garments wholly,
Walk around the fields you planted,
Round the borders of the corn-
fields,

Covered by your tresses only,
Robed with darkness as a garment.

' Thus the fields shall be more
fruitful,

And the passing of your footsteps
Draw a magic circle round them,
So that neither blight nor mildew,
Neither burrowing worm nor insect,
Shall pass o'er the magic circle ;
Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,
Nor the spider, Subbekashe,
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-
keena,

Nor the mighty caterpillar,
Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-
skin,

King of all the caterpillars !'

On the tree-tops near the corn-
fields

Sat the hungry crows and ravens,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
With his band of black marauders.
And they laughed at Hiawatha,

The Song of Hiawatha.

Till the tree-tops shook with
laughter,
With their melancholy laughter,
At the words of Hiawatha.

'Hear him!' said they; 'hear the
Wise Man,
Hear the plots of Hiawatha!'

When the noiseless night de-
scended
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,
When the mournful Wawonaissa,
Sorrowing sang among the hem-
locks,

And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,
From her bed rose Laughing Water,
Laid aside her garments wholly,
And with darkness clothed and
guarded,

Unashamed and unafrighted,
Walked securely round the corn-
fields,
Drew the sacred magic circle
Of her footprints round the corn-
fields.

No one but the Midnight only
Saw her beauty in the darkness;
No one but the Wawonaissa
Heard the panting of her bosom;
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped
her

Closely in his sacred mantle,
So that none might see her beauty,
So that none might boast, 'I saw
her!'

On the morrow, as the day
dawned,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Gathered all his black marauders,
Crows and blackbirds, jays and
ravens,

Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,
And descended, fast and fearless,
On the fields of Hiawatha,
On the grave of the Mondamin.

'We will drag Mondamin,' said
they,
'From the grave where he is buried,

Spite of all the magic circles
Laughing Water draws around it,
Spite of all the sacred footprints
Minnehaha stamps upon it!'

But the wary Hiawatha,
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter
When they mocked him from the
tree-tops.

'Kaw!' he said, 'my friends the
ravens!

Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!
I will teach you all a lesson
That shall not be soon forgotten!'

He had risen before the day-
break,
He had spread o'er all the corn-
fields

Snares to catch the black marau-
ders,

And was lying now in ambush
In the neighbouring grove of pine-
trees,

Waiting for the crows and black-
birds,

Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and
clamour,

Rush of wings and cry of voices,
To their work of devastation,
Settling down upon the cornfields,
Delving deep with beak and talon,
For the body of Mondamin.

And with all their craft and cunning,
All their skill in wiles of warfare,
They perceived no danger near
them,

Till their claws became entangled,
Till they found themselves im-
prisoned

In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came
he,

Striding terrible among them,
And so awful was his aspect
That the bravest quailed with terror.
Without mercy he destroyed them
Right and left, by tens and twenties,

Blessing the Cornfields.

And their wretched, lifeless bodies
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows
Round the consecrated cornfields,
As a signal of his vengeance,
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
He alone was spared among them
As a hostage for his people.

With his prisoner-string he bound
him,

Led him captive to his wigwam,
Tied him fast with cords of elm-
bark

To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

'Kahgahgee, my raven!' said he,
'You the leader of the robbers,
You the plotter of this mischief,
The contriver of this outrage,
I will keep you, I will hold you,
As a hostage for your people,
As a pledge of good behaviour!'

And he left him, grim and sulky,
Sitting in the morning sunshine
On the summit of the wigwam,
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,
Flapping his great sable pinions,
Vainly struggling for his freedom,
Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawon-
dasee

Breathed his sighs o'er all the
landscape,

From the South-land sent his
ardours,

Wafted kisses warm and tender;
And the maize-field grew and
ripened,

Till it stood in all the splendour
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,
And the maize-ears full and shining
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of
verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:

'Tis the Moon when leaves are
falling;

All the wild-rice has been gathered,
And the maize is ripe and ready;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garments green and yellow!'

And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round
them,

Called the young men and the
maidens,

To the harvest of the cornfields,
To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,
Sat the old men and the warriors
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
In uninterrupted silence

Looked they at the gamesome
labour

Of the young men and the women;
Listened to their noisy talking,

To their laughter and their singing,
Heard them chattering like the
magpies,

Heard them laughing like the blue-
jays,

Heard them singing like the robins.

And when'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood
is,

'Nushka!' cried they all together,
'Nushka! you shall have a sweet-
heart,

You shall have a handsome hus-
band!'

'Ugh!' the old men all responded
From their seats beneath the pine-
trees.

And when'er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Found a maize-ear in the husking
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,
Then they laughed and sang to-
gether.

The Song of Hiawatha.

Crept and limped about the corn-
fields,
Mimicked in their gait and gestures
Some old man, bent almost double,
Singing singly or together :
'Wagemin, the thief of cornfields !
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-
ear !'

Till the cornfields rang with
laughter,
Till from Hiawatha's wigwam
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Screamed and quivered in his
anger,
And from all the neighbouring
tree-tops
Cawed and croaked the black
marauders.
'Ugh !' the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pine-
trees !

XIV.

PICTURE-WRITING.

IN those days said Hiawatha,
'Lo ! how all things fade and
perish !
From the memory of the old men
Pass away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos,
All the marvellous dreams and
visions
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets !
'Great men die and are for-
gotten,
Wise men speak ; their words of
wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations
That, as yet unborn, are waiting
In the great, mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall
be !

'On the grave-posts of our fathers
Are no signs, no figures painted ;
Who are in those graves we know
not,

Only know they are our fathers.
Of what kith they are and kindred,
From what old, ancestral Totem,
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,
They descended, this we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.

'Face to face we speak together,
But we cannot speak when absent,
Cannot send our voices from us
To the friends that dwell afar off ;
Cannot send a secret message,
But the bearer learns our secret,
May pervert it, may betray it,
May reveal it unto others.'

Thus said Hiawatha, walking
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest,
On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his
colours,
Took his paints of different colours,
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,
And each figure had a meaning,
Each some word or thought sug-
gested.

Gitché Manito the Mighty,
He, the Master of Life, was painted
As an egg, with points projecting
To the four winds of the heavens.
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.
Very crafty, very cunning,
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as
circles,
Life was white, but Death was
darkened ;

Picture- Writing.

Sun and moon and stars he painted,
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,
Forests, mountains, lakes, and
rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight
line,
For the sky a bow above it ;
White the space between for day-
time,
Filled with little stars for night-
time ;

On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noontide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a
wigwam

Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling ;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning,
And he said : ' Behold, your grave-
posts

Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.
Go and paint them all with figures ;
Each one with its household sym-
bol,

With its own ancestral Totem ;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know
them.

And they painted on the grave-
posts,

On the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his house-
hold ;

Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Pro-
phets,

The Wabenos, the Magicians,
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Painted upon bark and deerskin
Figures for the songs they chanted,
For each song a separate symbol,
Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly
coloured ;

And each figure had its meaning,
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Flashing light through all the
heaven ;

The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,
With his bloody crest erected,
Creeping, looking into heaven ;
In the sky the sun, that listens,
And the moon eclipsed and dying ;
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-
hawk,

And the cormorant, bird of magic ;
Headless men, that walk the
heavens,

Bodies lying pierced with arrows,
Bloody hands of death uplifted,
Flags on graves, and great war-
captains

Grasping both the earth and
heaven !

Such as these the shapes they
painted

On the birch-bark and the deer-
skin ;

Songs of war and songs of hunting,
Songs of medicine and of magic,
All were written in these figures,
For each figure had its meaning,
Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-
Song,

The most subtle of all medicines,
The most potent spell of magic,
Dangerous more than war or hunt-
ing !

Thus the Love-Song was recorded,
Symbol and interpretation.

The Song of Hiawatha.

First a human figure standing,
Painted in the brightest scarlet ;
'Tis the lover, the musician,
And the meaning is, 'My painting
Makes me powerful over others.'

Then the figure seated, singing,
Playing on a drum of magic,
And the interpretation, 'Listen !
'Tis my voice you hear, my singing !'

Then the same red figure seated
In the shelter of a wigwam,
And the meaning of the symbol,
'I will come and sit beside you
In the mystery of my passion !'

Then two figures, man and
woman,
Standing hand in hand together
With their hands so clasped together
That they seem in one united,
And the words thus represented
Are, 'I see your heart within
you,
And your cheeks are red with
blushes !'

Next the maiden on an island,
In the centre of an island ;
And the song this shape suggested
Was, 'Though you were at a distance,

Were upon some far-off island,
Such the spell I cast upon you,
Such the magic power of passion,
I could straightway draw you to
me !'

Then the figure of the maiden
Sleeping, and the lover near her,
Whispering to her in her slumbers,
Saying, 'Though you were far from
me
In the land of Sleep and Silence,
Still the voice of love would reach
you !'

And the last of all the figures
Was a heart within a circle,
Drawn within a magic circle ;
And the image had this meaning :

'Naked lies your heart before me,
To your naked heart I whisper !'

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch-
tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village.

XV.

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

IN those days the Evil Spirits,
All the Manitos of mischief,
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,
And his love for Chibiabos,
Jealous of their faithful friendship,
And their noble words and actions,
Made at length a league against
them,

To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,
Often said to Chibiabos,
'O my brother ! do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you !'
Chibiabos, young and heedless,
Laughing shook his coal-black
tresses,

Answered ever sweet and childlike,
'Do not fear for me, O brother !
Harm and evil come not near me !'

Once when Peboan, the Winter,
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-
Water ;

When the snow-flakes, whirling
downward,

Hissed among the withered oak-
leaves,

Changed the pine-trees into wig-
wams,

Covered all the earth with silence,—
Armed with arrows, shod with
snow-shoes,

Heeding not his brother's warning,

Hiawatha's Lamentation.

Fearing not the Evil Spirits,
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers
All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water
Sprang with speed the deer before
him.

With the wind and snow he
followed,

O'er the treacherous ice he followed,
Wild with all the fierce commotion
And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,
Broke the treacherous ice beneath
him,

Dragged him downward to the
bottom,

Buried in the sand his body.
Unktahee, the god of water,
He the god of the Dacotahs,
Drowned him in the deep abysses
Of the lake of Gitche Gumees.

From the headlands Hiawatha
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
Such a fearful lamentation,
That the bison paused to listen,
And the wolves howled from the
prairies,

And the thunder in the distance
Starting answered 'Baim-wawa!'

Then his face with black he
painted,

With his robe his head he covered,
In his wigwam sat lamenting,
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,
Uttering still this moan of
sorrow :—

'He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!
He has gone from us for ever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing!
O my brother, Chibiabos!'

And the melancholy fir-trees
Waved their dark green fans above
him,

Waved their purple cones above him,

Sighing with him to console him,
Mingling with his lamentation
Their complaining, their lamenting.

Came the Spring, and all the
forest

Looked in vain for Chibiabos;
Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the
bluebird,

Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
'Chibiabos! Chibiabos!'

He is dead, the sweet musician!
From the wigwam sang the
robin,

Sang the robin, the Opechee,
'Chibiabos! Chibiabos!'

He is dead, the sweetest singer!
And at night through all the
forest

Went the whippoorwill complain-
ing,

Wailing went the Wawonaissa,
'Chibiabos! Chibiabos!'

He is dead, the sweet musician!
He the sweetest of all singers!'

Then the medicine-men, the
Medas,

The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
Came to visit Hiawatha;

Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,
To appease him, to console him,
Walked in silent grave procession,
Bearing each a pouch of healing,
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,
Filled with magic roots and sim-
ples,

Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps ap-
proaching,

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,
Called no more on Chibiabos;
Naught he questioned, naught he
answered,

But his mournful head uncovered,
From his face the mourning colours
Washed he slowly and in silence,

The Song of Hiawatha.

Slowly and in silence followed
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave
him,
Made of Nahma-wusk, the spear-
mint,
And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,
Roots of power, and herbs of heal-
ing;
Beat their drums, and shook their
rattles;
Chanted singly and in chorus,
Mystic songs like these, they
chanted.

'I myself, myself! behold me!
'Tis the great Gray Eagle talk-
ing;

Come, ye white crows, come and
hear him!

The loud-speaking thunder helps
me;

All the unseen spirits help me;
I can hear their voices calling,
All around the sky I hear them!
I can blow you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha!'

'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorus,
'Way-ha-way!' the mystic chorus.

'Friends of mine are all the
serpents!

Hear me shake my skin of hen-
hawk!

Mahng, the white loon, I can kill
him;

I can shoot your heart and kill it!
I can blow you strong, my brother,
I can heal you, Hiawatha!'

'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorus,
'Way-ha-way!' the mystic chorus.

'I myself, myself! the prophet!
When I speak the wigwam trem-
bles,

Shakes the Sacred Lodge with
terror,

Hands unseen begin to shake it!
When I walk, the sky I tread on
Bends and makes a noise beneath
me!

I can blow you strong, my brother!
Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!'

'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorus,
'Way-ha-way!' the mystic chorus.

Then they shook their medicine-
pouches

O'er the head of Hiawatha,
Danced their medicine-dance
around him;

And upstarting wild and haggard,
Like a man from dreams awakened,
He was healed of all his madness.
As the clouds are swept from
heaven,

Straightway from his brain de-
parted

All his moody melancholy;
As the ice is swept from rivers,
Straightway from his heart de-
parted

All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos
From his grave beneath the waters,
From the sands of Gitche Gumee
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.

And so mighty was the magic
Of that cry and invocation,
That he heard it as he lay there
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water;
From the sand he rose and listened,
Heard the music and the singing,
Came, obedient to the summons,
To the doorway of the wigwam,
But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave
him,

Through the door a burning fire-
brand;

Ruler in the Land of Spirits,
Ruler o'er the dead, they made
him,

Telling him a fire to kindle
For all those that died thereafter,
Camp-fires for their night encamp-
ments

On their solitary journey
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his childhood,
From the homes of those who knew him,
Passing silent through the forest,
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,

Slowly vanished Chibiabos !
Where he passed, the branches moved not,
Where he trod, the grasses bent not,
And the fallen leaves of last year
Made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed onward
Down the pathway of the dead men ;
On the dead-man's strawberry feasted,

Crossed the melancholy river,
On the swinging log he crossed it,
Came unto the Lake of Silver,
In the Stone Canoe was carried
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the land of ghosts and shadows.

On that journey, moving slowly,
Many weary spirits saw he,
Panting under heavy burdens,
Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,
Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,
And with food that friends had given

For that solitary journey.

'Ay ! why do the living,' said they,
'Lay such heavy burdens on us !
Better were it to go naked,
Better were it to go fasting,
Than to bear such heavy burdens
On our long and weary journey !'

Forth then issued Hiawatha,
Wandered eastward, wandered westward,
Teaching men the use of simples
And the antidotes for poisons,

And the cure of all diseases.
Thus was first made known to mortals
All the mystery of Medamin,
All the sacred art of healing.

XVI.

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He, the handsome Yenadizze,
Whom the people called the Storm Fool,

Vexed the village with disturbance ;
You shall hear of all his mischief,
And his flight from Hiawatha,
And his wondrous transmigrations,
And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

It was he who in his frenzy
Whirled these drifting sands together,

On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
When, among the guests assembled,

He so merrily and madly
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please them.

Now, in search of new adventures,
From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Came with speed into the village,
Found the young men all assembled
In the lodge of old Iagoo,
Listening to his monstrous stories,
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,

The Song of Hiawatha.

How he climbed up into heaven,
And let out the summer-weather,
The perpetual, pleasant Summer;
How the Otter first essayed it;
How the Beaver, Lynx, and
Badger

Tried in turn the great achievement,
From the summit of the mountain

Smote their fists against the
heavens,

Smote against the sky their fore-
heads,

Cracked the sky, but could not
break it;

How the Wolverine, uprising,
Made him ready for the encounter,
Bent his knees down, like a
squirrel,

Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

'Once he leaped,' said old Iagoo,
'Once he leaped, and lo! above
him

Bent the sky, as ice in rivers
When the waters rise beneath it;
Twice he leaped, and lo! above
him

Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers
When the freshet is at highest!
Thrice he leaped, and lo! above
him

Broke the shattered sky asunder,
And he disappeared within it,
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,
With a bound went in behind
him!'

'Hark you!' shouted Pau-Puk-
Keewis

As he entered at the doorway;

'I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.
Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking.'

Then from out his pouch of wolf-
skin

Forth he drew, with solemn
manner,

All the game of Bowl and Counters,
Pugasang, with thirteen pieces.
White on one side were they
painted,

And vermilion on the other;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,
Two Ininewug or wedge-men,
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,
And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,
And three Sheshebwug or duck-
lings.

All were made of bone and painted,
All except the Ozawabeeks;

These were brass, on one side
burnished,

And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed them,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before
him.

Thus exclaiming and explaining:
'Red side up are all the pieces,
And one great Kenabeek standing
On the bright side of a brass-piece,
On a burnished Ozawabeek;
Thirteen tens and eight are
counted.'

Then again he shook the pieces,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before
him,

Still exclaiming and explaining:
'White are both the great Kena-
beeks,

White the Ininewug, the wedge-
men,

Red are all the other pieces;
Five tens and an eight are counted.'

Thus he taught the game of
hazard,

Thus displayed it and explained it,
Running through its various
chances,

Various changes, various mean-
ings:

Twenty curious eyes stared at him,
Full of eagerness stared at him.

Pau-Puk-Keewis.

'Many games,' said old Iagoo,
'Many games of skill and hazard
Have I seen in different nations,
Have I played in different countries.
He who plays with old Iagoo
Must have very nimble fingers;
Though you think yourself so skilful
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,
I can even give you lessons
In your game of Bowl and
Counters!'

So they sat and played together,
All the old men and the young
men,

Played for dresses, weapons, wam-
pum,

Played till midnight, played till
morning,

Played until the Yenadizze,
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Of their treasures had despoiled
them,

Of the best of all their dresses,
Shirts of deerskin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,
Warlike weapons, pipes and
pouches.

Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at
him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis:

'In my wigwam I am lonely,
In my wanderings and adventures
I have need of a companion,
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,
An attendant and pipe-bearer.
I will venture all these winnings,
All these garments heaped about
me,

All this wampum, all these feathers,
On a single throw will venture
All against the young man yonder!'
'Twas a youth of sixteen summers,
'Twas a nephew of Iagoo;
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called
him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head
Dusky red beneath the ashes,

So beneath his shaggy eyebrows
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.

'Ugh!' he answered very fiercely;
'Ugh!' they answered all and each
one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old
man,

Closely in his bony fingers
Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,
Shook it fiercely and with fury,
Made the pieces ring together
As he threw them down before
him.

Red were both the great Kena-
beeks,

Red the Ininewug, the wedge-
men,

Red the Sheshebwug, the duck-
lings,

Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,
White alone the fish, the Keego;
Only five the pieces counted!

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-
Keewis

Shook the bowl and threw the
pieces;

Lightly in the air he tossed them,
And they fell about him scattered;
Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,
Red and white the other pieces,
And upright among the others
One Ininewug was standing,
Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Stood alone among the players,
Saying, 'Five tens! mine the game
is!'

Twenty eyes glared at him
fiercely,

Like the eyes of wolves glared at
him,

As he turned and left the wigwam,
Followed by his Meshinauwa,
By the nephew of Iagoo,
By the tall and graceful stripling,
Bearing in his arms the winnings,
Shirts of deerskin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, pipes and
weapons.

The Song of Hiawatha.

'Carry them,' said Pau-Puk-
Keewis,
Pointing with his fan of feathers,
'To my wigwam far to eastward,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!'

Hot and red with smoke and
gambling

Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis
As he came forth to the freshness
Of the pleasant Summer morning.
All the birds were singing gaily,
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sang with pleasure as the birdssing,
Beat with triumph like the stream-
lets,

As he wandered through the village,
In the early gray of morning,
With his fan of turkey-feathers,
With his plumes and tufts of swan's-
down,

Till he reached the farthest wigwam,
Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted;
No one met him at the doorway,
No one came to bid him welcome;
But the birds were singing round it,
In and out and round the doorway,
Hopping, singing, fluttering, feed-
ing,

And aloft upon the ridge-pole
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,
Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-
Keewis.

'All are gone! the lodge is
empty!'

Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

In his heart resolving mischief;—
'Gone is wary Hiawatha,
Gone the silly Laughing Water,
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,
And the lodge is left unguarded!'

By the neck he seized the raven,
Whirled it round him like a rattle,
Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,
Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,

From the ridge-pole of the wigwam
Left its lifeless body hanging,
As an insult to its master,
As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,
Round the lodge in wild disorder
Threw the household things about
him,

Piled together in confusion
Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,
Robes of buffalo and beaver,
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,
As an insult to Nokomis,
As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Whistling, singing through the
forest,

Whistling gaily to the squirrels,
Who from hollow boughs above him
Dropped their acorn-shells upon
him,

Singing gaily to the wood-birds,
Who from out the leafy darkness
Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky head-
lands,

Looking o'er the Gitche Gumees,
Perched himself upon their summit,
Waiting full of mirth and mischief
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay
there;

Far below him plashed the waters,
Plashed and washed the dreamy
waters;

Far above him swam the heavens,
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;
Round him hovered, fluttered,
rustled,

Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
Flock-wise swept and wheeled
about him,
Almost brushed him with their
pinions.

And he killed them as he lay
there,
Slaughtered them by tens and
twenties,

The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Threw their bodies down the head-
land,
Threw them on the beach below
him,
Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,
Perched upon a crag above them,
Shouted: 'It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!
He is slaying us by hundreds!
Send a message to our brother,
Tidings send to Hiawatha!'

XVII.

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,
Heard of all the misdemeanours,
All the malice and the mischief,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through
his nostrils,
Through his teeth he buzzed and
muttered
Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming, like a hornet.
'I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!' said he.
'Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach
him!'

Then in swift pursuit departed
Hiawatha and the hunters
On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Through the forest, where he passed
it,
To the headlands where he rested;
But they found not Pau-Puk-
Keewis,
Only in the trampled grasses,
In the whortleberry-bushes,
Found the couch where he had
rested,
Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath
them,
From the Muskoday, the meadow,
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning back-
ward,
Made a gesture of defiance,
Made a gesture of derision;
And aloud cried Hiawatha,
From the summit of the mountain:
'Not so long and wide the world
is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
And my vengeance shall attain
you!'

Over rock and over river,
Thorough bush, and brake, and
forest,
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;
Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,
To a streamlet still and tranquil,
That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were
standing,
Where the water-lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and
whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-
Keewis,
On the dam of trunks and
branches,
Through whose chinks the water
spouted,
O'er whose summit flowed the
streamlet.
From the bottom rose the beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of
wonder,
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-
Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the stream-
let,

The Song of Hiawatha

Flowed the bright and silvery
water,
And he spake unto the beaver,
With a smile he spake in this wise :
'O my friend Ahmeek, the
beaver,
Cool and pleasant is the water ;
Let me dive into the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges ;
Change me, too, into a beaver !'

Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made answer :
'Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers.'
Down he sank into the water,
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,
Down among the leaves and
branches,
Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-
Keewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the stream-
let,
Spouted through the chinks below
him,
Dashed upon the stones beneath
him,
Spread serene and calm before him;
And the sunshine and the shadows
Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,
Fell in little shining patches,
Through the waving, rustling
branches.

From the bottom rose the
beavers,
Silently above the surface
Rose one head and then another,
Till the pond seemed full of
beavers,
Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis
Spake entreating, said in this wise :
'Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends! and safe from
danger;

Can you not with all your cunning,
All your wisdom and contrivance,
Change me, too, into a beaver ?'

'Yes!' replied Ahmeek, the
beaver,
He the King of all the beavers,
'Let yourself slide down among us,
Down into the tranquil water.'

Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis ;
Black became his shirt of deerskin,
Black his moccasins and leggings,
In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes ;
He was changed into a beaver.

'Make me large,' said Pau-Puk-
Keewis,
'Make me large and make me
larger,
Larger than the other beavers.'

'Yes,' the beaver chief responded,
'When our lodge below you enter,
In our wigwam we will make you
Ten times larger than the others.'

Thus into the clear brown water
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis :
Found the bottom covered over
With the trunks of trees and
branches,
Hoards of food against the winter,
Piles and heaps against the famine ;
Found the lodge with arching door-
way,
Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and
larger,
Made him largest of the beavers,
Ten times larger than the others.
'You shall be our ruler,' said they ;
'Chief and King of all the beavers.'
But not long had Pau-Puk-
Keewis

Sat in state among the beavers,
When there came a voice of warning
From the watchman at his station
In the water-flags and lilies,
Saying, 'Here is Hiawatha !
Hiawatha with his hunters !'

Then they heard a cry above
them,
Heard a shouting and a tramping,

The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Heard a crashing and a rushing,
And the water round and o'er them
Sank and sucked away in eddies,
And they knew their dam was
broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters
Leaped, and broke it all asunder ;
Streamed the sunshine through the
crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the
doorway,

Hid themselves in deeper water,
In the channel of the streamlet ;
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Could not pass beneath the door-
way ;

He was puffed with pride and
feeding,

He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hia-
watha,

Cried aloud, ' O Pau-Puk-Keewis !
Vain are all your craft and cunning,
Vain your manifold disguises !

Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis !'

With their clubs they beat and
bruised him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

Pounded him as maize is pounded,
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and
branches,

Bore the body of the beaver ;
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,
Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and
struggled,

Waving hither, waving thither,
As the curtains of a wigwam
Struggle with their thongs of deer-
skin,

When the wintry wind is blowing ;
Till it drew itself together,
Till it rose up from the body,

Till it took the form and features
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha
Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Glide into the soft blue shadow
Of the pine-trees of the forest ;
Toward the squares of white be-
yond it,

Toward an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it,
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

Where among the water-lilies
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing ;
Through the tufts of rushes floating,
Steering through the reedy islands.
Now their broad black beaks they
lifted,

Now they plunged beneath the
water,

Now they darkened in the shadow,
Now they brightened in the sun-
shine.

' Pishnekuh !' cried Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

' Pishnekuh ! my brother !' said he,
' Change me to a brant with plum-
age,

With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large, and make me larger,
Ten times larger than the others.'

Straightway to a brant they
changed him,

With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and rounded,
With a bill like two great paddles,
Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest,
Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and
clamour,

The Song of Hiawatha.

With a whirl and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
From the water-flags and lilies.
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:
'In your flying, look not downward,
Take good heed, and look not
downward,

Lest some strange mischance
should happen,

Lest some great mishap befall you!

Fast and far they fled to north-
ward,

Fast and far through mist and sun-
shine,

Fed among the moors and fenlands,
Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed,
Buoyed and lifted by the South-
wind,

Wafted onward by the South-wind,
Blowing fresh and strong behind
them,

Rose a sound of human voices,
Rose a clamour from beneath them,
From the lodges of a village,
From the people miles beneath
them.

For the people of the village
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,
Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Flapping far up in the ether,
Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the
shouting,

Knew the voice of Hiawatha,
Knew the outcry of lagoo,
And, forgetful of the warning,
Drew his neck in, and looked
downward,

And the wind that blew behind him
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,
Sent him wheeling, whirling down-
ward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis
Struggle to regain his balance!
Whirling round and round and
downward,

He beheld in turn the village

And in turn the flock above him,
Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding farther,
Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the laugh-
ter;

Saw no more the flock above him,
Only saw the earth beneath him;
Dead out of the empty heaven,
Dead among the shouting people,
With a heavy sound and sullen,
Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his
shadow,

Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Took again the form and features
Of the handsome Yenadizze,
And again went rushing onward,
Followed fast by Hiawatha,
Crying: 'Not so wide the world is,
Not so long and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
But my vengeance shall attain you!'
And so near he came, so near him,
That his hand was stretched to
seize him,

His right hand to seize and hold him,
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keew-
wis

Whirled and spun about in circles,
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,
Danced the dust and leaves about
him,

And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,
Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and rub-
bish.

With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,

The Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sand-
stone,

Looking over lake and landscape.
And the Old Man of the Moun-
tain,

He the Manito of Mountains,
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorways closed against
him,

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great caverns in the sand-
stone,

Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
'Open! I am Hiawatha!'

But the Old Man of the Mountain
Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sandstone,
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to
heaven,

Called imploring on the tempest,
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee;
And they came with night and
darkness,

Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water
From the distant Thunder Moun-
tains;

And the trembling Pau-Puk-
Keewis

Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid, and crouched and
trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the light-
ning,

Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war-club smote the door-
ways,

Smote the jutting crags of sand-
stone,

And the thunder, Annemeekee,
Shouted down into the caverns,
Saying, 'Where is Pau-Puk-Keew-
wis?'

And the crags fell, and beneath
them

Dead among the rocky ruins
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,
Ended were his tricks and gambols,
Ended all his craft and cunning,
Ended all his mischief-making,
All his gambling and his dancing,
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his
shadow,

Spake and said: 'O Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adven-
tures;

Never more with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in
whirlwinds;

But above there in the heavens
You shall soar and sail in circles;
I will change you to an eagle,
To Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Chief of all the fowl with feathers,
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens.'

And the name of Pau-Puk-
Keewis

Lingers still among the people,
Lingers still among the singers,
And among the story-tellers;
And in Winter, when the snow-
flakes

Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
When the wind in gusty tumult
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and
whistles,

'There,' they cry, 'comes Pau-Puk-
Keewis;

He is dancing through the village,
He is gathering in his harvest!'

The Song of Hiawatha.

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

FAR and wide among the nations
Spread the name and fame of
Kwasind;

No man dared to strive with
Kwasind,
No man could compete with
Kwasind.

But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,
They the envious Little People,
They the fairies and the pigmies,
Plotted and conspired against him.

'If this hateful Kwasind,' said
they,

'If this great, outrageous fellow
Goes on thus a little longer,
Tearing everything he touches,
Rending everything to pieces,
Filling all the world with wonder,
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?
Who will care for the Puk-Wud-
jies?

He will tread us down like mush-
rooms,

Drive us all into the water,
Give our bodies to be eaten
By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,
By the Spirits of the water!'

So the angry Little People
All conspired against the Strong
Man,

All conspired to murder Kwasind,
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,
The audacious, overbearing,
Heartless, haughty, dangerous
Kwasind!

Now this wondrous strength of
Kwasind

In his crown alone was seated;
In his crown too was his weakness;
There alone could he be wounded,
Nowhere else could weapon pierce
him,

Nowhere else could weapon harm
him.

Even there the only weapon
That could wound him, that could
slay him,

Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,
Known to no man among mortals;
But the cunning Little People,
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,
Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-
tree,

Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,
In the woods by Taquamenaw,
Brought them to the river's margin,
Heaped them in great piles together,
Where the red rocks from the
margin

jutting overhang the river.

There they lay in wait for Kwasind,
The malicious Little People.

'Twas an afternoon in Summer;
Very hot and still the air was,
Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows:
Insects glistened in the sunshine,
Insects skated on the water,
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,
With a far resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong
Man,

In his birch-canoe came Kwasind,
Floating slowly down the current
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,
Very languid with the weather
Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,
From the tassels of the birch-trees,
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended;
By his airy hosts surrounded,
His invisible attendants,
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepah-
win;

Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-
she,

Like a dragon-fly, he hovered
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

The Ghosts.

To his ear there came a murmur
As of waves upon a sea-shore,
As of far-off tumbling waters,
As of winds among the pine-trees ;
And he felt upon his forehead
Blows of little airy war-clubs,
Wielded by the slumbrous legions
Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-clubs,
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind ;
At the second blow they smote him,
Motionless his paddle rested ;
At the third, before his vision
Reeled the landscape into darkness,
Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,
Like a blind man seated upright,
Floated down the Taquamenaw,
Underneath the trembling birch-trees,
Underneath the wooded headlands,
Underneath the war encampment
Of the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and waiting,
Hurled the pine-cones down upon him,
Struck him on his brawny shoulders,
On his crown defenceless struck him.

'Death to Kwasind!' was the sudden

War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tumbled,

Sideways fell into the river,
Plunged beneath the sluggish water
Headlong, as an otter plunges ;
And the birch-canoe, abandoned,
Drifted empty down the river,
Bottom upward swerved and drifted :
Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong Man

Lingered long among the people,
And whenever through the forest

Raged and roared the wintry
tempest,
And the branches, tossed and
troubled,
Creaked and groaned and split
asunder,
'Kwasind!' cried they ; 'that is
Kwasind !
He is gathering in his firewood !'

XIX.

THE GHOSTS.

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and
follows ;

And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly ;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flockwise
Round their victim, sick and
wounded,

First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.

Now, o'er all the dreary North-land,

Mighty Peboan, the Winter,
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,
Into stone had changed their waters.
From his hair he shook the snow-
flakes,

Till the plains were strewn with
whiteness,

One uninterrupted level,

As if, stooping, the Creator

With his hand had smoothed them
over.

Through the forest, wide and
wailing,

The Song of Hiawatha.

Roamed the hunter on his snow-shoes ;

In the village worked the women,
Pounded maize, or dressed the
deerskin ;

And the young men played together
On the ice the noisy ball-play,
On the plain the dance of snow-shoes.

One dark evening, after sundown,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt returning.

On their faces gleamed the fire-
light,
Painting them with streaks of crim-
son,

In the eyes of old Nokomis
Glimmered like the watery moon-
light,

In the eyes of Laughing Water
Glistened like the sun in water ;
And behind them crouched their
shadows

In the corners of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above
them

Climbed and crowded through the
smoke-flue.

Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted ;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-
wreath,

As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their gar-
ments,

Strangers seemed they in the village ;
Very pale and haggard were they,
As they sat there sad and silent,
Trembling, cowering with the
shadows.

Was it the wind above the smoke-
flue,

Muttering down into the wigwam ?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest ?
Sure a voice said in the silence :
'These are corpses clad in gar-
ments,

These are ghosts that come to
haunt you,

From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter !'

Homeward now came Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders.
At the feet of Laughing Water
Down he threw his lifeless burden ;
Nobler, handsomer she thought him,
Than when first he came to woo her,
First threw down the deer before
her,

As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the
strangers,
Cowering, crouching with the
shadows ;
Said within himself, 'Who are they ?
What strange guests has Minne-
haha ?'

But he questioned not the strangers,
Only spake to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was
ready,
And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the stran-
gers,

Springing from among the shadows,
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,
Set apart for Laughing Water,
For the wife of Hiawatha ;
Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devoured the morsels,
Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.

The Ghosts.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,
Not a motion made Nokomis,
Not a gesture Laughing Water;
Not a change came o'er their
features;

Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, 'They are
famished;

Let them do what best delights
them;

Let them eat, for they are famished.'

Many a daylight dawned and
darkened,

Many a night shook off the daylight
As the pine shakes off the snow-
flakes

From the midnight of its branches;
Day by day the guests unmoving
Sat there silent in the wigwam;
But by night, in storm or starlight,
Forth they went into the forest,
Bringing firewood to the wigwam,
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,
Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha
Came from fishing or from hunting,
When the evening meal was ready,
And the food had been divided,
Gliding from their darksome corner,
Came the pallid guests, the stran-
gers,

Seized upon the choicest portions
Set aside for Laughing Water,
And without rebuke or question
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha
By a word or look reproved them;
Never once had old Nokomis
Made a gesture of impatience;
Never once had Laughing Water
Shown resentment at the outrage.
All had they endured in silence,
That the rights of guests and
stranger,

That the virtue of free-giving,
By a look might not be lessened,
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,

Ever wakeful, ever watchful,
In the wigwam, dimly lighted
By the brands that still were
burning,

By the glimmering, flickering fire-
light,

Heard a sighing, oft repeated,
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha,
From his shaggy hides of bison,
Pushed aside the deerskin curtain,
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,
Sitting upright on their couches,
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said: 'O guests! why is it
That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkind-
ness,

Failed in hospitable duties?'

Then the shadows ceased from
weeping,

Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,
And they said, with gentle voices:
'We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with
you.

From the realms of Chibiabos
Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you.

'Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;
Cries of anguish from the living,
Calling back their friends departed,
Sadden us with useless sorrow.

Therefore have we come to try you;
No one knows us, no one heeds us.
We are but a burden to you,
And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living.

'Think of this, O Hiawatha!
Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and for ever
They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.

The Song of Hiawatha.

'Do not lay such heavy burdens
In the graves of those you bury,
Not such weight of furs and wampum,
Not such weight of pots and kettles,
For the spirits faint beneath them,
Only give them food to carry,
Only give them fire to light them.

'Four days is the spirit's journey
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Four its lonely night encampments;
Four times must their fires be
lighted.

Therefore, when the dead are
buried,

Let a fire, as night approaches,
Four times on the grave be kindled,
That the soul upon its journey
May not lack the cheerful firelight,
May not grope about in darkness.

'Farewell, noble Hiawatha!
We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your patience,
By the insult of our presence,
By the outrage of our actions.
We have found you great and noble.
Fail not in the greater trial,
Faint not in the harder struggle.'

When they ceased, a sudden
darkness

Fell and filled the silent wigwam.
Hiawatha heard a rustle
As of garments trailing by him,
Heard the curtain of the doorway
Lifted by a hand he saw not,
Felt the cold breath of the night air,
For a moment saw the starlight;
But he saw the ghosts no longer,
Saw no more the wandering spirits
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter.

XX.

THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!

Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the
village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-
shoes

Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found
none,

Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weak-
ness,

Perished there from cold and
hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and fam-
ished;

Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at
them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hol-
low

At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: 'Behold
me!

I am Famine, Bukadawin!'

And the other said: 'Behold me!

I am Fever, Ahkosewin!'

The Famine.

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon
her,
Shuddered at the words they ut-
tered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burn-
ing

At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for
hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he for-
ward.

'Gitche Manito, the Mighty !'
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
'Give your children food, O father !
Give us food, or we must perish !
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha !'

Through the far-resounding
forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
'Minnehaha ! Minnehaha !'

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose
thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife
homeward

From the land of the Dacotahs ;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and
glistened,

And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble
'I will follow you my husband !'

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that
watched her,

With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

'Hark !' she said ; 'I hear a
rushing,

Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance !'

'No, my child !' said old Nokomis,
'Tis the night-wind in the pine-
trees !'

'Look !' she said ; 'I see my
father

Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs !'

'No, my child !' said old Nokomis,
'Tis the smoke, that waves and
beckons !'

'Ah !' said she, 'the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness !
Hiawatha ! Hiawatha !'

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
'Hiawatha ! Hiawatha !'

Over snow-fields waste and path-
less,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing :

The Song of Hiawatha.

'Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!'

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shud-
dered,

That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his an-
guish.

Then he sat down still and
speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he
covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat
there,

As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hem-
locks;

Clothed her in her richest gar-
ments,

Wrapped her in her robes of er-
mine;

Covered her with snow, like ermine,
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kin-
dled,

For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,

Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the door-
way,

That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

'Farewell!' said he, 'Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with
you!

Come not back again to labour,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!'

XXI.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trem-
bled,

Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with
ashes,

And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.

Red with blood of youth his cheeks
were,

Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-
time,

The White Man's Foot.

Bound his forehead was with
grasses,
Bound and plumed with scented
grasses;

On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

'Ah, my son!' exclaimed the old
man,

'Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together.
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have travelled;

I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder.'

From his pouch he drew his
peace-pipe,

Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red stone was the pipe-
head,

And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:

'When I blow my breath about
me,

When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!'

And the young man answered,
smiling:

'When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the land-
scape,

Flowers spring up o'er all the
meadows,
Singing onward rush the rivers!'

'When I shake my hoary tresses,'

Said the old man darkly frowning,
'All the land with snow is covered,
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.

From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and
caverns,
And the earth becomes as flint-
stone!'

'When I shake my flowing ring-
lets,'

Said the young man, softly laughing,
'Showers of rain fall warm and
welcome,

Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swal-
low,

Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blos-
soms,

All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!'

While they spake, the night de-
parted

From the distant realms of Wabun,
From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said, 'Behold me!
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!'

Then the old man's tongue was
speechless

And the air grew warm and plea-
sant,

And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently
wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stran-
ger,

More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Peboan, the Winter!

The Song of Hiawatha.

From his eyes the tears were
flowing,
As from melting lakes the stream-
lets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before him,
On the hearthstone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and
smouldered,
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-
time,
Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-
land

After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splen-
dour,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and
grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
Like huge arrows shot through
heaven,

Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,
Speaking almost as a man speaks ;
And in long lines waving, bending
Like a bowstring snapped asunder,
Came the white goose, Waw-be-
wawa ;

And in pairs, or singly flying,
Mahng the loon, with clangorous
pinions,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-
gah,

And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa ;
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the robin, the Opechee ;
In the covert of the pine-trees
Cooed the pigeon, the Omemee ;
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,

Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy door-
way,

Stood and gazed into the heaven,
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to east-
ward,

From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveller, the great
boaster,

Full of new and strange adven-
tures,

Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this
wise :

'Ugh ! it is indeed Iagoo !
No one else beholds such wonders !

He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumees.
Bitter so that none could drink it !
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, 'It cannot be so !
'Kaw !' they said, 'it cannot be so !'

O'er it, said he, o'er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops !
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other ;
'Kaw !' they said, 'we don't be-
lieve it !'

From its mouth, he said, to greet
him,

Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekee !

And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo ;

'Kaw !' they said, 'what tales you
tell us !'

Hiawatha's Departure.

In it, said he, came a people,
In a great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors ;
Painted white were all their faces
And with hair their chins were
covered !

And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
'Kaw !' they said, 'what lies you
tell us !

Do not think that we believe them !'

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting :
'True is all Iagoo tells us ;

I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

'Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before
them

Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath
them

Springs a flower unknown among
us,
Springs the White-man's foot in
blossom.

'Let us welcome, then, the stran-
gers,

Hail them as our friends and
brothers,

And the heart's right hand of friend-
ship

Give them when they come to see
us.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.

'I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striv-
ing,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their town in all the val-
leys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thun-
der.

'Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me vague and cloud-
like :

I beheld our nation scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each
other :

Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woe-
ful,

Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Au-
tumn !'

XXII.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

BY the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sun-
shine,
Westward toward the neighbouring
forest

Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

The Song of Hiawatha.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him ;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine ;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver ?
Or the pelican, the Shada ?
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah ?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing,
From its glossy neck and feathers ?

It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch-canoe with paddles,

Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine ;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch-canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,

With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise :
' Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us !
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you ;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

' Never bloomed the earth so gaily,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us !
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars ;
For your birch-canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

' Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavour,
Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields

Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us ! '

Hiawatha's Departure.

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar :
'Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary !'

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful, old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,

Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome ;

'It is well,' they said, 'O brothers,
That you come so far to see us !'

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message ;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,

From the wigwam came to greet them,

Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar ;
'It is well,' they said, 'O brother,
That you come so far to see us !'

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,

Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do ;

How he fasted, prayed, and laboured ;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him ;

How he rose from where they laid him,

Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying :

'We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,

We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us !'

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women,
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them

From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer ;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,

With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it ;
From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless

Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena ;

And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape

Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,

And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,

Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow ;

The Song of Hiawatha.

Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this
wise,

Did not wake the guests, that slumbered :

'I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave
them ;

See that never harm comes near
them,

See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha !'

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young
men,

Spake persuading, spake in this
wise :

'I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey ;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have van-
ished,

Ere I come again to see you.

But my guests I leave behind me ;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent
them

From the land of light and morn-
ing !'

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at
parting ;

On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch-canoe for sail-
ing,

From the pebbles of the margin

Shoved it forth into the water ;
Whispered to it, 'Westward ! west-
ward !'

And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with red-
ness,

Burned the broad sky like a prairie,
Left upon the level water

One long track and trail of splen-
dour,

Down whose stream, as down a
river,

Westward, westward Hiawatha

Sailed into the fiery sunset,

Sailed into the purple vapours,

Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sink-
ing,

Till the birch-canoe seemed lifted

High into that sea of splendour,

Till it sank into the vapours

Like the new moon slowly, slowly

Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, 'Farewell for
ever !'

Said, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'

And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of
darkness,

Sighed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'

And the waves upon the margin

Rising, rippling on the pebbles,

Sobbed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-
lands,

Screamed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha !'

Thus departed Hiawatha,

Hiawatha the Beloved,

In the glory of the sunset,

In the purple mists of evening,

To the regions of the home-wind,

Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,

To the Islands of the Blessed,

To the kingdom of Ponemah,

To the land of the Hereafter !

The Song of Hiawatha.

VOCABULARY.

Adjidan'mo, *the red squirrel*.
 Ahdeek', *the reindeer*.
 Ahkose'win, *fever*.
 Ahmeek', *the beaver*.
 Algon'quin, *Opitway*.
 Annemeek'kee, *the thunder*.
 Apuk'wa, *a butrush*.
 Baim-wa'wa, *the sound of the thunder*.
 Bemah'gut, *the grape-vine*.
 Be'na, *the pheasant*. [*rrior*.
 Big-Sea-Water, *Lake Superior*.
 Bukada'win, *famine*.
 Cheemaun', *a birch canoe*.
 Chetowaik', *the plover*.
 Chibia'bos, *a musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits*.
 Dahin'da, *the bull-frog*.
 Dush-kwo-ne'she, or Kwo-ne'she, *the dragon-fly*.
 Esa, *shame upon you*.
 Ewa-yea', *lullaby*.
 Gee'zis, *the sun*.
 Gitche Gu'mee, *the Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior*.
 Gitche Man'ito, *the Great Spirit, the Master of Life*.
 Gushkewau', *the darkness*.
 Hiawa'tha, *the Wise Man, the Teacher; son of Mudjokeewis, the West Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis*.
 Ia'goo, *a great boaster and story-teller*.
 Inin'ewug, *men, or pawns in the Game of the Bowl*.
 Ishkoodah', *fire; a comet*.
 Jee'bi, *a ghost, a spirit*.
 Joss'akeed, *a prophet*.
 Kabibonok'ka, *the North Wind*.
 Kagh, *the hedgehog*.
 Ka'go, *do not*.
 Kahgahgee', *the raven*.
 Kaw, *no*.
 Kaween', *no indeed*.
 Kayoshk', *the sea-gull*.
 Kee'go, *a fish*.
 Keeway'din, *the North-West Wind, the Home-Wind*.
 Kena'beek, *a serpent*.
 Kenen', *the great war-eagle*.
 Keno'zha, *the pickerel*.
 Ko'ko-ko'ho, *the owl*.
 Kuntassoo', *the Game of Plum-stones*.
 Kwa'sind, *the Strong Man*.
 Kwo-ne'she, or Dush-kwo-ne'she, *the dragon-fly*.
 Mahnahbe'zee, *the swan*.
 Mahng, *the loon*.
 Mahn-go-tay'see, *loon-heart-ed, brave*.
 Mahnomo'nee, *wild rice*.

Ma'ma, *the woodpecker*.
 Maskeno'zha, *the pike*.
 Me'da, *a medicine man*.
 Meenah'ga, *the blueberry*.
 Megissog'won, *the great Pearl-Feather, a magician, and the Manito of Wealih*.
 Meshinau'wa, *a pipe-bearer*.
 Minjekah'wun, *Hiawatha's mittens*.
 Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water; a waterfall on a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony*.
 Minneha'ha, *Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha*.
 Minne-wa'wa, *a pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees*. [Bear.
 Mishe-Mo'kwa, *the Great*.
 Mishe-Nah'ma, *the Great Sturgeon*.
 Miskodeed', *the Spring-Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica*.
 Monda'min, *Indian corn*.
 Moon of Bright Nights, *April*.
 Moon of Leaves, *May*.
 Moon of Strawberries, *June*.
 Moon of the Falling Leaves, *September*.
 Moon of Snow - Shoes, *November*.
 Mudjokee'wis, *the West Wind; father of Hiawatha*.
 Mudway-aush'ka, *sound of waves on a shore*.
 Mushkoda'sa, *the grouse*.
 Nah'ma, *the sturgeon*.
 Nah'ma-wusk, *spear-mint*.
 Na'gow Wudj'oo, *the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior*.
 Nee-ba-naw'baigs, *water-spirits*.
 Nenemoo'sha, *sweetheart*.
 Nepah'win, *sleep*.
 Noko'mis, *a grandmother; mother of Wenonah*.
 No'sa, *my father*.
 Nush'ka, *look! look!*
 Odah'min, *the strawberry*.
 Okahah'wis, *the fresh-water herring*.
 Ome'me, *the pigeon*.
 Ona'gon, *a bowl*.
 Onaway', *awake*.
 Ope'chee, *the robin*. [Star.
 Osse'o, *Son of the Evening*.
 Owais'sa, *the bluebird*.
 Owenee', *wife of Osseo*.
 Ozawa'beek, *a round piece of brass or copper in the Game of the Bowl*.

Pah-puk-kee'na, *the grass-hopper*.
 Pau'guk, *death*.
 Pau-Puk-Kee'wis, *the handsome Yenadizee, the Storm Fool*. [Marie.
 Pauwa'ting, *Saut Saine*.
 Pe'boan, *Winter*.
 Pem'ican, *meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded*.
 Pezhekee', *the bison*.
 Pishnekuh', *the brant*.
 Pone'mah, *hereafter*.
 Pugasain', *Game of the Bowl*.
 Puggawau'gun, *a war-club*.
 Puk-Wudj'ies, *little wild men of the woods; pygmies*.
 Sah-sah-je'wun, *rapids*.
 Sah'wa, *the perch*.
 Segwun', *Spring*.
 Sha'da, *the pelican*.
 Shahbo'min, *the gooseberry*.
 Shah-shah, *long ago*.
 Shangoda'ya, *a coward*.
 Shawgashsee', *the crawfish*.
 Shawonda'see, *the South Wind*.
 Shawshaw, *the swallow*.
 Shesh'ebwug, *ducks; pieces in the Game of the Bowl*.
 Shin'gebis, *the diver or grebe*.
 Showain' neme'shin, *pitiful*.
 Shuh-shuh'gah, *the blue heron*. [heard.
 Soan-ge-ta'ha, *strong*.
 Subbeka'she, *the spider*.
 Sugge'ma, *the mosquito*.
 To'tem, *family coat-of-arms*.
 Ugh, *yes*.
 Ugudwash', *the sun-fish*.
 Unktahee', *the God of Water*.
 Wabas'so, *the rabbit; the April*. [juggler.
 Wabe'no, *a magician, a*.
 Wabe'no-wusk, *yarrow*.
 Wa'bun, *the East Wind*.
 Wa'bun An'nung, *the Star of the East, the Morning Star*. [tation.
 Wahono'win, *a cry of lament*.
 Wah-wah-tay'see, *the fire-fly*.
 Wam'pum, *beads of shell*.
 Waubewy'on, *a white skin wrapper*.
 Wa'wa, *the wild-goose*.
 Waw'beek, *a rock*.
 Wa-be-wa'wa, *the white goose*.
 Wawonais'sa, *the whippoorwill*. [pillar.
 Way-muk-kwa'na, *the cater-wen'digoes, giants*.
 Weno'nah, *Hiawatha's mother, daughter of Nokomis*.
 Yenadizee, *an idler and gambler; an Indian dandy*.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

I.

MILES STANDISH.

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron ;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window ;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, ' Not Angles, but Angels.'
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May Flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.
' Look at these arms,' he said, ' the warlike weapons that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection !
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders ; this breast-
plate—

Well I remember the day !—once saved my life in a skirmish ;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses.
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing :
' Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet ;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon !'
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling :
' See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging ;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage ;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,

Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers !'
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued :
' Look ! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians ;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,—
Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon !'

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapoury breath of the east-wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light ; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded :
' Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish ;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside !
She was the first to die of all who came in the May Flower !
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished !'
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding ;
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May Flower,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing !
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla !

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

II.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling, Or an occasional sigh from the labouring heart of the Captain, Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar. After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards, Heavily on the page : ' A wonderful man was this Cæsar ! You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful ! ' Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful : ' Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons. Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs. ' Truly, ' continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other, ' Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar ! Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it. Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after ; Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered ; He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded ; Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus ! Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders, When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too, And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together There was no room for their swords ? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier, Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains, Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns ; Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons ; So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other. That's what I always say ; if you wish a thing to be well done, You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others ! '

All was silent again ; the Captain continued his reading. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling Writing epistles important to go next day by the May Flower, Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla ; Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla, Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret, Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla ! Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover, Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket, Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth : ' When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.

Love and Friendship.

Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be impatient !'
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention :
'Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish.'
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases :
'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This have I said before, and again and again I repeat it ;
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary ;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning ;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden.'

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered :
'Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it ;
If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,—
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others !'
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth :
'Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it ;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I am not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering "No !" point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it !

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases.
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added :
' Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts
me,

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship !'
Then made answer John Alden : ' The name of friendship is sacred ;
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you !'
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand.
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean !
' Must I relinquish it all,' he cried with a wild lamentation,—
' Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion ?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence ?
Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England ?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion ;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now ; I feel it, I see it distinctly !
This is the hand of the Lord ; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear ; the sin and the swift retribution.'

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand ;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
' Puritan flowers,' he said, ' and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla !
So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them ;

The Lover's Errand.

Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.'
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand ;
Came to an open space, and saw the disc of the ocean,
Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind ;
Saw the new-built house, and the people at work in the meadow ;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snowdrift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being !
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand ;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
' Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards ;
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living,
It is the will of the Lord ; and his mercy endureth for ever ! '

So he entered the house : and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, ' I knew it was you when I heard your step in the passage ;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning.'
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the
doorway,

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snowstorm.
Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he spoken ;

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had vanished !
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time,
Talked of their friends at home, and the May Flower that sailed on the morrow.

' I have been thinking all day,' said gently the Puritan maiden,
' Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of England,—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden ;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbours
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion ;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched.'

Thereupon answered the youth : ' Indeed I do not condemn you ;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth !'

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy ;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless ;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence :
' If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning !'
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—
Had no time for such things ;—such things ! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash she made answer :
' Has no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it after the wedding ?
That is the way with you men ; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,

John Alden.

And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is ; but now it never can happen.

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding ;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth ;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish ;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature ;
Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's ;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature ;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous ;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John ?'

IV.

JOHN ALDEN.

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the seaside ;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic splendours,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

'Welcome, O wind of the East !' he exclaimed in his wild exultation,
'Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic !
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes and gardens of ocean !
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me !'

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending ;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty !
'Is it my fault,' he said, 'that the maiden has chosen between us ?
Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am the victor ?'
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet :
'It hath displeased the Lord !'—and he thought of David's trans-
gression,
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle !
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once ; and he cried in the deepest contrition :
'It hath displeased the Lord ! It is the temptation of Satan !'

Then uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there
Dimly the shadowy form of the May Flower riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow ;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' 'Ay, ay,
Sir !'

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.
'Yes, it is plain to me now,' he murmured ; 'the hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred ;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonour !
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness,—
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter !'

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,

Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.
'Long have you been on your errand,' he said with a cheery demeanour,
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.
'Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us ;
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened.'

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened ;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
Words so tender and cruel : ' Why don't you speak for yourself, John ?'
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his
armour

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.
Wildly he shouted, and loud : ' John Alden ! you have betrayed me !
Me, Miles Standish, your friend ! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed
me !

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler ;
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a
traitor ?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship !
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother ;
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping
I have intrusted my honour, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,—
You too, Brutus ! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter !
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred !'

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage ; like cords were the veins on his temples
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumours of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians !
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,

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Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming ;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation ;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people !
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect ;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows ; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting ;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behaviour !
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger,
'What ! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses ?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils ?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon !'
Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language :
'Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles ;
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with !'
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing :
'Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade ; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder ; and thus I answer the challenge !'

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones : 'Here, take it ! this is your answer !'
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

The Sailing of the May Flower.

V.

THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER.

JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, 'Forward !'
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David ;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning ;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labours.
Sweet was the air and soft ; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward ;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the May Flower ;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out on the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming ;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains ;
Beautiful on the sails of the May Flower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward ; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure !
Ah ! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people !
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty !
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May Flower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without
slumber,

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence ;
Then he had turned away, and said : ' I will not awake him ;
Let him sleep on, it is best ; for what is the use of more talking ! '
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,—
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose ; in the twilight Alden beheld him
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armour,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon ;
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions ;
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,—
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not !
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert.
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odour of ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts !

The Sailing of the May Flower.

Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine !
'Here I remain !' he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
'Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghostlike,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether !
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me ; I heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil !
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her for ever, protecting, supporting her weakness ;
Yes ! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving !'

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel !
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true ! not one went back in the May Flower !
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing !

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong ; and the May Flower sailed from the harbour,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human ;
Then as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, 'Let us pray !' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took
courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.

Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, 'Look!' he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI.

PRISCILLA.

THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtle laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

'Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?' said she.
'Am I so much to blame, that yesterday when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!'
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:
'I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping.'
'No!' interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;
'No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.
It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,

Priscilla.

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone with endless and profitless murmurs.'
Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women :
' Heaven forbid it, Priscilla ; and truly they seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden !'
' Ah, by these words, I can see,' again interrupted the maiden,
' How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.
This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you ;
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting.'

Mute and amazed was Alden ; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.
' Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it :
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.
For I must tell you the truth ; much more to me is your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him.'
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling :
' Yes, we must ever be friends ; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest !'

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the May Flower,
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange indefinite feeling,

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,

Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly :
' Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me.'
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,—
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,
' He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment !'
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered,—
How he had even determined to sail that day in the May Flower,
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,—
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,
' Truly I thank you for this : how good you have been to me always !'

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition ;
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
Urged by the fervour of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the seashore,
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odour of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort ;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted !
Ah ! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armour !

' I alone am to blame,' he muttered, ' for mine was the folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens ?
'Twas but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others !
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless !
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward

The March of Miles Standish.

Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers !
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest ;
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together ;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present ;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan ;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
'Welcome, English !' they said,—these words they had learned from the
traders

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his
cellars,

Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man !
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanour, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain :
'Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart ; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, "Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat ?"
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning :
'I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle ;
By and by they shall marry ; and there will be plenty of children !'

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish :
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

'By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not! This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us! He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!'

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest, Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings, Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush. But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly; So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers. But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult, All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish, Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples. Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it. Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop, And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December, Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows. Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning, Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it. Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket, Hotly pursued and beset: but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat, Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward, Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them, Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man. Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth: Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature,—

Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish. When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth, And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,

All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage. Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror, Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish; Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles, He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valour.

The Spinning-Wheel.

VIII.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

MONTH after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants

Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims
All in the village was peace ; the men were intent on their labours,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.
All in the village was peace ; but at times the rumour of warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes ;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard :
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment
In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Of when his labour was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling ;
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden ;
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving !

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.
'Truly, Priscilla,' he said, 'when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment ;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.'
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter ; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers ;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued :
'You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia ;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner !'
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the
sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden :
'Come, you must not be idle ; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting ;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the
manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden !'
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo ! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes ; Miles Standish was dead !—an Indian had brought them the
tidings,
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces ;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered !
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward

The Wedding-Day.

Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror ;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered
Once and for ever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and exclaiming :
'Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder !'

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest ;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapour beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver !

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together ; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the
Gospel,

One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in
affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

Lo ! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armour of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure !
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition ?

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armour Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, 'Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden.'
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: 'Let all be forgotten between us,—
All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!'
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.
Then he said with a smile: 'I should have remembered the adage,—
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!'

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded
about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the
doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the seashore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

The Wedding-Day.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,
Gaily, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
'Nothing is wanting now,' he said with a smile, 'but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!'

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendours,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

Birds of Passage.

... come i gru van cantando lor lai,
Facendo in aer di sè lunga riga.

DANTE.

FLIGHT THE FIRST.

PROMETHEUS,

OR THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT.

OF Prometheus, how undaunted
On Olympus' shining bastions
His audacious foot he planted,
Myths are told and songs are
chanted,
Full of promptings and sugges-
tions.

Beautiful is the tradition
Of that flight through heavenly
portals,
The old classic superstition
Of the theft and the transmission
Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring,
Born of heavenward aspiration,
Then the fire with mortals sharing,
Then the vulture,—the despairing
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;
Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been ac-
quainted,
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,
In their triumph and their yearn-
ing,
In their passionate pulsations,
In their words among the nations,
The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,
All this toil for human culture?
Through the cloud-rack, dark and
trailing
Must they see above them sailing
O'er life's barren crags the vul-
ture?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,
By defeat and exile maddened;
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,
Nature's priests and Corybantes,
By affliction touched and sad-
dened.

But the glories so transcendent
That around their memories
cluster,
And, on all their steps attendant,
Make their darkened lives resplen-
dent
With such gleams of inward
lustre!

All the melodies mysterious
Through the dreary darkness
chanted;
Thoughts in attitudes imperious,
Voices soft, and deep, and serious,
Words that whispered, songs
that haunted!

All the soul in rapt suspension,
All the quivering, palpitating
Chords of life in utmost tension,
With the fervour of invention,
With the rapture of creating!

Flight the First.

Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling!
In such hours of exultation
Even the faintest heart, unquailing,
Might behold the vulture sailing
Round the cloudy crags Caucasian!

Though to all there is not given
Strength for such sublime endeavour,
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,
And to leaven with fiery leaven
All the hearts of men for ever;

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted
Honour and believe the presage,
Hold aloft their torches lighted,
Gleaming through the realms benighted,
As they onward bear the message!

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou
said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of
shame!

All common things, each day's
events,
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may
ascend.

The low desire, the base design,
That makes another's virtues
less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
The strife for triumph more than
truth;
The hardening of the heart, that
brings
Irreverence for the dreams of
youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts
of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled
down
Beneath our feet, if we would
gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot
soar;
But we have feet to scale and
climb
By slow degrees, by more and
more,
The cloudy summits of our
time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the
desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better
known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached
and kept
Were not attained by sudden
flight,
But they, while their companions
slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

Birds of Passage.

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and down-
cast eyes,
We may discern—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.



THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs,
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's
prayers.

'O Lord! if it be thy pleasure'—
Thus prayed the old divine—
'To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine!'

But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he,
'This ship is so crank and walty
I fear our grave she will be!'

And the ships that came from
England,
When the winter months were
gone,
Brought no tidings of this vessel
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them hear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so
dear.

And at last their prayers were an-
swered :—

It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton,
Master,
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of
canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and
lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their
rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun

And the people who saw this marvel
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their
vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,
He had sent this Ship of Air.



THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the
British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on
floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

Flight the First.

It glanced on flowing flag and
rippling pennon,
And the white sails of ships ;
And, from the frowning rampart,
the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings,
Hythe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers
speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant
lions,
Their cannon, through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched,
in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat
from their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each, with morning
salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up
the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the
Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the
fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black
fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye
impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old
Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single
warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the
Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the
sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew,
and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or
dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all
England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly
cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;
Nothing in Nature's aspect inti-
mated
That a great man was dead.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

ALL houses wherein men have
lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through
the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their
errands glide,
With feet that make no sound
upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on
the stair,
Along the passages they come
and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to
and fro.

Birds of Passage.

There are more guests at table,
than the hosts
Invited ; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive
ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the
wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot
see

The forms I see, nor hear the
sounds I hear ;
He but perceives what is ; while
unto me
All that has been is visible and
clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or
lands ;
Owners and occupants of earlier
dates

From graves forgotten stretch their
dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their
old estates.

The spirit world around this world
of sense

Floats like an atmosphere, and
everywhere

Wafts through these earthly mists
and vapours dense

A vital breath of more ethereal
air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and
desires ;

The struggle of the instinct that
enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that
aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual
jar

Of earthly wants and aspirations
high,

Come from the influence of an
unseen star,

An undiscovered planet in our
sky.

And as the moon from some dark
gate of cloud

Throws o'er the sea a floating
bridge of light,

Across whose trembling planks our
fancies crowd

Into the realm of mystery and
night,—

So from the world of spirits there
descends

A bridge of light, connecting it
with this,

O'er whose unsteady floor, that
sways and bends,

Wander our thoughts above the
dark abyss.



IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

In the village churchyard she lies,
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,

No more she breathes, nor feels,
nor stirs ;

At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead,
But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,
So much in love with the vanity
And foolish pomp of this world
of ours ?

Or was it Christian charity,
And lowliness and humility,
The richest and rarest of all
dowers ?

Who shall tell us ? No one speaks ;
No colour shoots into those cheeks,
Either of anger or of pride,
At the rude question we have
asked ;

Nor will the mystery be unmasked
By those who are sleeping at her
side.

Flight the First.

Hereafter?—And do you think to
look

On the terrible pages of that Book
To find her failings, faults, and
errors?

Ah, you will then have other cares,
In your own shortcomings and
despairs,

In your own secret sins and
terrors!



THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S- NEST.

ONCE the Emperor Charles of
Spain,

With his swarthy, grave com-
manders,

I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flan-
ders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish lea-
ther,

Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed
the weather.

Thus as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,
Found on hedgerows east and
west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,
'Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,
And the Emperor but a Macho!'

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of
malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

'Let no hand the bird molest,'
Said he solemnly, 'nor hurt her!'
Adding then, by way of jest,
'Golondrina is my guest,
'Tis the wife of some deserter!'

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread
the rumour,
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant hu-
mour.

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brood-
ed,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had
made
And the siege was thus con-
cluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, 'Leave it standing!'

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tat-
tered,
Till the brood was fledged and
flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shat-
tered.

Birds of Passage.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life and one
of Death,

Passed o'er our village as the
morning broke ;
The dawn was on their faces, and
beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with
plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the
same,

Alike their features and their
robes of white ;
But one was crowned with amaranth,
as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like
flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial
way ;

Then said I, with deep fear and
doubt oppressed,
' Beat not so loud, my heart, lest
thou betray
The place where thy beloved are
at rest ! '

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began
to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in
wells

The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and
the pain,

That oft before had filled or haunted
me,
And now returned with threefold
strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly
guest,
And listened, for I thought I
heard God's voice ;

And, knowing whatsoe'er he sent
was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to
rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the
house with light,
' My errand is not Death, but
Life,' he said ;
And ere I answered, passing out
of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend ! and
not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine
wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice
divine,
Whispered a word that had a
sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden
gloom,
A shadow on those features fair
and thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and
darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one
went in.

All is of God ! If he but wave his
hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls
thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea
and land,
Lo ! he looks back from the departing
cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are
his ;
Without his leave they pass no
threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing
this,
Against his messengers to shut
the door ?

**DAYLIGHT AND MOON-
LIGHT.**

IN broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a schoolboy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;
And it seemed to me at most
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again
Passed like music through my
brain ;
Night interpreted to me
All its grace and mystery.

— — —
**THE JEWISH CEMETERY
AT NEWPORT.**

How strange it seems ! these He-
brews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair
seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and
down !

The trees are white with dust, that
o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the
south-wind's breath,
While underneath these leafy tents
they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of
Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old
and brown,
That pave with level flags their
burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law,
thrown down
And broken by Moses at the
mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are
strange,
Offoreign accent, and of different
climes ;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old
times.

'Blessed be God ! for he created
Death !'
The mourners said, 'and Death
is rest and peace ;'
Then added, in the certainty of faith,
'And giveth Life that nevermore
shall cease.'

Closed are the portals of their Syna-
gogue,
No Psalms of David now the
silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Deca-
logue
In the grand dialect the Prophets
spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead
remain,
And not neglected ; for a hand
unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a sum-
mer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their
remembrance green.

How came they here ? What burst
of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and
blind,
Drove o'er the sea—that desert
desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagars of
mankind ?

Birds of Passage.

They lived in narrow streets and
lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk
and mire ;
Taught in the school of patience to
endure
The life of anguish and the death
of fire.

All their lives long, with the un-
leavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its
fears,
The wasting famine of the heart
they fed,
And slaked its thirst with marah
of their tears.

Anathema maranatha ! was the cry
That rang from town to town,
from street to street ;
At every gate the accursed Mor-
decai
Was mocked and jeered, and
spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the
world where'er they went ;
Trampled and beaten were they as
the sand,
And yet unshaken as the conti-
nent.

For in the background figures vague
and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets
rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the
Past
They saw reflected in the coming
time.

And thus for ever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world
they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew
book,
Till life became a Legend of the
Dead.

But ah ! what once has been shall
be no more !
The groaning earth in travail and
in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not
restore,
And the dead nations never rise
again.



OLIVER BASSELIN.

In the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-sill,
On the stone,
These words alone :
' Oliver Basselin lived here.'

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Chateau ;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter or for show.
Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valley green and
deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah ! it looks no
more,
From the neighbouring hillside
down
On the rushing and the roar
Of the stream
Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown,
Sang the poet Basselin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendour of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he
dreamed ;
Only made to be his nest,
All the lovely valley seemed ;
No desire
Of soaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine ;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart ;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud, convivial din,
Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agin-
court,
Watched and waited, spur on heel ;
But the poet sang for sport
Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could
feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells ;
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and
squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars ;

Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of
old !

But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part ;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many
a heart ;
Haunting still
That ancient mill,
In the Valley of the Vire.



VICTOR GALBRAITH.

UNDER the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to
play,
Victor Galbraith !
In the mist of the morning damp
and gray,
These were the words they seemed
to say :
'Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith !'

Forth he came, with a martial
tread ;
Firm was his step, erect his head ;
Victor Galbraith,
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said :
'Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith !'

He looked at the earth, he looked
at the sky,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith !
And he said, with a steady voice
and eye,
'Take good aim ; I am ready to
die !'

Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight
and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand
sped ;

Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not
dead ;
His name was not stamped on those
balls of lead,
And they only scathe
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and
brain,
But he rises out of the dust again,
Victor Galbraith !
The water he drinks has a bloody
stain ;
'O kill me, and put me out of my
pain !'
In his agony prayeth
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues
of flame,
And the bugler has died a death of
shame,
Victor Galbraith !
His soul has gone back to whence
it came,
And no one answers to the
name,
When the Sergeant saith,
'Victor Galbraith !'

Under the walls of Monterey
By night a bugle is heard to
play,
Victor Galbraith !
Through the mist of the valley
damp and gray
The sentinels hear the sound, and
say,
'That is the wraith
Of Victor Galbraith !'

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear
old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts.'

I can see the shadowy lines of its
trees,
And catch in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding
seas,
And islands that were the Hesper-
ides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old
song,
It murmurs and whispers still :
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts.'

I remember the black wharves and
the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded
lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the
ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward
song
Is singing and saying still :
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts.'

I remember the bulwarks by the
shore,
And the fort upon the hill ;

Flight the First.

The sunrise gun, with its hollow
 roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and
 o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old
 song
Throbs in my memory still :
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts.'

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide !
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the
 tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mourn-
 ful song
Goes through me with a thrill :
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts.'

I can see the breezy dome of
 groves,
The shadows of Deering's
 Woods ;
And the friendships old and the
 early loves
Come back with a sabbath sound,
 as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods.
And the verse of that sweet
 old song,
It flutters and murmurs still :
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts.'

I remember the gleams and glooms
 that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain ;
The song and the silence in the
 heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in
 part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful
 song
Sings on, and is never still :
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts.'

There are things of which I may
 not speak ;
There are dreams that cannot
 die ;

There are thoughts that make the
 strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal
 song
Come over me like a chill :
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts.'

Strange to me now are the forms
 I meet

When I visit the dear old town ;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each
 well-known street,

As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering
 still :

'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts.'

And Deering's Woods are fresh
 and fair,

And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days
 that were,

I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful
 song,
The groves are repeating it
 still :

'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
 long thoughts.'

THE ROPEWALK.

IN that building, long and low,
With its windows all a-row,
Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their threads so
thin
Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end an open door ;
Squares of sunshine on the floor
Light the long and dusky lane ;
And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and reascend,
Gleam the long threads in the
sun ;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,
First before my vision pass ;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
And a girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
Drawing water from a well ;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
Ringing loud the noontide hour,

While the rope coils round and
round.

Like a serpent at his feet,
And again, in swift retreat,
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
Laughter and indecent mirth ;
Ah ! it is the gallows-tree !
Breath of Christian charity,
Blow, and sweep it from the earth !

Then a schoolboy, with his kite
Gleaming in a sky of light,
And an eager, upward look ;
Steeds pursued through lane and
field ;
Fowlers with their snares con-
cealed ;
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown
seas,
Anchors dragged through faith-
less sand ;
Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And, with lessening line and lead,
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
These, and many left untold,
In that building long and low ;
While the wheel goes round and
round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.



THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

LEAFLESS are the trees ; their pur-
ple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like
reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sun-
set.

Flight the First.

From the hundred chimneys of the
village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian
story,

Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering
fire-light ;

Here and there the lamps of even-
ing glimmer,

Social watch-fires
Answering one another through
the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are
glowing,

And like Ariel in the cloven pine-
tree

For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air im-
prisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men
seated,

Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly

Of the Past what it can ne'er re-
store them.

By the fireside there are youthful
dreamers,

Building castles fair, with stately
stairways,

Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give
them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors
only,

Wife and husband,
And above them God the sole
spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and
comfort,

Wives and children, with fair,
thoughtful faces,

Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the
passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden
Milestone ;

Is the central point, from which he
measures

Every distance
Through the gateways of the world
around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he
sees it ;

Hears the talking flame, the an-
swering night-wind,

As he heard them
When he sat with those who were,
but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth
nor fashion,

Nor the march of the encroaching
city,

Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral
homestead.

We may build more splendid habi-
tations,

Fill our rooms with paintings and
with sculptures,

But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations !



CATAWBA WINE.

THIS song of mine
Is a Song of the Vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers
Of wayside inns,
When the rain begins
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song
Of the Scuppernong,
From warm Carolinian valleys,
Nor the Isabel
And the Muscadell
That bask in our garden alleys.

Birds of Passage.

Nor the red Mustang,
Whose clusters hang
O'er the waves of the Colorado,
And the fiery flood
Of whose purple blood
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best
Is the wine of the West,
That grows by the Beautiful River;
Whose sweet perfume
Fills all the room
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees
Are the haunts of bees,
For ever going and coming;
So this crystal hive
Is all alive
With a swarming and buzzing and
humming.

Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay,
Or the Sillery soft and creamy;
But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube or Guadalquivir,
Nor on island or cape,
That bears such a grape
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice
For foreign use,
When shipped o'er the reeling
Atlantic,
To rack our brains
With the fever pains,
That have driven the Old World
frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer;
For a poison malign
Is such Borgia wine,
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring
Is the wine I sing,
And to praise it, one needs but
name it;
For Catawba wine
Has need of no sign,
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,
This greeting of mine,
The winds and the birds shall
deliver
To the Queen of the West,
In her garlands dressed,
On the banks of the Beautiful
River.



SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is
wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble
thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or
deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I
read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Flight the First.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering
gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the
long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.



THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S
OROSIUS.

OTHER, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown
right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Other,
His cheek had the colour of oak;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

'So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain-
chains,
And beyond them meres and
plains;
To the westward all is sea.

'So far I live to the northward,
From the harbour of Skeringes-
hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you
sail.

'I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

'I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas;—

'Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep;—
Oh, I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

'To the northward stretched the
desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

Birds of Passage.

'To the west of me was the
ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

'The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And northward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

'And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

'The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

'Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night :
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light.'

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while ;
And raised his eyes from his
book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

'And now the land,' said Othere,
'Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

'And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal ;
Ha ! 'twas a noble game !
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

'There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Helgoland ;
In two days and no more
We killed of them three score,
And dragged them to the strand !'

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and
said,
'Behold this walrus-tooth !'

DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, 'O mists, make room for
me.'

It hailed the ships, and cried, 'Sail
on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone.'

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, 'Awake ! it is the day.'

It said unto the forest, 'Shout !
Hang all your leafy banners out !'

Flight the First.

It touched the wood-bird's folded
wing,
And said, 'O bird, awake and sing.'

And o'er the farms, 'O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near.'

It whispered to the fields of corn,
'Bow down, and hail the coming
morn.'

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
'Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour.'

It crossed the churchyard with a
sigh,
And said, 'Not yet! in quiet lie.'

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ.

MAY 28, 1857.

It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'

'Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed
long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful
song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats
wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his
dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says,
'Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!'

CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed
me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swal-
lows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the
sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's
flow,
But in mine is the wind of Au-
tumn.
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be
to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind
us
Worse than the dark before.

Birds of Passage.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are
singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.



SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of
old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have
told

Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvellous
story

Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of
Prayer ?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,

With his feet on the ladder of
light,

That, crowded with angels un-
numbered,

By Jacob was seen, as he slum-
bered

Alone in the desert at night ?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible
stress ;

Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and
slow,

Among the dead angels, the death-
less

Sandalphon stands listening
breathless

To sounds that ascend from
below ;—

From the spirits on earth that
adore,

From the souls that entreat and
implore

In the fervour and passion of
prayer ;

From the hearts that are broken
with losses,

And weary with dragging the
crosses

Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he
stands,

And they change into flowers in
his hands,

Into garlands of purple and red ;

And beneath the great arch of the
portal,

Through the streets of the City
Immortal

Is wafted the fragrance they
shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—

A fable, a phantom, a show,

Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;

Yet the old mediæval tradition,

The beautiful, strange superstition,

But haunts me and holds me the
more.

Flight the Second.

When I look from my window at
night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with
stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the
heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage for-
bidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

FLIGHT THE SECOND.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the day-
light,
When the night is beginning to
lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupa-
tions,
That is known as the Children's
Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-
light,
Descending the broad hall stair
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning
together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my
chair ;
If I try to escape, they surround
me ;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with
kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of
Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the
Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed ban-
ditti,
Because you have scaled the
wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dun-
geon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to
ruin,
And moulder in dust away !

ENCELADUS.

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death ;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his
head ;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half sup-
pressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes ;
They talk together and say,
'To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise !'

And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, 'At
length !'

Ah me ! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair !
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts,
Over vineyard and field and
town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened
rifts
Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see ! the red light shines !
'Tis the glare of his awful eyes !
And the storm-wind shouts through
the pines
Of Alps and of Apennines,
'Enceladus, arise !'

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we
lay,
On board of the Cumberland,
sloop-of-war ;
And at times from the fortress
across the bay
The alarum of drums swept
past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white
smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of
our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating
fort ;
Then comes a puff of smoke from
her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her
straight
Defiance back in a full broad-
side !

As hail rebounds from a roof of
slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

'Strike your flag !' the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation
strain,

'Never !' our gallant Morris
replies ;

'It is better to sink than to
yield !'

And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Flight the Second.

Then, like a kraken huge and
black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron
grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a
wrack,
With a sudden shudder of
death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the
bay,
Still floated our flag at the main-
mast head.
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down
in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled
stream;
Ho! brave land! with hearts like
these,
Thy flag, that is rent in
twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

SNOW-FLAKES.

OUT of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her
garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and
bare,
Over the harvest fields for-
saken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine
expression,

Even as the troubled heart doth
make
In the white countenance con-
fession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables re-
corded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom
hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.



A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but
play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through
every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too
much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the
sun
Sails like a golden galleon.

Towards yonder cloud-land in the
West,
Towards yonder Islands of the
Blest,

Birds of Passage.

Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with
drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all
the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-
blooms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my
reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is
song!
O heart of man! canst thou not
be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

LABOUR with what zeal we will,
Something still remains un-
done,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits;

Waits, and will not go away;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made;

Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can
bear,
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and
fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath
your load;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest
begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or
strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-
men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong
desires;
Mine that so long has glowed and
burned,
With passions into ashes turned
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source
divine;
Refracted through the mist of
years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of
mine!

FLIGHT THE THIRD.

FATA MORGANA.

O SWEET illusions of Song,
That tempt me everywhere,
In the lonely fields, and the throng
Of the crowded thoroughfare!

I approach, and ye vanish away,
I grasp you, and ye are gone;
But ever by night and by day
The melody soundeth on.

As the weary traveller sees
In desert or prairie vast,
Blue lakes, overhung with trees,
That a pleasant shadow cast;

Fair towns with turrets high,
And shining roofs of gold,
That vanish as he draws nigh,
Like mists together rolled,—

So I wander and wander along,
And for ever before me gleams
The shining city of song,
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate
Of that golden atmosphere,
It is gone, and I wander and
wait
For the vision to reappear.

—+—
THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

EACH heart has its haunted
chamber,
Where the silent moonlight falls!
On the floor are mysterious foot-
steps,
There are whispers along the
walls!

And mine at times is haunted
By phantoms of the Past,
As motionless as shadows
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window,
That is not seen by day,
For as soon as the dawn ap-
proaches
It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight,
Itself as pale and still,
And points with its airy finger
Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window,
There stands a gloomy pine,
Whose boughs wave upward and
downward
As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches
Is the grave of a little child,
Who died upon life's threshold,
And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!
That haunt my troubled brain?
That vanish when day approaches,
And at night return again?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!
But the statues without breath,
That stand on the bridge over-
arching
The silent river of death?

—+—
THE MEETING.

AFTER so long an absence
At last we meet again:
Does the meeting give us pleasure,
Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,
And but few of us linger now,
Like the Prophet's two or three
berries

In the top of the uppermost
bough.

We cordially greet each other
In the old, familiar tone;
And we think, though we do not
say it,
How old and gray he is grown !

We speak of a Merry Christmas
And many a Happy New Year ;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their for-
tunes,

And of what they did and said,
Till the dead alone seem living,
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish
Between the ghosts and the
guests ;

And a mist and shadow of sadness
Steals over our merriest jests.



VOX POPULI.

WHEN Mazárvan the magician
Journeyed westward through
Cathay,

Nothing heard he but the praises
Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumour ended
When he came to Khaledan,
There the folk were talking only
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets :
Every province hath its own ;
Camaralzaman is famous
Where Badoura is unknown.

THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

A GENTLE boy, with soft and silken
locks,

A dreamy boy, with brown and
tender eyes,

A castle-builder, with his wooden
blocks,

And towers that touch imaginary
skies.

A fearless rider on his father's
knee,

An eager listener unto stories
told

At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures mani-
fold.

There will be other towers for thee
to build ;

There will be other steeds for thee
to ride ;

There will be other legends, and
all filled

With greater marvels and more
glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high
and fair,

Rising and reaching upward to
the skies ;

Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mys-
teries.



CHANGED.

FROM the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the mile-stone
stood,

Now a stranger, looking down
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Flight the Third.

Is it changed, or am I changed ?
Ah ! the oaks are fresh and
green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But, alas ! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.



THE CHALLENGE.

I HAVE a vague remembrance
Of a story that is told
In some ancient Spanish legend
Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez
Was before Zamora slain,
And his great besieging army
Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordoñez
Sallied forth in front of all,
And shouted loud his challenge
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,
Both the born and the unborn,
As traitors did he challenge
With taunting words of scorn.

The living, in their houses,
And in their graves, the dead !
And the waters of their rivers,
And their wine, and oil, and
bread !

There is a greater army
That besets us round with strife,
A starving, numberless army,
At all the gates of life.

The poverty-stricken millions
Who challenge our wine and
bread,
And impeach us all as traitors,
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,
Where the feast and song are
high,
Amid the mirth and the music
I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces
Look into the lighted hall,
And wasted hands are extended
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,
And odours fill the air ;
But without there is cold and dark-
ness,
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine,
In wind and cold and rain,
Christ, the great Lord of the army,
Lies dead upon the plain !



THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

THE brooklet came from the moun-
tain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold !

Far away in the briny ocean
There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the
billow,
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness
and sweetness
That turbulent, bitter heart !

FROM THE SPANISH CAN-
CIONEROS.

I.

EYES so tristful, eyes so tristful,
Heart so full of care and cumber,
I was lapped in rest and slumber,
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful !

In this life of labour endless
Who shall comfort my distresses ?
Querulous my soul and friendless
In its sorrow shuns caresses.
Ye have made me, ye have made
me
Querulous of you, that care not,
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

II.

Some day, some day,
O troubled breast,
Shalt thou find rest.

If Love in thee
To grief give birth,
Six feet of earth
Can more than he ;
There calm and free
And unoppressed
Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained
In life at last,
When life is passed
Shall all be gained ;
And no more pained,
No more distressed,
Shalt thou find rest.

III.

Come, O Death, so silent flying
That unheard thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.

For thy sure approach perceiving,
In my constancy and pain
I new life should win again,
Thinking that I am not living.
So to me, unconscious lying,
All unknown thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.

Unto him who finds thee hateful,
Death, thou art inhuman pain ;
But to me, who dying gain,
Life is but a task ungrateful.
Come, then, with my wish comply-
ing,
All unheard thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.

IV.

Glove of black in white hand
bare,
And about her forehead pale
Wound a thin, transparent veil,
That doth not conceal her hair ;
Sovereign attitude and air,
Cheek and neck alike displayed,
With coquettish charms arrayed,
Laughing eyes and fugitive ;—
This is killing men that live,
'Tis not mourning for the dead.



AFTERMATH.

WHEN the Summer fields are
mown,
When the birds are fledged and
flown,
And the dry leaves strew the
path ;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Flight the Third.

Not the sweet, new grass with
flowers
Is this harvesting of ours ;
Not the upland clover bloom ;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and
meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

EPIMETHEUS,

OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT.

HAVE I dreamed ? or was it real,
What I saw as in a vision,
When to marches hymeneal
In the land of the Ideal
Moved my thought o'er Fields
Elysian ?

What ! are these the guests whose
glances
Seemed like sunshine gleaming
round me ?
These the wild, bewildering fancies,
That with dithyrambic dances
As with magic circles bound me ?

Ah ! how cold are their caresses !
Pallid cheeks, and haggard
bosoms !
Spectral gleam their snow-white
dresses,
And from loose, dishevelled tresses
Fall the hyacinthine blossoms !

O my songs ! whose winsome
measures
Filled my heart with secret
rapture !
Children of my golden leisures !
Must even your delights and plea-
sures
Fade and perish with the cap-
ture ?

Fair they seemed, those songs
sonorous,
When they came to me un-
bidden ;
Voices single, and in chorus,
Like the wild birds singing o'er us
In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment ! Disillusion !
Must each noble aspiration
Come at last to this conclusion,
Jarring discord, wild confusion,
Lassitude, renunciation ?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,
From the sun's serene dominions,
Not through brighter realms nor
vaster,
In swift ruin and disaster,
Icarus fell with shattered
pinions !

Sweet Pandora ! dear Pandora !
Why did mighty Jove create
thee
Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,
Beautiful as young Aurora,
If to win thee is to hate thee ?

No, not hate thee ! for this feeling
Of unrest and long resistance
Is but passionate appealing,
A prophetic whisper stealing
O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamour
Thou, beloved, never leavest ;
In life's discord, strife, and clamour
Still he feels thy spell of glamour ;
Him of Hope thou ne'er bereav-
est.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,
Struggling souls by thee are
strengthened,
Clouds of fear asunder rifted,
Truth from falsehood cleansed and
sifted,
Lives, like days in summer,
lengthened !

Therefore art thou ever dearer,
O my Sibyl, my deceiver !
For thou makest each mystery
clearer,
And the unattained seems nearer,
When thou fillest my heart with
fever !

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces !
Though the fields around us
wither,
There are ampler realms and
spaces,
Where no foot has left its traces :
Let us turn and wander thither !

FLIGHT THE FOURTH.

CHARLES SUMNER.

GARLANDS upon his grave,
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honour without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and
broke
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field,
Upon a nation's heart
Borne like a warrior on his shield!—
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet ;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the
sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

**TRAVELS BY THE FIRE-
SIDE.**

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my
shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was
young
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

Flight the Fourth.

I see the convent's gleaming wall
Rise from its groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,
Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with poppies all on
fire,
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,
No more I fear fatigue,
While journeying with another's
feet
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my
hand
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their
eyes,
Better than with mine own.

CADENABBIA.

LAKE OF COMO.

No sounds of wheels or hoof-beat
breaks

The silence of the summer day,
As by the loveliest of all lakes
I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade
Where level branches of the
plane

Above me weave a roof of shade
Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air
Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,
And gleams of sunshine toss and
flare

Like torches down the path I
tread.

By Somariva's garden gate
I make the marble stairs my
seat,
And hear the water, as I wait,
Lapping the steps beneath my
feet.

The undulation sinks and swells
Along the stony parapets,
And far away the floating bells
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town
The freighted barges come and
go,
Their pendent shadows gliding
down
By town and tower submerged
below.

The hills sweep upward from the
shore,
With villas scattered one by one
Upon their wooded spurs, and
lower
Bellagio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass
Of walls and woods, of light and
shade,
Stands beckoning up the Stelvio
Pass
Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away;
Linger until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake.

Linger until upon my brain
Is stamped an image of the
scene,
Then fade into the air again,
And be as if thou hadst not been.

MONTE CASSINO.

TERRA DI LAVORO.

BEAUTIFUL valley ! through whose
verdant meads
Unheard the Garigliano glides
along ;—
The Liris, nurse of rushes and of
reeds,
The river taciturn of classic song.

The Land of Labour and the Land
of Rest,
Where mediæval towns are white
on all

The hillsides, and where every
mountain's crest
Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boni-
face

Was dragged with contumely
from his throne ;
Sciarra Colonna, was that day's
disgrace

The Pontiff's only, or in part
thine own ?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade
Was each Apulian, as great
Dante saith,

When Manfred, by his men-at-arms
betrayed,
Spurred on to Benevento and to
death.

There is Aquinum, the old Volscian
town,

Where Juvenal was born, whose
lurid light

Still hovers o'er his birthplace like
the crown
Of splendour seen o'er cities in
the night.

Doubled the splendour is, that in
its streets

The Angelic Doctor as a school-
boy played,

And dreamed perhaps the dreams
that he repeats
In ponderous folios for scholas-
tics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing
cloud

That pauses on a mountain
summit high,

Monte Cassino's convent rears its
proud

And venerable walls against the
sky.

Well I remember how on foot I
climbed

The stony pathway leading to its
gate ;

Above, the convent bells for vespers
chimed,

Below, the darkening town grew
desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and
dark,

The courtyard with its well, the
terrace wide,

From which, far down, the valley
like a park

Veiled in the evening mists, was
dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble
hands

Caressed the mountain tops ; the
vales between

Darkened ; the river in the
meadow-lands

Sheathed itself as a sword, and
was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a
sleep,

So full of rest it seemed ; each
passing tread

Was a reverberation from the
deep

Recesses of the ages that are
dead.

Flight the Fourth.

For, more than thirteen centuries
ago,

Benedict fleeing from the gates
of Rome,

A youth disgusted with its vice and
woe,

Sought in these mountain soli-
tudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and
his Rule

Of prayer and work, and counted
work as prayer ;

The pen became a clarion, and his
school

Flamed like a beacon in the
midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his
reckless way,

Mocking the lazy brotherhood,
deplores

The illuminated manuscripts, that
lay

Torn and neglected on the dusty
floors ?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child
Of fancy and of fiction at the
best !

This the urbane librarian said, and
smiled

Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these, with
one young friar

I sat conversing late into the
night,

Till in its cavernous chimney the
wood-fire

Had burnt its heart out like an
anchorite.

And then translated, in my convent
cell,

Myself yet not myself, in dreams
I lay,

And, as a monk who hears the
matin bell,

Started from sleep ; already it
was day.

From the high window I beheld
the scene

On which Saint Benedict so oft
had gazed,—

The mountains and the valley in
the sheen

Of the bright sun,—and stood as
one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising,
vanishing ;

The woodlands glistened with
their jewelled crowns ;

Far off the mellow bells began to
ring

For matins in the half-awakened
towns.

The conflict of the Present and the
Past,

The ideal and the actual in our
life,

As on a field of battle held me
fast,

Where this world and the next
world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep
awoke,

I saw the iron horses of the
steam

Toss to the morning air their plumes
of smoke,

And woke, as one awaketh from
a dream.

AMALFI.

SWEET the memory is to me

Of a land beyond the sea,

Where the waves and mountains
meet,

Where, amid her mulberry-trees

Sits Amalfi in the heat,

Bathing ever her white feet

In the tideless summer seas.

Birds of Passage.

In the middle of the town,
From its fountains in the hills,
Tumbling through the narrow
gorge,
The Canneto rushes down,
Turns the great wheels of the
mills,
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'Tis a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet.
Toiling up from stair to stair
Peasant girls their burdens bear;
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight,
What inexorable fate
Dooms them to this life of toil?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,
Far above the convent stands.
On its terraced walk aloof
Leans a monk with folded hands,
Placid, satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red tiled roof;
Wondering unto what good end
All this toil and traffic tend,
And why all men cannot be
Free from care and free from pain,
And the sordid love of gain,
And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks
From the marts of east and west?
Where the knights in iron sarks
Journeying to the Holy Land,
Glove of steel upon the hand,
Cross of crimson on the breast?
Where the pomp of camp and
court?

Where the pilgrims with their
prayers?

Where the merchants with their
wares,

And their gallant brigantines
Sailing safely into port
Chased by corsair Algerines?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
Like a passing trumpet-blast,
Are those splendours of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd!
Fathoms deep beneath the seas
Lie the ancient wharves and quays
Swallowed by the engulfing waves;
Silent streets and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls;
Hidden from all mortal eyes
Deep the sunken city lies:
Even cities have their graves!

This is an enchanted land!
Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
With its sickle of white sand:
Further still and furthestmost
On the dim-discovered coast
Paestum with its ruins lies,
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air,
Nothing doth the good monk care
For such worldly themes as these.
From the garden just below
Little puffs of perfume blow,
And a sound is in his ears
Of the murmur of the bees
In the shining chestnut-trees;
Nothing else he heeds or hears.
All the landscape seems to swoon
In the happy afternoon;
Slowly o'er his senses creep
The encroaching waves of sleep,
And he sinks as sank the town,
Unresisting, fathoms down,
Into caverns cool and deep!

Walled about with drifts of snow,
Hearing the fierce north wind blow,
Seeing all the landscape white,
And the river cased in ice,
Comes this memory of delight,
Comes this vision unto me
Of a long-lost Paradise
In the land beyond the sea.

THE SERMON OF ST.
FRANCIS.

UP soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
As if a soul, released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and dark-
some wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

'O brother birds,' St. Francis said,
'Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

'Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words;
Not mine, though mine they seem
to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken
through me.

'O, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks
of brown.

'He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!'

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis'
heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.



BELISARIUS.

I AM poor and old and blind;
The sun burns me, and the wind
Blows through the city gate
And covers me with dust
From the wheels of the august
Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased
The Persians o'er wild and waste,
As General of the East;
Night after night I lay
In their camps of yesterday;
Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,
And torches at mast-head,
Piloting the great fleet,
I swept the Afric coasts
And scattered the Vandal hosts,
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again
The Ausonian realm and reign,
Rome and Parthenope;
And all the land was mine
From the summits of Apennine
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,
I dared the battle's rage,
To save Byzantium's state,
When the tents of Zabergan,
Like snowdrifts overran
The road of the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold!
Infirm and blind and old,
With gray, uncovered head,
Beneath the very arch
Of my triumphal march,
I stand and beg my bread!

Birds of Passage.

Methinks I still can hear,
Sounding distinct and near,
The Vandal monarch's cry,
As, captive and disgraced,
With majestic step he paced,—
'All, all is Vanity!'

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings;
The plaudits of the crowd
Are but the clatter of feet
At midnight in the street,
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace
Is to see for ever the face
Of the Monk of Ephesus!
The unconquerable will
This, too, can bear;—I still
Am Belisarius!

SONGO RIVER.

NOWHERE such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and
brake,
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself,
Flows the stream, so still and slow,
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,
Lost in woodland or on wold,
Such a winding path pursued
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never schoolboy in his quest
After hazel-nut or nest,
Through the forest in and out
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing
Seems the only living thing,
Or the loon, that laughs and flies
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream! thy Indian name
Unfamiliar is to fame;
For thou hidest here alone,
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach
Wisdom deep as human speech,
Moving without haste or noise
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy
mill,
And art ever calm and still,
Even thy silence seems to say
To the traveller on his way:—

'Traveller, hurrying from the heat
Of the city, stay thy feet!
Rest a while, no longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste!

'Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls;
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul.'

FLIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE HERONS OF ELM-
WOOD.

WARM and still is the summer
night,
As here by the river's brink I
wander ;

White overhead are the stars, and
white
The glimmering lamps on the
hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day ;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of
crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging
their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elm-
wood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you
pass
To your roosts in the haunts of
the exiled thrushes,
Sing him the song of the green
morass,
And the tides that water the
reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the
Hern,
And the secret that baffles our
utmost seeking ;
For only a sound of lament we
discern,
And cannot interpret the words
you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds
that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of
flight
Through the drift of the floating
mists that enfold you ;

Of the landscape lying so far below,
With its towns and rivers and
desert places ;
And the splendour of light above,
and the glow
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal
spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
Or of Minnesingers in old black-
letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than
yours,
And if yours are not sweeter and
wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at
his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately
elms are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friend-
ly greeting ;

That many another hath done the
same,
Though not by a sound was the
silence broken ;
The surest pledge of a deathless
name
Is the silent homage of thoughts
unspeaken.



A DUTCH PICTURE.

SIMON DANZ has come home again
From cruising about with his
buccaneers ;
He has singed the beard of the
King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with
its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in
air,

There are silver tankards of antique
styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and
piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the
town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-
gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and
brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King
of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like
Turks,
And the silent gardener as he
works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the
haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish
coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their
post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
He sits and smokes by the blaz-
ing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with
double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and
shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter
night ;
Figures in colour and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the
Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or
won,
And their talk is ever and ever
the same,
While they drink the red wine of
Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish
Don,
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlour to and fro ;
He is like a ship that at anchor
rides,
And swings with the rising and
falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of
the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his
ear,
' Simon Danz ! Why stayest thou
here ?
Come forth and follow me !'

So he thinks he shall take to the
sea again
For one more cruise with his
buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of
Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.



CASTLES IN SPAIN.

How much of my young heart, O
Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore !
What dreams romantic filled my
brain,
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemagne,
The Cid Campeador !

Flight the Fifth.

And shapes more shadowy than
these,

In the dim twilight half revealed ;
Phœnician galleys on the seas,
The Roman camps like hives of
bees,
The Goth uplifting from his knees
Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,
From annals of remotest eld,
That lent the colours of romance
To every trivial circumstance,
And changed the form and coun-
tenance
Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid
In monkish chronicle or rhyme,
Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid,
Toledo, built and walled amid
The wars of Wamba's time ;

The long, straight line of the high-
way,
The distant town that seems so
near,
The peasants in the fields, that
stay
Their toil to cross themselves and
pray,
When from the belfry at midday
The Angelus they hear ;

White crosses in the mountain
pass,
Mules gay with tassels, the loud
din
Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside
grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
Alighting at the inn ;

White hamlets hidden in fields of
wheat,
White cities slumbering by the
sea,

White sunshine flooding square
and street,

Dark mountain-ranges, at whose
feet

The river-beds are dry with heat,—
All was a dream to me,

Yet something sombre and severe
O'er the enchanted landscape
reigned ;

A terror in the atmosphere,
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada, the austere,
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies
Dispelled the sadness and the
gloom ;

There Cadiz by the seaside lies,
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,
Making the land a paradise
Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among
The palm, the olive, and the
vine ;

Gem of the South, by poets sung,
And in whose Mosque Almanzor
hung

As lamps the bells that once had
rung
At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,
The star of stars, the cynosure,
The artist's and the poet's theme,
The young man's vision, the old
man's dream,—
Granada by its winding stream,
The city of the Moor !

And there the Alhambra still re-
calls

Aladdin's palace of delight :
Allah il Allah ! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls,
The Darro darts beneath its
walls,

The hills with snow are white,

Ah yes, the hills are white with
snow,
And cold with blasts that bite
and freeze ;

But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
The fascination and allure
Of the sweet landscape chains the
will ;

The traveller lingers on the hill,
His parted lips are breathing still
The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown
With flowers that hide the rents
of time,

Stands now the Past that I have
known,
Castles in Spain, not built of stone
But of white summer clouds, and
blown

Into this little mist of rhyme !



VITTORIA COLONNA.

Vittoria Colonna, on the death of her husband, the Marchese di Pescara, retired to her castle at Ischia (Inarimé), and there wrote the Ode upon his death, which gained her the title of Divine.

ONCE more, once more, Inarimé,
I see thy purple hills !—once
more

I hear the billows of the bay
Wash the white pebbles on thy
shore.

High o'er the sea-surge and the
sands,
Like a great galleon wrecked and
cast

Ashore by storms, thy castle stands,
A mouldering landmark of the
Past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see
A phantom gliding to and fro ;
It is Colonna,—it is she
Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,
The type of perfect womanhood,
Whose life was love, the life of
life,
That time and change and death
withstood.

For death, that breaks the marriage
band

In others, only closer pressed
The wedding-ring upon her hand
And closer locked and barred
her breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom,
The weariness, the endless pain
Of waiting for some one to come
Who never more would come
again.

The shadows of the chestnut-trees,
The odour of the orange-blooms,
The song of birds, and, more than
these,
The silence of deserted rooms ;

The respiration of the sea,
The soft caresses of the air,
All things in nature seemed to be
But ministers of her despair ;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so
long
Imprisoned in itself, found vent
And voice in one impassioned song
Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden
from sight,
Transmutes to gold the leaden
mist,
Her life was interfused with light,
From realms that, though unseen,
exist.

Inarimé ! Inarimé !

Thy castle on the crags above
In dust shall crumble and decay,
But not the memory of her
love.



THE REVENGE OF RAIN- IN-THE-FACE.

IN that desolate land and lone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellow-
stone

Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs
And the menace of their wrath.

'Revenge !' cried Rain-in-the-
Face,

'Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow
hair !'

And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the
cry

Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and riverside,

The Indian village stood ;
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves
Crouched in the clefts and caves,
Savage, unmerciful !

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Dashed headlong, sword in hand ;
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire :
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight
Uplifted high in air
As a ghastly trophy, bore
The brave heart, that beat no more,
Of the White Chief with yellow
hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong ?
Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,
In the Year of a Hundred Years.



TO THE RIVER YVETTE.

O LOVELY river of Yvette !
O darling river ! like a bride,
Some dimpled, bashful, fair Lisette,
Thou goest to wed the Orge's
tide.

Maincourt, and lordly Dampierre,
See and salute thee on thy way,
And, with a blessing and a prayer,
Ring the sweet bells of St. Forget.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain
Would hold thee in its fond em-
brace ;

Thou glidest from its arms again
And hurriest on with swifter pace.

Thou wilt not stay ; with restless
feet

Pursuing still thine onward flight,
Thou goest as one in haste to meet
Her sole desire, her heart's de-
light.

O lovely river of Yvette !
 O darling stream ! on balanced
 wings
 The wood-birds sang the chanson-
 nette
 That here a wandering poet sings.

THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE.

'Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne
 pour faire un gant de cette grandeur ?' A play
 upon the words *gant*, a glove, and *Gand*, the
 French for Ghent.

ON St. Bavon's tower, commanding
 Half of Flanders, his domain,
 Charles the Emperor once was
 standing,
 While beneath him on the landing
 Stood Duke Alva and his train.

Like a print in books of fables,
 Or a model made for show,
 With its pointed roofs and gables,
 Dormer windows, scrolls and la-
 bels,
 Lay the city far below.

Through its squares and streets
 and alleys
 Poured the populace of Ghent ;
 As a routed army rallies,
 Or as rivers run through valleys,
 Hurrying to their homes they
 went.

'Nest of Lutheran misbelievers !'
 Cried Duke Alva as he gazed ;
 'Haunt of traitors and deceivers,
 Stronghold of insurgent weavers,
 Let it to the ground be razed !'

On the Emperor's cap the feather
 Nods, as laughing he replies :
 'How many skins of Spanish
 leather,
 Think you, would, if stitched to-
 gether,
 Make a glove of such a size ?'

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

OCTOBER, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*.

A FLEET with flags arrayed
 Sailed from the port of Brest,
 And the Admiral's ship displayed
 The signal : 'Steer southwest.'
 For this Admiral D'Anville
 Had sworn by cross and crown
 To ravage with fire and steel
 Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumours in the street,
 In the houses there was fear
 Of the coming of the fleet,
 And the danger hovering near.
 And while from mouth to mouth
 Spread the tidings of dismay,
 I stood in the Old South,
 Saying humbly : 'Let us pray !'

'O Lord ! we would not advise ;
 But if in thy Providence
 A tempest should arise
 To drive the French Fleet hence,
 And scatter it far and wide,
 Or sink it in the sea,
 We should be satisfied,
 And thine the glory be.'

This was the prayer I made,
 For my soul was all on flame,
 And even as I prayed
 The answering tempest came ;
 It came with a mighty power,
 Shaking the windows and walls,
 And tolling the bell in the tower,
 As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
 Unsheathed its flaming sword,
 And I cried : 'Stand still, and see
 The salvation of the Lord !'
 The heavens were black with cloud,
 The sea was white with hail,
 And ever more fierce and loud
 Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas ;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these !

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line ;
They were carried away as a
smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord ! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the
sea !



THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and
fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white
feet,

Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his
course.

More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his
horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood ;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and
food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen ;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm ; on air must
ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot,
Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
'La Illáh illa Alláh !'

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast ;
Kissed him upon both his eyes ;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
Sings a bird before it flies.

'O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
Carry me this peril through !
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
O thou soul of Kurroglou !

'Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
Tender are thine eyes and true ;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright ; O, life of mine,
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou !'

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore ;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
Careless sat he and upright ;
Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath ;
Thus the phantom horseman
passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. 'Allahu !'
Cried he. 'In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber Kurroglou !'

HAROUN AL RASCHID.

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said :—

'Where are the kings, and where
the rest
Of those who once the world pos-
sessed ?

'They're gone with all their pomp
and show,
They're gone the way that thou
shalt go.

'O thou who choosest for thy share
The world, and what the world
calls fair,

'Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end !'

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head :
Tears fell upon the page he read.

KING TRISANKU.

VISWAMITRA the Magician,
By his spells and incantations,
Up to Indra's realms elysian
Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the gods offended
Hurled him downward, and de-
scending
In the air he hung suspended,
With these equal powers con-
tending.

Thus by aspirations lifted,
By misgivings downward driven,
Human hearts are tossed and
drifted
Midway between earth and
heaven.



A WRAITH IN THE MIST.

'Sir, I should build me a fortification, if
I came to live here.—BOSWELL'S *Johnson*.

ON the green little isle of Inch-
kenneth,
Who is it that walks by the shore,
So gay with his Highland blue
bonnet,
So brave with his targe and
claymore ?

His form is the form of a giant,
But his face wears an aspect of
pain ;
Can this be the Laird of Inch-
kenneth ?
Can this be Sir Allan McLean ?

Ah, no ! It is only the Rambler,
The Idler, who lives in Bolt
Court,
And who says, were he Laird of
Inchkenneth,
He would wall himself round
with a fort.

THE THREE KINGS.

THREE Kings came riding from far
away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar ;

Three Wise Men out of the East
were they,
And they travelled by night and
they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful,
wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large,
and clear,

That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the at-
mosphere,

And by this they knew that the
coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the
prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their
saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden
keys ;

Their robes were of crimson silk
with rows

Of bells and pomegranates and
furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming
almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into
the West,
Through the dusk of night, over
hill and dell,

And sometimes they nodded with
beard on breast,

And sometimes talked, as they
paused to rest,

With the people they met at some
wayside well.

'Of the child that is born,' said
Baltasar,

'Good people, I pray you, tell us
the news ;

For we in the East have seen his
star,
And have ridden fast, and have
ridden far,
To find and worship the King of
the Jews.'

And the people answered, 'You
ask in vain ;
We know of no king but Herod
the Great !'

They thought the Wise Men were
men insane,
As they spurred their horses across
the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who
cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusa-
lem,
Herod the Great, who had heard
this thing,

Sent for the Wise Men and ques-
tioned them ;
And said, 'Go down unto Beth-
lehem,
And bring me tidings of this new
king.'

So they rode away ; and the star
stood still,
The only one in the gray of
morn ;

Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its
own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ
was born.

And the Three Kings rode through
the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till
their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the
great inn-yard ;

But the windows were closed, and
the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable
burned.

And cradled there in the scented
hay,

In the air made sweet by the
breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child, that would be king one
day
Of a kingdom not human but
divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside his place of
rest,
Watching the even flow of his
breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of
death
Were mingled together in her
breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet :
The gold was their tribute to a
King,
The frankincense, with its odour
sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and
bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of
stone ;

Her heart was troubled yet com-
forted,
Remembering what the Angel had
said

Of an endless reign and of
David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the
city gate,

With a clatter of hoofs in proud
array ;

But they went not back to Herod
the Great,

For they knew his malice and
feared his hate,

And returned to their homes by
another way.

SONG.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and
rest ;

Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know
not where

Are full of trouble and full of care ;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and dis-
tressed,

They wander east, they wander
west,

And are baffled and beaten and
blown about

By the winds of the wilderness of
doubt ;

To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and
rest ;

The bird is safest in its nest ;
O'er all that flutter their wings and
fly

A hawk is hovering in the sky ;
To stay at home is best.



THE WHITE CZAR.

The White Czar is Peter the Great.
Batyushka, *Father dear*, and Gosudar,
Sovereign, are titles the Russian people
are fond of giving to the Czar in their
popular songs.

DOST thou see on the rampart's
height

That wreath of mist, in the light
Of the midnight moon ? O, hist !

It is not a wreath of mist ;
It is the Czar, the White Czar,

Batyushka ! Gosudar !

He has heard, among the dead,
The artillery roll o'erhead ;

The drums and the tramp of feet
Of his soldiery in the street ;

He is awake ! the White Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

Flight the Fifth.

He has heard in the grave the cries
Of his people : ' Awake ! arise !'
He has rent the gold brocade
Whereof his shroud was made ;
He is risen ! the White Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

From the Volga and the Don
He has led his armies on,
Over river and morass,
Over desert and mountain pass ;
The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

He looks from the mountain-chain
Toward the seas, that cleave in
twain

The continents ; his hand
Points southward o'er the land
Of Roumili ! O Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

And the words break from his lips :
' I am the builder of ships,
And my ships shall sail these seas
To the Pillars of Hercules !
I say it ; the White Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

' The Bosphorus shall be free ;
It shall make room for me ;
And the gates of its water-streets
Be unbarred before my fleets.
I say it ; the White Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

' And the Christian shall no more
Be crushed, as heretofore,
Beneath thine iron rule,
O Sultan of Istamboul !
I swear it ; I the Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !



DELIA.

SWEET as the tender fragrance that
survives,
When martyred flowers breathe
out their little lives,
Sweet as a song that once consoled
our pain,
But never will be sung to us again,
Is thy remembrance. Now the
hour of rest
Hath come to thee. Sleep, darling,
it is best.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

PART I.

PRELUDE.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury
town,
Across the meadows bare and
brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with firelight through
the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and
thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander
way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy
doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and
tall.
A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and
gleeds;
But noon and night, the panting
teams
Stop under the great oaks, that
throw
Tangles of light and shade below,

On roofs and doors and window-
sills.

Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of
hay;

Through the wide doors the breezes
blow,

The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.

Round this old-fashioned, quaint
abode

Deep silence reigned, save when a
gust

Went rushing down the country
road,

And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance
of death,

And through the ancient oaks o'er-
head

Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlour of the inn

A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir;
Oft interrupted by the din

Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.

The firelight, shedding over all
The splendour of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlour large and
low;

It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,
It touched with more than wonted
grace

Fair Princess Mary's pictured face;

The Wayside Inn.

It bronzed the rafters overhead,
On the old spinet's ivory keys
It played inaudible melodies,
It crowned the sombre clock with
flame,
The hands, the hours, the maker's
name,
And painted with a livelier red
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;
And, flashing on the window-pane,
Emblazoned with its light and shade
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,
Writ near a century ago,
By the great Major Molineaux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal
made.

Before the blazing fire of wood
Erect the rapt musician stood ;
And ever and anon he bent
His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen, till he caught
Confessions of its secret thought,—
The joy, the triumph, the lament,
The exultation and the pain ;
Then, by the magic of his art,
He soothed the throbbings of its
heart,
And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease
There sat a group of friends, en-
tranced
With the delicious melodies ;
Who from the far-off noisy town
Had to the wayside inn come
down,
To rest beneath its old oak-trees.
The firelight on their faces glanced,
Their shadows on the wainscot
danced,
And, though of different lands and
speech,
Each had his tale to tell, and each
Was anxious to be pleased and
please.
And while the sweet musician plays,
Let me in outline sketch them all,
Perchance uncouthly as the blaze

With its uncertain touch portrays
Their shadowy semblance on the
wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace :
Grave in his aspect and attire ;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as 'The
Squire.'

Proud was he of his name and
race,
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlour, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and
glazed,

Upon the wall in colours blazed ;
He beareth gules upon his shield,
A chevron argent in the field,
With three wolf's-heads, and for
the crest

A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed
Upon a helmet barred ; below
The scroll reads, 'By the name of
Howe.'

And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent
light,

Was hung the sword his grandsire
bore

In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways,
A Student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands
were known

And yet a lover of his own ;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude ;
A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he em-
braced,

And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.
Books were his passion and delight,
And in his upper room at home
Stood many a rare and sumptuous
tome,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

In vellum bound, with gold bedight,
Great volumes garmented in white,
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.

He loved the twilight that surrounds
The borderland of old romance ;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,

And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,

And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,

The dusk of centuries and of song.
The chronicles of Charlemagne,
Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthur,
Mingled together in his brain
With tales of Flores and Blanche-
fleur,

Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there ;
In sight of Etna born and bred,
Some breath of its volcanic air
Was glowing in his heart and brain,
And, being rebellious to his liege,
After Palermo's fatal siege,

Across the western seas he fled,
In good King Bomba's happy reign.
His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light ;
His hands were small ; his teeth
shone white

As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke ;

His sinews supple and strong as oak ;

Clean shaven was he as a priest
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Save that upon his upper lip
His beard, a good palm's length at least,

Level and pointed at the tip,
Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.

The poets read he o'er and o'er,
And most of all the Immortal Four
Of Italy ; and next to those,

The story-telling bard of prose,
Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales

Of the Decameron, that make
Fiesole's green hills and vales
Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.
Much too of music was his thought ;
The melodies and measures fraught
With sunshine and the open air,
Of vineyards and the singing sea
Of his beloved Sicily ;

And much it pleased him to peruse
The songs of the Sicilian muse,—
Bucolic songs by Meli sung
In the familiar peasant tongue,
That made men say, 'Behold !
once more

The pitying gods to earth restore
Theocritus of Syracuse !'

A Spanish Jew from Alicante
With aspect grand and grave was there ;

Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the Levant.
Like an old Patriarch he appeared,
Abraham or Isaac, or at least
Some later Prophet or High Priest ;
With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,

The tumbling cataract of his beard.
His garments breathed a spicy scent

Of cinnamon and sandal blent,
Like the soft aromatic gales
That meet the mariner, who sails
Through the Moluccas, and the seas

That wash the shores of Celebes.
All stories that recorded are
By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,

And it was rumoured he could say
The Parables of Sandabar,
And all the Fables of Pilpay,—
Or if not all, the greater part !

Well versed was he in Hebrew books,

The Wayside Inn.

Talmud and Targum, and the lore
Of Kabala; and evermore
There was a mystery in his looks;
His eyes seemed gazing far away,
As if in vision or in trance
He heard the solemn sackbut play,
And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, from the school
Of Cambridge on the Charles, was
there;

Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to
men,

Thinking the deed, and not the
creed,

Would help us in our utmost need.
With reverent feet the earth he
trod,

Nor banished nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift
flight,

Of thoughts so sudden, that they
seem

The revelations of a dream,
All these were his; but with them
came

No envy of another's fame;
He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighbouring
street,

Nor rustling hear in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades.

Honour and blessings on his head.
While living, good report when
dead,

Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the
crown!

Last the Musician, as he stood
Illumed by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect
blithe,

His figure tall and straight and
lithe,

And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead
beamed,

The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.

He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but
song;

Around him evermore the throng
Of elves and sprites their dances
whirled;

The Strömkarl sang, the cataract
hurled

Its headlong waters from the height;
And mingled in the wild delight
The scream of sea-birds in their
flight,

The rumour of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable
seas,

The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of eld, like trumpets blow-
ing,

Old ballads, and wild melodies
Through mist and darkness pour-
ing forth,

Like Elivagar's river flowing
Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he
played

Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolian forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the
blast.

Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the luteist's art;

And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it
came
Had written his unrivalled name,—
'Antonius Stradivarius.'

And when he played, the at-
mosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echoes of that Harp of
Gold,
Whose music had so weird a
sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward
rolled,
The birds came down from bush
and tree,
The dead came from beneath the
sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee !

The music ceased ; the applause
was loud,
The pleased musician smiled and
bowed ;
The wood-fire clapped its hands of
flame,
The shadows on the wainscot
stirred,
And from the harpsichord there
came
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,
A sound like that sent down at
night
By birds of passage in their flight,
From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed ; then began
A clamour for the Landlord's
tale,—
The story promised them of old,
They said, but always left un-
told ;
And he, although a bashful man,
And all his courage seemed to
fail,
Finding excuse of no avail,
Yielded ; and thus the story ran.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall
hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul
Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in
Seventy-five ;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day
and year.

He said to his friend, 'If the British
march
By land or sea from the town to-
night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry
arch
Of the North Church tower as a
signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village
and farm,
For the country folk to be up and
to arm.'

Then he said, 'Good night !' and
with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown
shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moor-
ings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;
A phantom ship, with each mast
and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was
magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through
alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager
ears,

Paul Revere's Ride.

Till in the silence around him he
hears
The muster of men at the barrack
door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp
of feet,
And the measured tread of the
grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the
shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the
Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy
tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their
perch
On the sombre rafters, that round
him made
Masses and moving shapes of
shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and
tall,
To the highest window in the
wall,
Where he paused to listen and look
down
A moment on the roofs of the
town,
And the moonlight flowing over
all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the
dead,
In their night-encampment on the
hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and
still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's
tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, 'All is
well!'
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the
secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

For suddenly all his thoughts are
bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the
bay,—
A line of black that bends and
floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of
boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and
ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy
stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul
Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far
and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the
earth,
And turned and tightened his
saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager
search
The belfry-tower of the Old North
Church,
As it rose above the graves on the
hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre
and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's
height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of
light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle
he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his
sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in a village
street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk
in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in
passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless
and fleet:

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

That was all! And yet, through
the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that
night;
And the spark struck out by that
steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with
its heat.

He has left the village and mounted
the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and
broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean
tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its
edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on
the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as
he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into
Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's
dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes
down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he
passed,
And the meeting-house windows,
blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would
look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in
Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the
trees,

And felt the breath of the morning
breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his
bed
Who at the bridge would be first to
fall,
Who that day would be lying
dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books
you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and
fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for
ball,
From behind each fence and farm-
yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the
lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge
again
Under the trees at the turn of the
road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul
Revere;
And so through the night went his
cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and
farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock
at the door,
And a word that shall echo for ever-
more!
For, borne on a night-wind of the
Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril
and need,
The people will waken and listen
to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that
steed,
And the midnight message of Paul
Revere.

The Falcon of Ser Federigo.

INTERLUDE.

THE Landlord ended thus his tale,
Then rising took down from its nail
The sword that hung there, dim
with dust,

And cleaving to its sheath with rust,
And said, 'This sword was in the
fight.'

The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,
'It is the sword of a good knight,
Though homespun was his coat-of-
mail ;

What matter if it be not named
Joyeuse, Colado, Durindale,
Excalibar, or Aroundight,
Or other name the books record ?
Your ancestor, who bore this sword
As Colonel of the Volunteers,
Mounted upon his old gray mare,
Seen here and there and every-
where,

To me a grander shape appears
Than old Sir William, or what not,
Clinking about in foreign lands
With iron gauntlets on his hands,
And on his head an iron pot !

All laughed ; the Landlord's face
grew red

As his escutcheon on the wall ;
He could not comprehend at all
The drift of what the Poet said ;
For those who had been longest
dead

Were always greatest in his eyes ;
And he was speechless with surprise
To see Sir William's plumed head
Brought to a level with the rest,
And made the subject of a jest.
And this perceiving, to appease
The Landlord's wrath, the others'
fears,

The Student said, with careless
ease,

'The ladies and the cavaliers,
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,
The deeds of high emprise, I sing !

Thus Ariosto says, in words
That have the stately stride and ring
Of armed knights and clashing
swords.

Now listen to the tale I bring ;
Listen ! though not to me belong
The flowing draperies of his song,
The words that rouse, the voice that
charms.

The Landlord's tale was one of
arms,

Only a tale of love is mine,
Blending the human and divine,
A tale of the Decameron, told
In Palmieri's garden old,
By Fiametta, laurel-crowned,
While her companions lay around,
And heard the intermingled sound
Of airs that on their errands sped,
And wild birds gossiping overhead,
And lisp of leaves, and fountain's
fall,

And her own voice more sweet than
all,

Telling the tale, which, wanting
these,

Perchance may lose its power to
please.'



THE STUDENT'S TALE.

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO.

ONE summer morning, when the
sun was hot,
Weary with labour in his garden-
plot,

On a rude bench beneath his cottage
eaves,

Ser Federigo sat among the leaves
Of a huge vine, that, with its arms
outspread,

Hung its delicious clusters over-
head.

Below him, through the lovely
valley flowed

The river Arno, like a winding road,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

And from its banks were lifted high
in air
The spires and roofs of Florence
called the Fair ;
To him a marble tomb, that rose
above
His wasted fortunes and his buried
love.
For there, in banquet and in tour-
nament,
His wealth had lavished been, his
substance spent,
To woo and lose, since ill his
wooing sped,
Monna Giovanna, who his rival
wed,
Yet ever in his fancy reigned su-
preme,
The ideal woman of a young man's
dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and
pain,
To this small farm, the last of his
domain,
His only comfort and his only care
To prune his vines, and plant the
fig and pear ;
His only forester and only guest
His falcon, faithful to him, when
the rest,
Whose willing hands had found so
light of yore
The brazen knocker of his palace
door,
Had now no strength to lift the
wooden latch,
That entrance gave beneath a roof
of thatch.
Companion of his solitary ways,
Purveyor of his feasts on holidays,
On him this melancholy man be-
stowed
The love with which his nature
overflowed.

And so the empty-handed years
went round,

Vacant, though voiceful with pro-
phetic sound,
And so, that summer morn, he sat
and mused
With folded, patient hands, as he
was used,
And dreamily before his half-closed
sight
Floated the vision of his lost
delight.
Beside him motionless the drowsy
bird
Dreamed of the chase, and in his
slumbering heard
The sudden, scythe-like sweep of
wings, that dare
The headlong plunge thro' eddying
gulfs of air,
Then, starting broad awake upon
his perch,
Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in
a church,
And, looking at his master, seemed
to say,
' Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-
day? '

Ser Federigo thought not of the
chase ;
The tender vision of her lovely
face,
I will not say he seems to see, he
sees
In the leaf-shadows of the trellises,
Herself, yet not herself; a lovely
child
With flowing tresses, and eyes wide
and wild,
Coming undaunted up the garden
walk,
And looking not at him, but at the
hawk.
' Beautiful falcon ! ' said he, ' would
that I
Might hold thee on my wrist, or see
thee fly ! '
The voice was hers, and made
strange echoes start

The Falcon of Ser Federigo.

Through all the haunted chambers
of his heart,
As an Æolian harp through gusty
doors
Of some old ruin its wild music
pours.

'Who is thy mother, my fair boy?'
he said,

His hand laid softly on that shining
head.

'Monna Giovanna. Will you let
me stay

A little while, and with your falcon
play?

We live there, just beyond your
garden wall,

In the great house behind the
poplars tall.'

So he spake on; and Federigo
heard

As from afar each softly uttered
word,

And drifted onward through the
golden gleams

And shadows of the misty sea of
dreams,

As mariners becalmed through
vapours drift,

And feel the sea beneath them
sink and lift,

And hear far off the mournful
breakers roar,

And voices calling faintly from the
shore!

Then, waking from his pleasant
reveries,

He took the little boy upon his
knees,

And told him stories of his gallant
bird,

Till in their friendship he became a
third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her
prime,

Had come with friends to pass the
summer time

In her grand villa, half-way up the
hill,

O'erlooking Florence, but retired
and still;

With iron gates, that opened
through long lines

Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,
And terraced gardens, and broad

steps of stone,
And sylvan deities, with moss o'er-

grown,
And fountains palpitating in the

heat,
And all Val d'Arno stretched be-

neath its feet.
Here in seclusion, as a widow may,

The lovely lady whiled the hours
away,

Pacing in sable robes the statued
hall,

Herself the stateliest statue among
all,

And seeing more and more, with
secret joy,

Her husband risen and living in
her boy,

Till the lost sense of life returned
again,

Not as delight, but as relief from
pain.

Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his
strength,

Stormed down the terraces from
length to length;

The screaming peacock chased in
hot pursuit,

And climbed the garden trellises
for fruit.

But his chief pastime was to watch
the flight

Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight,
Beyond the trees that fringed the

garden wall,
Then downward stooping at some

distant call;
And as he gazed full often wondered

he
Who might the master of the falcon

be,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Until that happy morning, when
he found
Master and falcon in the cottage
ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a passing-
bell

Tolled from the tower, and filled
each spacious room
With secret awe, and preternatural
gloom ;

The petted boy grew ill, and day
by day
Pined with mysterious malady
away.

The mother's heart would not be
comforted ;

Her darling seemed to her already
dead,

And often, sitting by the sufferer's
side,

'What can I do to comfort thee?'
she cried.

At first the silent lips made no reply,
But, moved at length by her im-
portunate cry,

'Give me,' he answered, with
imploing tone,

'Ser Federigo's falcon for my own !'

No answer could the astonished
mother make ;

How could she ask, e'en for her
darling's sake,

Such favour at a luckless lover's
hand,

Well knowing that to ask was to
command ?

Well knowing, what all falconers
confessed,

In all the land that falcon was the
best,

The master's pride and passion
and delight,

And the sole pursuivant of this
poor knight.

But yet, for her child's sake, she
could no less

Than give assent, to soothe his
restlessness,

So promised, and then promising
to keep

Her promise sacred, saw him fall
asleep.

The morrow was a bright Septem-
ber morn ;

The earth was beautiful as if new-
born ;

There was that nameless splendour
everywhere,

That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the
city street

Congratulate each other as they
meet.

Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak
and hood,

Passed through the garden gate
into the wood,

Under the lustrous leaves, and
through the sheen

Of dewy sunshine showering down
between.

The one, close-hooded, had the
attractive grace

Which sorrow sometimes lends a
woman's face ;

Her dark eyes moistened with the
mists that roll

From the gulf-stream of passion in
the soul ;

The other with her hood thrown
back, her hair

Making a golden glory in the air,
Her cheeks suffused with an auroral
blush,

Her young heart singing louder
than the thrush.

So walked, that morn, through
mingled light and shade,

Each by the other's presence
lovelier made,

Monna Giovanna and her bosom
friend,

Intent upon their errand and its end.

The Falcon of Ser Federigo.

They found Ser Federigo at his
toil,
Like banished Adam, delving in
the soil;
And when he looked and these
fair women spied,
The garden suddenly was glorified;
His long-lost Eden was restored
again,
And the strange river winding
through the plain
No longer was the Arno to his
eyes,
But the Euphrates watering Para-
dise!

Monna Giovanna raised her stately
head,
And with fair words of salutation
said:
'Ser Federigo, we come here as
friends,
Hoping in this to make some poor
amends
For past unkindness. I who ne'er
before
Would even cross the threshold of
your door,
I who in happier days such pride
maintained,
Refused your banquets, and your
gifts disdained,
This morning come, a self-invited
guest,
To put your generous nature to
the test,
And breakfast with you under your
own vine.'
To which he answered: 'Poor
desert of mine,
Not your unkindness call it, for if
aught
Is good in me of feeling or of
thought,
From you it comes, and this last
grace outweighs
All sorrows, all regrets of other
days.'

And after further compliment and
talk,
Among the asters in the garden walk
He left his guests; and to his cot-
tage turned,
And as he entered for a moment
yearned
For the lost splendours of the days
of old,
The ruby glass, the silver and the
gold,
And felt how piercing is the sting
of pride,
By want embittered and intensified.
He looked about him for some
means or way
To keep this unexpected holiday;
Searched every cupboard, and then
searched again,
Summoned the maid, who came,
but came in vain;
'The Signor did not hunt to-day,'
she said,
'There's nothing in the house but
wine and bread.'

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon
shook
His little bells, with that sagacious
look,
Which said, as plain as language
to the ear,
'If anything is wanting, I am here!'
Yes, everything is wanting, gallant
bird!
The master seized thee without
further word.
Like thine own lure, he whirled
thee round; ah me!
The pomp and flutter of brave
falconry,
The bells, the jesses, the bright
scarlet hood,
The flight and the pursuit o'er
field and wood,
All these for evermore are ended
now;
No longer victor, but the victim
thou!

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Then on the board a snow-white
 cloth he spread,
Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of
 bread,
Brought purple grapes with autumn
 sunshine hot,
The fragrant peach, the juicy ber-
 gamot ;
Then in the midst a flask of wine
 he placed,
And with autumnal flowers the
 banquet graced.
Ser Federigo, would not these suf-
 fice
Without thy falcon stuffed with
 cloves and spice ?

When all was ready, and the courtly
 dame
With her companion to the cottage
 came,
Upon Ser Federigo's brain there
 fell
The wild enchantment of a magic
 spell !
The room they entered, mean and
 low and small,
Was changed into a sumptuous
 banquet-hall,
With fanfares by aerial trumpets
 blown ;
The rustic chair she sat on was a
 throne ;
He ate celestial food, and a divine
 Flavour was given to his country
 wine,
And the poor falcon, fragrant with
 his spice,
A peacock was, or bird of paradise !

When the repast was ended, they
 arose
And passed again into the garden-
 close.
Then said the lady, ' Far too well
 I know,
Remembering still the days of long
 ago,

Though you betray it not, with
 what surprise
You see me here in this familiar
 wise.
You have no children, and you can-
 not guess
What anguish, what unspeakable
 distress
A mother feels, whose child is lying
 ill,
Nor how her heart anticipates his
 will.
And yet for this, you see me lay
 aside
All womanly reserve and check of
 pride,
And ask the thing most precious
 in your sight,
Your falcon, your sole comfort and
 delight,
Which if you find it in your heart
 to give,
My poor, unhappy boy perchance
 may live.'

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,
With tears of love and pity in his
 eyes :
' Alas, dear lady ! there can be no
 task
So sweet to me as giving when you
 ask.
One little hour ago, if I had
 known
This wish of yours, it would have
 been my own.
But thinking in what manner I
 could best
Do honour to the presence of my
 guest,
I deemed that nothing worthier
 could be
Than what most dear and precious
 was to me,
And so my gallant falcon breathed
 his last
To furnish forth this morning our
 repast.'

The Falcon of Ser Federigo.

In mute contrition, mingled with
dismay,
The gentle lady turned her eyes
away,
Grieving that he such sacrifice
should make,
And kill his falcon for a woman's
sake,
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's
pride,
That nothing she could ask for was
denied;
Then took her leave, and passed
out at the gate
With footstep slow and soul dis-
consolate.
Three days went by, and lo! a
passing bell
Tolled from the little chapel in the
dell;
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard,
and said,
Breathing a prayer, 'Alas! her child
is dead!'
Three months went by; and lo! a
merrier chime
Rang from the chapel bells at
Christmas time;
The cottage was deserted, and no
more
Ser Federigo sat beside its door,
But now, with servitors to do his will,
In the grand villa, half-way up the
hill,
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at
his side
Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,
Enthroned once more in the old
rustic chair,
High-perched upon the back of
which there stood
The image of a falcon carved in
wood,
And underneath the inscription,
with a date,
'All things come round to him who
will but wait.'

INTERLUDE.

SOON as the story reached its end,
One, over eager to commend,
Crowned it with injudicious praise;
And then the voice of blame found
vent,
And fanned the embers of dissent
Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head;
'These old Italian tales,' he said,
'From the much-praised Decame-
ron down

Through all the rabble of the rest,
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;
The gossip of a neighbourhood
In some remote provincial town,
A scandalous chronicle at best!
They seem to me a stagnant fen,
Grown rank with rushes and with
reeds,

Where a white lily, now and then,
Blossoms in the midst of noxious
weeds

And deadly nightshade on its
banks.'

To this the Student straight replied,
'For the white lily, many thanks!
One should not say, with too much
pride,

Fountain I will not drink of thee!
Nor were it grateful to forget,
That from these reservoirs and tanks
Even imperial Shakespeare drew
His Moor of Venice, and the Jew,
And Romeo and Juliet,
And many a famous comedy.'

Then a long pause; till some one
said,

'An Angel is flying overhead!'
At these words spake the Spanish
Jew,

And murmured with an inward
breath:

'God grant, if what you say be true,
It may not be the Angel of Death!'

And then another pause ; and then,
 Stroking his beard, he said again :
 'This brings back to my memory
 A story in the Talmud told,
 That book of gems, that book of
 gold,
 Of wonders many and manifold,
 A tale that often comes to me,
 And fills my heart, and haunts my
 brain,
 And never wearies nor grows old.'



THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN

LEVI.

RABBI Ben Levi, on the Sabbath,
 read
 A volume of the Law, in which it
 said,
 'No man shall look upon my face
 and live.'
 And as he read, he prayed that
 God would give
 His faithful servant grace with
 mortal eye
 To look upon His face and yet not
 die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the
 page,
 And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim
 with age,
 He saw the Angel of Death before
 him stand,
 Holding a naked sword in his right
 hand.

Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous
 man,
 Yet through his veins a chill of
 terror ran.
 With trembling voice he said,
 'What wilt thou here ?'
 The Angel answered, 'Lo ! the time
 draws near

When thou must die ; yet first, by
 God's decree,
 Whate'er thou askest shall be grant-
 ed thee.'
 Replied the Rabbi, 'Let these liv-
 ing eyes
 First look upon my place in Para-
 dise.'

Then said the Angel, 'Come with
 me and look.'
 Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred
 book,
 And rising, and uplifting his gray
 head,
 'Give me thy sword,' he to the
 Angel said,
 'Lest thou shouldst fall upon me
 by the way.'
 The Angel smiled and hastened to
 obey,
 Then led him forth to the Celestial
 Town,
 And set him on the wall, whence,
 gazing down,
 Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living
 eyes,
 Might look upon his place in Para-
 dise.

Then straight into the city of the
 Lord
 The Rabbi leaped with the Death-
 Angel's sword,
 And through the streets there
 swept a sudden breath
 Of something there unknown, which
 men call death.
 Meanwhile the Angel stayed with-
 out, and cried,
 'Come back !' To which the Rab-
 bi's voice replied,
 'No ! in the name of God, whom
 I adore,
 I swear that hence I will depart no
 more !'

Then all the Angels cried, 'O Holy
 One,

The Legend of Rabbi ben Levi.

See what the son of Levi here hath done !

The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,

And in Thy name refuses to go hence !

The Lord replied, 'My Angels, be not wroth ;

Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath ?

Let him remain ; for he with mortal eye

Shall look upon my face and yet not die.'

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death

Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,

'Give back the sword, and let me go my way.'

Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, 'Nay !

Anguish enough already hath it caused

Among the sons of men.' And while he paused

He heard the awful mandate of the Lord

Resounding through the air, 'Give back the sword !'

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer ;

Then said he to the dreadful Angel, 'Swear,

No human eye shall look on it again ;

But when thou takest away the souls of men,

Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,

Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord.'

The Angel took the sword again, and swore,

And walks on earth unseen for evermore.

INTERLUDE.

HE ended : and a kind of spell
Upon the silent listeners fell.
His solemn manner and his words
Had touched the deep, mysterious
chords,

That vibrate in each human breast
Alike, but not alike confessed.

The spiritual world seemed near ;
And close above them, full of fear,
Its awful adumbration passed,
A luminous shadow, vague and
vast.

They almost feared to look, lest
there,

Embodied from the impalpable air,
They might behold the Angel stand,
Holding the sword in his right
hand.

At last, but in a voice subdued,
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,
Said the Sicilian : 'While you
spoke,

Telling your legend marvellous,
Suddenly in my memory woke
The thought of one, now gone from
us,—

An old Abate, meek and mild,
My friend and teacher, when a
child,

Who sometimes in those days of
old

The legend of an Angel told,
Which ran, as I remember, thus.'



THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope
Urbane

And Valmond, Emperor of Alle-
maine,

Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight
and squire,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, '*Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles*';
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
'What mean these words?' The clerk made answer meet,
'He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree.'
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.
When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;

He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, 'Who is there?'
Half-choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
'Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou afraid?'
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
'This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!'
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemagne,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,

King Robert of Sicily.

Strode on and thundered at the
palace gate ;
Rushed through the courtyard,
thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal
and page,
And hurried up the broad and
sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the
torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with
breathless speed ;
Voices and cries he heard, but did
not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing
with perfume.

There on the dais sat another
king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his
signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form,
and height,
But all transfigured with angelic
light !
It was an Angel ; and his presence
there
With a divine effulgence filled the
air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel
recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless,
amazed,
The throneless monarch on the
Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and
surprise
With the divine compassion of his
eyes ;
Then said, 'Who art thou ? and
why com'st thou here ?'
To which King Robert answered,
with a sneer,
'I am the King, and come to claim
my own

From an impostor, who usurps my
throne !'
And suddenly, at these audacious
words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and
drew their swords ;
The Angel answered, with unruffled
brow,
'Nay, not the King, but the King's
Jester, thou
Henceforth shall wear the bells and
scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead
an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when
they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in
the hall !'

Deaf to King Robert's threats and
cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and
down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran
before,
And as they opened wide the fold-
ing door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with
strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-
at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar
and ring
With the mock plaudits of 'Long
live the King !'

Next morning, waking with the
day's first beam,
He said within himself, 'It was a
dream !'
But the straw rustled as he turned
his head,
There were the cap and bells be-
side his bed,
Around him rose the bare, dis-
coloured walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing
in their stalls,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

And in the corner, a revolting
shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the
wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he
loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at
his touch!

Days came and went; and now
returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance
benign
The happy island danced with corn
and wine,
And deep within the mountain's
burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to
his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that
jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant
stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as
monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages
laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only
food
What others left,—he still was un-
subdued.
And when the Angel met him on
his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest,
would say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he
might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword
of steel,
'Art thou the King?' the passion
of his woe
Burst from him in resistless over-
flow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he
would fling

The haughty answer back, 'I am,
I am the King!'

Almost three years were ended;
when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and
name
From Valmond, Emperor of Alle-
maine,
Unto King Robert, saying that
Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith
to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of
Rome.
The Angel with great joy received
his guests,
And gave them presents of em-
broidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich er-
mine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest
kind.
Then he departed with them o'er
the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more re-
splendent made
By the mere passing of that caval-
cade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and
housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of goldenspur.
And lo! among the menials, in
mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with sham-
bling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in
the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched
behind,
King Robert rode, making huge
merriment
In all the country towns through
which they went.
The Pope received them with great
pomp and blare

King Robert of Sicily.

Of bannered trumpets, on Saint
Peter's square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and
with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through
the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and
cried aloud,
'I am the King! Look, and behold
in me
Robert, your brother, King of
Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance
to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no
voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are
akin?'
The Pope in silence, but with
troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance
serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, 'It
is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at
court!'
And the poor, baffled Jester in
disgrace
Was hustled back among the popu-
lace.

In solemn state the Holy Week
went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon
the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its
light,
Before the sun rose, made the city
bright,
And with new fervour filled the
hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had
risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,

With haggard eyes the unwonted
splendour saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his
chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of
the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, as-
cending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once
more
Valmond returning to the Danube's
shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed,
and again
The land was made resplendent
with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by
sea.
And when once more within Paler-
mo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his
great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent
towers,
As if the better world conversed
with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to
draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest
retire;
And when they were alone, the
Angel said,
'Art thou the King?' Then, bow-
ing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands
upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: 'Thou
knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go
hence,
And in some cloister's school of
penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the
way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul
be shriven!'

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

The Angel smiled, and from his
radiant face

A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud
and clear,

They heard the monks chant in
the chapel near,

Above the stir and tumult of the
street :

'He has put down the mighty from
their seat,

And has exalted them of low de-
gree !'

And through the chant a second
melody

Rose like the throbbing of a single
string :

'I am an Angel, and thou art the
King !'

King Robert, who was standing
near the throne,

Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was
alone !

But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth
of gold ;

And when his courtiers came, they
found him there

Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed
in silent prayer.

INTERLUDE.

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman
told

A Saga of the days of old.

'There is,' said he, 'a wondrous
book

Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,
Of the dead kings of Norröy, —
Legends that once were told or
sung

In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
By wandering Saga-man or Scald ;

Heimskringla is the volume called ;
And he who looks may find therein
The story that I now begin.'

And in each pause the story made
Upon his violin he played,
As an appropriate interlude,
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes
That bound in one the separate
runes,

And held the mind in perfect mood,
Entwining and encircling all
The strange and antiquated rhymes
With melodies of olden times ;
As over some half-ruined wall,
Disjointed and about to fall,
Fresh woodbines climb and inter-
lace,

And keep the loosened stones in
place.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.

I.

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.

I AM the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer !
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I for ever !

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations ;
This is my hammer,
Mjölnir the mighty ;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it !

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off ;
This is my girdle ;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled !

The Saga of King Olaf.

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations !

Jove is my brother ;
Mine eyes are the lightning ;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake !

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it ;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-Day !

Thou art a God too,
O Galilean !
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee !

II.

KING OLAF'S RETURN.

AND King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed ;
And the red light glanced and
gleamed

On the armour that he wore ;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and
shifted,

'I accept thy challenge, Thor !'

To avenge his father slain,
And reconquer realm and reign,
Came the youthful Olaf home,
Through the midnight sailing, sail-
ing,
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
And the dashing of the foam.

To his thoughts the sacred name
Of his mother Astrid came,
And the tale she oft had told
Of her flight by secret passes
Through the mountains and mo-
rasses,
To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded
back
Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and
wrack,
And a hurried flight by sea ;
Of grim Vikings, and the rapture
Of the sea-fight, and the capture,
And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face
In the Esthonian market-place,
Scanned his features one by one,
Saying, 'We should know each
other ;
I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son !'

Then as Queen Allogia's page,
Old in honours, young in age,
Chief of all her men-at-arms ;
Till vague whispers, and mys-
terious,
Reached King Valdemar, the im-
perious,
Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,
Westward to the Hebrides,
And to Scilly's rocky shore ;
And the hermit's cavern dismal,
Christ's great name and rites bap-
tismal
In the ocean's rush and roar.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

All these thoughts of love and
strife

Glimmered through his lurid life,
As the stars' intenser light
Through the red flames o'er him
trailing,
As his ships went sailing, sailing,
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,
Skilful in each manly sport,
Young and beautiful and tall ;
Art of warfare, craft of chases,
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe
races,
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,
He along the bending oars
Outside of his ship could run.
He the Smalsor Horn ascended,
And his shining shield suspended
On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand,
Wield his sword with either hand,
And at once two javelins throw ;
At all feasts where ale was
strongest
Sat the merry monarch longest,
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen
One so beautiful of mien,
One so royal in attire,
When in arms completely fur-
nished,
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown
Passed that cry along the shore ;
And he answered, while the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and
shifted,
'I accept thy challenge, Thor !'

III.

THORA OF RIMOL.

'THORA of Rimol ! hide me ! hide
me !

Danger and shame and death be-
tide me !

For Olaf the King is hunting me
down

Through field and forest, through
thorp and town !'

Thus cried Jarl Hakon

To Thora, the fairest of women.

'Hakon Jarl ! for the love I bear
thee

Neither shall shame nor death come
near thee !

But the hiding-place wherein thou
must lie

Is the cave underneath the swine
in the sty.'

Thus to Jarl Hakon

Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall
Karker

Crouched in the cave, than a dun-
geon darker,

As Olaf came riding, with men in
mail,

Through the forest roads into Or-
kadale,

Demanding Jarl Hakon

Of Thora, the fairest of women.

'Rich and honoured shall be who-
ever

The head of Hakon Jarl shall dis-
sever !'

Hakon heard him, and Karker the
slave,

Through the breathing-holes of the
darksome cave.

Alone in her chamber

Wept Thora, the fairest of wo-
men.

The Saga of King Olaf.

Said Karker, the crafty, 'I will not
slay thee!

For all the king's gold I will never
betray thee!'

'Then why dost thou turn so pale,
O churl,

And then again black as the earth?'
said the Earl.

More pale and more faithful
Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the
thrall started, saying,

'Round my neck a gold ring King
Olaf was laying!'

And Hakon answered, 'Beware of
the King!

He will lay round thy neck a blood-
red ring.'

At the ring on her finger
Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with
sorrows encumbered,

But screamed and drew up his feet
as he slumbered;

The thrall in the darkness plunged
with his knife,

And the Earl awakened no more
in this life.

But wakeful and weeping
Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all
singing,

Two ghastly heads on the gibbet
are swinging;

One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his
thrall's,

And the people are shouting from
windows and walls;

While alone in her chamber
Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

IV.

QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY.

QUEEN Sigrid the Haughty sat
proud and aloft

In her chamber, that looked over
meadow and croft.

Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was
besprent,

Filling the room with their fragrant
scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw
the sun shine,

The air of summer was sweeter than
wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the
bright river lay

Between her own kingdom and
Norway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her
hand,

The sword would be sheathed, the
river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around
her knee,

Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient
rune

Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath
of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and
over it all

Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring
of gold,

From the door of Lade's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding
gift,

But her thoughts as arrows were
keen and swift.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain,
Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way,
Said, 'Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, say?'

And they answered: 'O Queen!
if the truth must be told,
The ring is of copper, and not of gold!'

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek,
She only murmured, she did not speak:

'If in his gifts he can faithless be,
There will be no gold in his love to me.'

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of love,
And swore to be true as the stars are above.

But she smiled with contempt as she answered: 'O King,
Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?'

And the King: 'O speak not of Odin to me,
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be.'

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows,
She said, 'I keep true to my faith and my vows.'

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened with gloom,
He rose in his anger and strode through the room.

'Why, then, should I care to have thee?' he said,—
'A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!'

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,
And he struck the Queen in the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled,
And the wooden stairway shook with his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her breath,
'This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy death!'
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

V.

THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS.

Now from all King Olaf's farms
His men-at-arms
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;
To his house at Angvalds-ness
Fast they press,
Drinking with the royal feaster.

Loudly through the wide-flung door
Came the roar
Of the sea upon the Skerry;
And its thunder loud and near
Reached the ear,
Mingling with their voices merry.

'Hark!' said Olaf to his Scald,
Halfred the Bald,
'Listen to that song, and learn it!
Half my kingdom would I give,
As I live,
If by such songs you would earn it!

The Saga of King Olaf.

'For of all the runes and rhymes
Of all times,
Best I like the ocean's dirges,
When the old harper heaves and
rocks,
His hoary locks
Flowing and flashing in the surges!'

Halfred answered: 'I am called
The Unappalled!
Nothing hinders me or daunts me.
Hearken to me, then, O King,
While I sing
The great Ocean Song that haunts
me.'

'I will hear your song sublime
Some other time,'
Says the drowsymonarch, yawning,
And retires; each laughing guest
Applauds the jest;
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,
King Olaf's guard
Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping
O'er the sands, and up the hill,
Gathering still
Round the house where they were
sleeping.

It was not the fog he saw,
Nor misty flaw,
That above the landscape brooded;
It was Eyvind Kallda's crew
Of warlocks blue
With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,
Weaving slow
Magic circles to encumber
And imprison in their ring
Olaf the King,
As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapours dun
The Easter sun
Streamed with one broad track of
splendour!

In their real forms appeared
The warlocks weird,
Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,
They groped and stared
Round about with steps unsteady;
From his window Olaf gazed,
And, amazed,
'Who are these strange people?'
said he.

'Eyvind Kallda and his men!'
Answered then
From the yard a sturdy farmer;
While the men-at-arms apace
Filled the place,
Busily buckling on their armour.

From the gates they sallied forth,
South and north,
Scoured the island coast around
them,
Seizing all the warlock band,
Foot and hand
On the Skerry's rocks they bound
them.

And at eve the King again
Called his train,
And, with all the candles burning,
Silent sat and heard once more
The sullen roar
Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair
Filled the air,
Growing fainter as they listened;
Then the bursting surge alone
Sounded on;—
Thus the sorcerers were christened!

'Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,
Your ocean-rhyme,'
Cried King Olaf: 'it will cheer me!'
Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,
'The Skerry of Shrieks
Sings too loud for you to hear me!'

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

VI.

THE WRAITH OF ODIN.

THE guests were loud, the ale was strong;

King Olaf feasted late and long ;
The hoary Scalds together sang ;
O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din ;

A blast of cold night-air came in,
And on the threshold shivering stood

A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The King exclaimed, 'O graybeard pale !

Come warm thee with this cup of ale.'

The foaming draught the old man quaffed,

The noisy guests looked on and laughed.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Then spake the King : 'Be not afraid ;

Sithere by me.' The guest obeyed,
And, seated at the table, told

Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,
The King demanded yet one more ;

Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,

"'Tis late, O King, and time for bed.'

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The King retired ; the stranger guest

Followed and entered with the rest ;
The lights were out, the pages gone,
But still the garrulous guest spake on.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

As one who from a volume reads,
He spake of heroes and their deeds,
Of lands and cities he had seen,
And stormy gulfs that tossed between.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Then from his lips in music rolled
The Havamal of Odin old,
With sounds mysterious as the roar
Of billows on a distant shore.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

'Do we not learn from runes and rhymes

Made by the gods in elder times,
And do not still the great Scalds teach

That silence better is than speech ?'

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,
'Thy lore is by thy tongue belied ;
For never was I so enthralled
Either by Saga-man or Scald.'

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The Bishop said, 'Late hours we keep !

Night wanes, O King ! 'tis time for sleep !'

Then slept the King, and when he woke

The guest was gone, the morning broke.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The Saga of King Olaf.

They found the doors securely
barred,
They found the watch-dog in the
yard,
There was no footprint in the
grass,
And none had seen the stranger
pass.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-
sang.

King Olaf crossed himself and
said:
'I know that Odin the Great is
dead ;
Sure is the triumph of our Faith,
The one-eyed stranger was his
wraith.'
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-
sang.

VII.

IRON-BEARD.

OLAF the King, one summer
morn,
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
Sending his signal through the land
of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at
Mere
Gathered the farmers far and
near,
With their war weapons ready to
confront him.

Ploughing under the morning
star,
Old Iron-Beard in Yriar
Heard the summons, chuckling
with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from
his brow,
Unharnessed his horses from the
plough,
And clattering came on horseback
to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the
churls ;
Little he cared for king or earls ;
Bitter as home-brewed ale were
his foaming passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he
wore,
And by the Hammer of Thor he
swore ;
He hated the narrow town, and all
its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his
farm,
His ale at night, by the fireside
warm,
Gudrun his daughter, with her
flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his
herds,
The smell of the earth, and the
song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with
its water-cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his
frame ;
His beard, from which he took
his name,
Frosty and fierce, like that of
Hymer the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he ap-
peared,
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,
On horseback, in an attitude de-
fiant.

And to King Olaf he cried
aloud,
Out of the middle of the crowd,
That tossed about him like a
stormy ocean :

'Such sacrifices shalt thou bring ;
To Odin and to Thor, O King,
As other kings have done in their
devotion!'

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

King Olaf answered : ' I command
This land to be a Christian
land ;
Here is my Bishop who the folk
baptizes !

' But if you ask me to restore
Your sacrifices, stained with gore,
Then will I offer human sacrifices !

' Not slaves and peasants shall
they be,
But men of note and high
degree,
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar
of Gryting ! '

Then to their Temple strode he
in,
And loud behind him heard the
din
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants
fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in
wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme
among them.

King Olaf smote them with the
blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold-inlaid,
And downward shattered to the
pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose without,
From the contending crowd, a
shout,
A mingled sound of triumph and
of wailing.

And there upon the trampled
plain
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,
Midway between the assailed and
the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway
spoke :
' Choose ye between two things,
my folk,
To be baptized or given up to
slaughter ! '

And seeing their leader stark
and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
' O King, baptize us with thy holy
water.'

So all the Drontheim land became
A Christian land in name and
fame,
In the old gods no more believing
and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun ;
And thus in peace ended the Dron-
theim Hus-Ting !

VIII.

GUDRUN.

ON King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light,
And across the chamber streams
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,
When all evil things have power,
In the glimmer of the moon
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast,
Something in her hand is pressed ;
Like an icicle, its sheen
Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes
Where her murdered father lies,
And a voice remote and drear
She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this !
Cold will be the dagger's kiss ;
Laden with the chill of death
Is its breath.

The Saga of King Olaf.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps
To the couch where Olaf sleeps ;
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,
His eyes meet hers.

'What is that,' King Olaf said,
'Gleams so bright above thy
head ?

Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight ?'

'Tis the bodkin that I wear
When at night I bind my hair ;
It woke me falling on the floor ;
'Tis nothing more.'

'Forests have ears, and fields have
eyes ;
Often treachery lurking lies
Underneath the fairest hair !
Gudrun beware !'

Ere the earliest peep of morn
Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn ;
And for ever Sundered ride
Bridegroom and bride !

IX.

THANGRAND THE PRIEST.

SHORT of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.
'Look !' they said,
With nodding head,
'There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.'

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysos-
tome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,
Everywhere
Would drink and swear,
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.

In his house this malcontent
Could the King no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there,
And away
One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books
Pored the people day and
night,
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to
write.
'All this rhyme
Is waste of time !'
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the Scalds and Saga-
men ;
Is it to be wondered at
That they quarrelled now and
then,
When o'er his beer
Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest ?

All the folk in Altafiord
Boasted of their island grand ;
Saying in a single word,
'Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon !'
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

And he answered : 'What's the use

Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town !'

Every Scald
Satires scrawled

On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than
that ;

And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in shovel hat,
Drawn in charcoal on the wall ;
With words that go
Sprawling below,

'This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.'

Hardly knowing what he did,
Then he smote them might and
main,

Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
Lay there in the alehouse slain.

'To-day we are gold,
To-morrow mould !'

Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
Back to Norway sailed he then.

'O, King Olaf ! little hope
Is there of these Iceland men !'

Meekly said,

With bending head,
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

X.

RAUD THE STRONG.

'ALL the old gods are dead,
All the wild warlocks fled ;
But the White Christ lives and
reigns,

And throughout my wide domains
His Gospel shall be spread !'

On the Evangelists
Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night
Beheld he the crimson light,
And heard the voice that defied
Him who was crucified,
And challenged him to the fight.
To Sigurd the Bishop
King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,
'The old gods are not dead,
For the great Thor still reigns,
And among the Jarls and Thanes
The old witchcraft still is spread.'
Thus to King Olaf
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

'Far north in the Salten Fiord,
By rapine, fire, and sword,
Lives the Viking, Raud the Strong ;
All the Godoe Isles belong
To him and his heathen horde.'
Thus went on speaking
Sigurd the Bishop.

'A warlock, a wizard is he,
And lord of the wind and the
sea ;
And whichever way he sails,
He has ever favouring gales,
By his craft in sorcery.'
Here the sign of the cross
Made devoutly King Olaf.

'With rites that we both abhor,
He worships Odin and Thor ;
So it cannot yet be said,
That all the old gods are dead,
And the warlocks are no more,'
Flushing with anger
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Then King Olaf cried aloud :
'I will talk with this mighty Raud,
And along the Salten Fiord
Preach the Gospel with my sword,
Or be brought back in my shroud !'
So northward from Dron-
them
Sailed King Olaf !

The Saga of King Olaf.

XI.

BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN FIORD.

LOUD the angry wind was wailing
As King Olaf's ships came sailing
Northward out of Drontheim haven
To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray
drenches
Fore and aft the rowers' benches,
Not a single heart is craven
Of the champions there on
board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,
But within it storm and riot,
Such as on his Viking cruises
Raud the Strong was wont to
ride.

And the sea through all its tide-
ways
Swept the reeling vessels sideways,
As the leaves are swept through
sluices,
When the flood-gates open
wide.

'Tis the warlock! 'tis the demon
Raud!' cried Sigurd to the seamen;
'But the Lord is not affrighted
By the witchcraft of his foes.'

To the ship's bow he ascended,
By his choristers attended,
Round him were the tapers lighted,
And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,
In his robes, as one transfigured,
And the Crucifix he planted
High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled
All the ship; the mass-bells tinkled;
Loud the monks around him
chanted,
Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted,
On each side the water parted;
Down a path like silver molten
Steadily rowed King Olaf's
ships;

Steadily burned all night the tapers,
And the White Christ through the
vapours
Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,
As through John's Apocalypse,—

Till at last they reached Raud's
dwelling
On the little isle of Gelling;
Not a guard was at the doorway,
Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,
Lay the dragon-ship he builded;
'Twas the grandest ship in Norway,
With its crest and scales of
green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,
To the loft where Raud was sleep-
ing,
With their fists they burst asunder
Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they
found him,
Dragged him from his bed and
bound him,
While he stared with stupid wonder,
At the look and garb they
wore.

Then King Olaf said: 'O Sea-
King!
Little time have we for speaking,
Choose between the good and
evil;
Be baptized, or thou shalt die!'

But in scorn the heathen scoffer
Answered: 'I disdain thine offer;
Neither fear I God nor Devil;
Thee and thy Gospel I defy!'

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Then between his jaws distended,
When his frantic struggles ended,
Through King Olaf's horn an adder,
Touched by fire, they forced to
glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
As he gnawed through bone and
marrow ;

But without a groan or shudder,
Raud the Strong blaspheming
died.

Then baptized they all that re-
gion,

Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,
Far as swims the salmon, leaping,
Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his
sword.

Then he took the carved and
gilded
Dragon-ship that Raud had build-
ed,
And the tiller single-handed,
Grasping, steered into the main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er
him,

Southward sailed the ship that bore
him,

Till at Drontheim haven landed
Olaf and his crew again.

XII.

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS.

AT Drontheim, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the
brim ;

But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the cross divine,
As he drank, and muttered his
prayers ;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of
Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the firelight dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and
lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the
King ;
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
'Sing !'

'Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward.'
And he loosened the belt at his
waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

'Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed
The millstone through and
through,
And Foot-breadth of Thoralf the
Strong,
Were neither so broad nor so long,
Nor so true.'

Then the Scald took his harp and
sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining
word

The Saga of King Olaf.

And the harp-strings a clangour
made,
As if they were struck with the
blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
Broke forth into a shout
That made the rafters ring :
They smote with their fists on the
board,
And shouted, ' Long live the Sword,
And the King ! '

But the King said, ' O my son,
I miss the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy rhymes.'
And Halfred the Scald replied,
' In another 'twas multiplied
Three times.'

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, ' Do not refuse ;
Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross :
Choose ! '

And Halfred the Scald said, ' This
In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified ! '
And a shout went round the board,
' In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died ! '

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists re-
vealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword,
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank ' Was-hael !
To the Lord ! '

XIII.

THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT.

THORBERG SKAFTING, master-
builder,
In his ship-yard by the sea,
Whistling, said, ' It would bewilder
Any man but Thorberg Skafting.
Any man but me ! '

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,
Built of old by Raud the Strong,
And King Olaf had commanded
He should build another Dragon,
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skaft-
ing,
As he sat with half-closed eyes,
And his head turned sideways,
drafting
That new vessel for King Olaf
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and ham-
mered
Mallet huge and heavy axe ;
Workmen laughed and sang and
clamoured ;
Whirred the wheels, that into rig-
ging
Spun the shining flax !

All this tumult heard the master,—
It was music to his ear ;
Fancy whispered all the faster,
' Men shall hear of Thorberg Skaft-
ing
For a hundred year ! '

Workmen sweating at the forges
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,
Like a warlock's midnight orgies
Smoked and bubbled the black
caldron
With the boiling tar.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,
Thorberg Skafting, any curse ?
Could you not be gone a minute
But some mischief must be doing,
Turning bad to worse ?

'Twas an ill wind that came waft-
ing
From his homestead words of
woe ;
To his farm went Thorberg Skaft-
ing,
Oft repeating to his workmen,
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning
Came the master back by night ;
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,
Hurried he, and did not leave it
Till the morning's light.

'Come and see my ship, my dar-
ling,
On the morrow said the King ;
'Finished now from keel to carling ;
Never yet was seen in Norway
Such a wondrous thing !'

In the ship-yard, idly talking,
At the ship the workmen stared :
Some one, all their labour balking,
Down her sides had cut deep
gashes,
Not a plank was spared !

'Death be to the evil-doer !'
With an oath King Olaf spoke ;
'But rewards to his pursuer !'
And with wrath his face grew redder
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smil-
ing,
Answered thus the angry King :
'Cease blaspheming and reviling,
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting
Who has done this thing !'

Then he chipped and smoothed the
planking,
Till the King, delighted, swore,
With much lauding and much
thanking,
'Handsome is now my Dragon
Than she was before !'

Seventy ells and four extended
On the grass the vessel's keel ;
High above it, gilt and splendid,
Rose the figure-head ferocious
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the
tressels,
In the ship-yard by the sea ;
She was the grandest of all vessels,
Never ship was built in Norway
Half so fine as she !

The Long Serpent was she
christened,
'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer !
They who to the Saga listened
Heard the name of Thorberg
Skafting
For a hundred year !

XIV.

THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT.
SAFE at anchor in Drontheim
bay
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,
And, striped with white and
blue,
Downward fluttered sail and
banner,
As alights the screaming lanner ;
Lustily cheered, in their wild
manner,
The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the
Red ;
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
His teeth as large and white ;

The Saga of King Olaf.

His beard, of gray and russet
 blended,
Round as a swallow's nest de-
 scended;
As standard-bearer he defended
 Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,
Like the King in garb and face,
 So gallant and so hale;
Every cabin-boy and varlet
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet;
Like a river, frozen and star-lit,
 Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,
 A figure gaunt and grand;
On his hairy arm imprinted
Was an anchor, azure-tinted;
Like Thor's hammer, huge and
 dinted
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
To the winds his golden hair,
 By the mainmast stood;
Graceful was his form, and slender,
And his eyes were deep and tender
As a woman's in the splendour
 Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork
Watched the sailors at their work:
 Heavens! how they swore!
Thirty men they each commanded,
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
Shoulders broad, and chests ex-
 panded,
Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,
With King Olaf sailed the seas,
 Till the waters vast
Filled them with a vague devo-
 tion,
With the freedom and the motion,
With the roll and roar of ocean
 And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
How they roared through Dron-
 them's street,
Boisterous as the gale!
How they laughed and stamped
 and pounded,
Till the tavern roof resounded,
And the host looked on astounded
 As they drank the ale!

Never saw the wild North Sea
Such a gallant company
 Sail its billows blue!
Never, while they cruised and
 quarrelled,
Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth
 Harald,
Owned a ship so well apparelled,
 Boasted such a crew!

XV.

A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR.

A LITTLE bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri the fair,
 The sister of Svend the Dane;
And the song of the garrulous
 bird
In the streets of the town is heard,
And repeated again and again.
 Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said,
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,
 And a sorrowful bride went she;
And after a week and a day,
She has fled away and away,
 From his town by the stormy
 sea.

Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and
 through cold,
Through weald, they say, and
 through wold,
By day and by night, they say,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

She has fled ; and the gossips report
She has come to King Olaf's court,
And the town is all in dismay.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,
Has talked with the beautiful
Queen ;

And they wonder how it will end ;
For surely, if here she remain,
It is war with King Svend the Dane,
And King Burislaf the Vend !
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

O, greatest wonder of all !
It is published in hamlet and hall,
It roars like a flame that is
fanned !

The King—yes, Olaf the King—
Has wedded her with his ring,
And Thyri is Queen in the land !
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

XVI.

QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS.

NORTHWARD over Drontheim
Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,
Sang the lark and linnet
From the meadows green ;

Weeping in her chamber,
Lonely and unhappy,
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,
On the roof above her
Softly cooed the dove ;

But the sound she heard not,
Nor the sunshine heeded,
For the thoughts of Thyri
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,
Beautiful as morning,
Like the sun at Easter
Shone his happy face ;

In his hand he carried
Angelicas uprooted,
With delicious fragrance
Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Even the smile of Olaf
Could not cheer her gloom ;

Nor the stalks he gave her
With a gracious gesture,
And with words as pleasant
As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,
And her jewelled fingers
Through the green leaves glistened
Like the dews of morn ;

But she cast them from her,
Haughty and indignant,
On the floor she threw them
With a look of scorn.

'Richer presents,' said she,
'Gave King Harald Gormson
To the Queen, my mother,
Than such worthless weeds ;

'When he ravaged Norway,
Laying waste the kingdom,
Seizing scatt and treasure
For her royal needs.

'But thou darest not venture
Through the Sound to Vendland,
My domains to rescue
From King Burislaf ;

'Lest King Svend of Denmark,
Forked Beard, my brother,
Scatter all thy vessels
As the wind the chaff.'

The Saga of King Olaf.

Then up sprang King Olaf,
Like a reindeer bounding,
With an oath he answered
Thus the luckless Queen :

‘Never yet did Olaf
Fear King Svend of Denmark ;
This right hand shall hale him
By his forked chin !’

Then he left the chamber,
Thundering through the doorway,
Loud his steps resounded
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult,
Through the streets of Drontheim
Strode he red and wrathful,
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,
Summoned all his forces,
Making his war levy
In the region round ;

Down the coast of Norway,
Like a flock of sea-gulls,
Sailed the fleet of Olaf
Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless,
Steered he the Long Serpent,
Strained the creaking cordage,
Bent each boom and gaff ;

Till in Vendland landing,
The domains of Thyri
He redeemed and rescued
From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing,
‘Not ten yoke of oxen
Have the power to draw us
Like a woman’s hair !’

‘Now will I confess it,
Better things are jewels
Than angelica stalks are
For a Queen to wear.’

XVII.

KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD.

LOUDLY the sailors cheered
Svend of the Forked Beard,
As with his fleet he steered
Southward to Vendland ;
Where with their courses hauled
All were together called,
Under the Isle of Svald
Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild’s death,
So the old Saga saith,
Plighted King Svend his faith
To Sigrid the Haughty ;
And to avenge his bride,
Soothing her wounded pride,
Over the waters wide
King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face,
Blushing with deep disgrace,
Bore she the crimson trace
Of Olaf’s gauntlet ;
Like a malignant star,
Blazing in heaven afar,
Red shone the angry scar
Under her frontlet.

Off to King Svend she spake,
‘For thine own honour’s sake
Shalt thou swift vengeance take
On the vile coward !’
Until the King at last,
Gusty and overcast,
Like a tempestuous blast
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared,
Svend of the Forked Beard
High his red standard reared,
Eager for battle ;
While every warlike Dane,
Seizing his arms again,
Left all unsown the grain,
Unhoused the cattle.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Likewise the Swedish King
Summoned in haste a Thing,
Weapons and men to bring
In aid of Denmark ;
Eric the Norseman, too,
As the war-tidings flew,
Sailed with a chosen crew
From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day
Sailed the three kings away,
Out of the sheltered bay,
In the bright season ;
With them Earl Sigvald came,
Eager for spoil and fame ;
Pity that such a name
Stooped to such treason !

Safe under Svald at last,
Now were their anchors cast,
Safe from the sea and blast,
Plotted the three kings ;
While, with a base intent,
Southward Earl Sigvald went,
On a foul errand bent,
Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course,
Unto King Olaf's force,
Lying within the hoarse
Mouths of Stet-haven ;
Him to ensnare and bring
Unto the Danish king,
Who his dead corse would fling
Forth to the raven !

XVIII.

KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD.

ON the gray sea-sands
King Olaf stands,
Northward and seaward
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl
The sea-tides curl,
Washing the sandals
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted,
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,
The harbour lies dead,
As a corse on the sea-shore,
Whose spirit has fled !

On that fatal day,
The histories say,
Seventy vessels
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide
O'er the billows they ride,
While Sigvald and Olaf
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl : ' Follow me !
I your pilot will be,
For I know all the channels
Where flows the deep sea ! '

So into the strait
Where his foes lie in wait,
Gallant King Olaf
Sails to his fate !

Then the sea-fog veils
The ships and their sails ;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails !

XIX.

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS.

' Strike the sails ! ' King Olaf said ;
' Never shall men of mine take
flight ;

Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes !

Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight ! '

The Saga of King Olaf.

'Sound the horns!' said Olaf the King;
And suddenly through the drifting brume
The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarock,
On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the mist overhead
The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed,
So that neither should turn and retreat;

In the midst, but in front of the rest
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold,
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red
Watched the lashing of the ships;
'If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here,
Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
'Have I a coward on board?' said he.

'Shoot it another way, O King!'
Sullenly answered Ulf,
The old sea-wolf;
'You have need of me!'

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers;
To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes;
And on board of the Iron Beard
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his oars.

'These soft Danes and Swedes'
said the King,
'At home with their wives had better stay,
Than come within reach of my Serpent's sting:
But where Eric the Norseman leads
Heroic deeds
Will be done to-day!'

Then as together the vessels crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide,
With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting!
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King!

XX.

EINAR TAMBERSKELVER.

It was Einar Tamberskelver
Stood beside the mast;
From his yew-bow, tipped with silver,
Flew the arrows fast;
Aimed at Eric unavailing,
As he sat concealed,
Half behind the quarter-railing,
Half behind his shield.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

First an arrow struck the tiller,
Just above his head ;
' Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,'
Then Earl Eric said.
' Sing the song of Hakon dying,
Sing his funeral wail !'
And another arrow flying
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
As the arrow passed,
Said Earl Eric, ' Shoot that bow-
man
Standing by the mast.'
Sooner than the word was spoken
Flew the yeoman's shaft ;
Einar's bow in twain was broken,
Einar only laughed.

' What was that ? ' said Olaf, stand-
ing
On the quarter-deck.
' Something heard I like the strand-
ing
Of a shattered wreck.'
Einar then, the arrow taking
From the loosened string,
Answered, ' That was Norway
breaking
From thy hand, O King !'

' Thou art but a poor diviner,'
Straightway Olaf said ;
' Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,
Let thy shafts be sped.'
Of his bows the fairest choosing,
Reached he from above ;
Einar saw the blood-drops oozing
Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow ;
At the first assay,
O'er its head he drew the arrow,
Flung the bow away ;
Said, with hot and angry temper
Flushing in his cheek,
' Olaf ! for so great a Kämpfer
Are thy bows too weak !'

Then, with smile of joy defiant
On his beardless lip,
Scaled he, light and self-reliant,
Eric's dragon-ship.
Loose his golden locks were flow-
ing,
Bright his armour gleamed ;
Like Saint Michael overthrowing
Lucifer he seemed.

XXI.

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

ALL day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged,
But not yet is assuaged
The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are sped,
The ships are filled with the dead,
And the spears the champions
hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,
The grappling irons are plied,
The boarders climb up the side,
The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah ! never shall Norway again
See her sailors come back o'er the
main ;
They all lie wounded or slain,
Or asleep in the billows blue !

On the deck stands Olaf the
King,
Around him whistle and sing
The spears that the foemen fling,
And the stones they hurl with
their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the
spears,
Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,
His shield in the air he uprears,
By the side of King Olaf he
stands.

The Saga of King Olaf.

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
His lips with anger are pale;

He hews with his axe at the mast,
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the
vast

Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aft with his men,
As a hunter into the den
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

'Remember Jarl Hakon!' he cries;
When lo! on his wondering eyes,
Two kingly figures arise,
Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear,
With a smile on his tremulous lip;

Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the
ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
And cry, from their hairy throats,
'See! it is Olaf the King!'

While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the King stripped off his mail,
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,
As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray,
And never, by night or by day,
In his kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again!

XXII.

THE NUN OF NIDAROS.

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking,
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered,
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

'It is accepted
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest!

'Cross against corselet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!

'As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

'So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

'Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is,
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!

'Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;
Day dawns and thou art not!

'The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!'



INTERLUDE.

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,
That with its cadence, wild and
sweet,
Made the long Saga more complete.

'Thank God,' the Theologian said,
'The reign of violence is dead,
Or dying surely from the world;
While Love triumphant reigns instead,
And in a brighter sky o'erhead
His blessed banners are unfurled.
And most of all thank God for
this:

The war and waste of clashing
creeds

Now end in words, and not in
deeds,
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,
For thoughts that men call heresies.

'I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer, with words that
scorch

Like sparks from an inverted torch,
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last account.

And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's
Prayer,
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

'Must it be Calvin, and not Christ?
Must it be Athanasian creeds,
Or holy water, books, and beads?
Must struggling souls remain content

With councils and decrees of Trent?
And can it be enough for these
The Christian Church the year
embalms

With evergreens and boughs of
palms,

And fills the air with litanies?

'I know that yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not like me;
In my humiliation dressed,
I only stand and beat my breast,
And pray for human charity.

'Not to one church alone, but
seven,
The voice prophetic spake from
heaven;

And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same;
For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the
throne,

And I will give him the Morning
Star!

' Ah ! to how many Faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,
But a dim shadow, that recasts
The creed of the Phantasiasts,
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,
For whom the Tragedy Divine
Was but a symbol and a sign,
And Christ a phantom crucified !

' For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead.
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.

' And this brings back to me a tale
So sad the hearer well may quail,
And question if such things can be ;
Yet in the chronicles of Spain
Down the dark pages runs this stain,
And naught can wash them white again,
So fearful is the tragedy.'



THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

TORQUEMADA.

IN the heroic days when Ferdinand
And Isabella ruled the Spanish
land,
And Torquemada, with his subtle
brain,
Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor
of Spain,
In a great castle near Valladolid,
Moated and high and by fair wood-
lands hid,
There dwelt, as from the chronicles
we learn,
An old Hidalgo proud and taci-
turn,

Whose name has perished, with
his towers of stone,
And all his actions save this one
alone ;
This one, so terrible, perhaps
'twere best
If it, too, were forgotten with the
rest ;
Unless, perchance, our eyes can
see therein
The martyrdom triumphant o'er the
sin ;
A double picture, with its gloom
and glow,
The splendour overhead, the death
below.

This sombre man counted each
day as lost
On which his feet no sacred thresh-
hold crossed ;
And when he chanced the passing
Host to meet,
He knelt and prayed devoutly in
the street ;
Oft he confessed ; and with each
mutinous thought,
As with wild beasts at Ephesus,
he fought.
In deep contrition scourged him-
self in Lent,
Walked in processions, with his
head down bent,
At plays of Corpus Christi oft was
seen,
And on Palm Sunday bore his
bough of green.

His sole diversion was to hunt the
boar
Through tangled thickets of the
forest hoar,
Or with his jingling mules to hurry
down
To some grand bull-fight in the
neighbouring town,
Or in the crowd with lighted taper
stand,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

When Jews were burned, or banished from the land.
Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy;
The demon whose delight is to destroy
Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone,
Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his own!

And now, in that old castle in the wood,
His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood,
Returning from their convent school, had made
Resplendent with their bloom the forest shade,
Reminding him of their dead mother's face,
When first she came into that gloomy place,—
A memory in his heart as dim and sweet
As moonlight in a solitary street,
Where the same rays, that lift the sea, are thrown
Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone.
These two fair daughters of a mother dead
Were all the dream had left him as it fled.
A joy at first, and then a growing care,
As if a voice within him cried, 'Beware!'
A vague presentiment of impending doom,
Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room,
Haunted him day and night; a formless fear
That death to some one of his house was near,
With dark surmises of a hidden crime,

Made life itself a death before its time.
Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame,
A spy upon his daughters he became;
With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors,
He glided softly through half-open doors;
Now in the room, and now upon the stair,
He stood beside them ere they were aware;
He listened in the passage when they talked,
He watched them from the casement when they walked,
He saw the gipsy haunt the river's side,
He saw the monk among the cork-trees glide;
And, tortured by the mystery and the doubt
Of some dark secret, past his finding out,
Baffled he paused; then reassured again
Pursued the flying phantom of his brain.
He watched them even when they knelt in church;
And then, descending lower in his search,
Questioned the servants, and with eager eyes
Listened incredulous to their replies;
The gipsy? none had seen her in the wood!
The monk? a mendicant in search of food!
At length the awful revelation came,
Crushing at once his pride of birth and name;
The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast,

Torquemada.

And the ancestral glories of the
past,
All fell together, crumbling in disgrace,
A turret rent from battlement to base.
His daughters talking in the dead
of night
In their own chamber, and without
a light,
Listening, as he was wont, he over-
heard,
And learned the dreadful secret,
word by word ;
And hurrying from his castle, with
a cry
He raised his hands to the un-
pitying sky,
Repeating one dread word, till
bush and tree
Caught it, and shuddering answer-
ed, 'Heresy!'

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat
drawn o'er his face,
Now hurrying forward, now with
lingering pace,
He walked all night the alleys of
his park,
With one unseen companion in
the dark,
The Demon who within him lay in
wait,
And by his presence turned his
love to hate,
For ever muttering in an undertone,
'Kill! kill! and let the Lord find
out his own!'

Upon the morrow, after early Mass,
While yet the dew was glistening
on the grass,
And all the woods were musical
with birds,
The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful
words,
Walked homeward with the Priest,
and in his room

Summoned his trembling daugh-
ters to their doom.
When questioned, with brief
answers they replied,
Nor when accused evaded or de-
nied ;
Expostulations, passionate appeals,
All that the human heart most
fears or feels,
In vain the Priest with earnest
voice essayed ;
In vain the father threatened, wept,
and prayed ;
Until at last he said, with haughty
mien,
'The Holy Office, then, must in-
tervene!'

And now the Grand Inquisitor of
Spain,
With all the fifty horsemen of his
train,
His awful name resounding, like
the blast
Of funeral trumpets, as he onward
passed,
Came to Valladolid, and there be-
gan
To harry the rich Jews with fire
and ban.
To him the Hidalgo went, and at
the gate
Demanded audience on affairs of
state,
And in a secret chamber stood
before
A venerable graybeard of fourscore,
Dressed in the hood and habit of a
friar ;
Out of his eyes flashed a consum-
ing fire,
And in his hand the mystic horn
he held,
Which poison and all noxious
charms dispelled.
He heard in silence the Hidalgo's
tale,
Then answered in a voice that
made him quail :

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

'Son of the Church! when Abraham of old
To sacrifice his only son was told,
He did not pause to parley nor protest,
But hastened to obey the Lord's behest.
In him it was accounted righteousness;
The Holy Church expects of thee no less!'

A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain,
And Mercy from that hour implored in vain.
Ah! who will e'er believe the words I say?
His daughters he accused, and the same day
They both were cast into the dungeon's gloom,
That dismal antechamber of the tomb,
Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to the flame,
The secret torture and the public shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more
The Hidalgo went, more eager than before,
And said: 'When Abraham offered up his son,
He clave the wood wherewith it might be done.
By his example taught, let me too bring
Wood from the forest for my offering!'
And the deep voice, without a pause, replied:
'Son of the Church! by faith now justified,
Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt;
The Church absolves thy conscience from all guilt!'

Then this most wretched father went his way
Into the woods, that round his castle lay,
Where once his daughters in their childhood played
With their young mother in the sun and shade.
Now all the leaves had fallen; the branches bare
Made a perpetual moaning in the air,
And screaming from their eyries overhead
The ravens sailed athwart the sky of lead.
With his own hands he lopped the boughs and bound
Fagots, that crackled with foreboding sound,
And on his mules, caparisoned and gay
With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent,
Again to the Inquisitor he went,
And said: 'Behold, the fagots I have brought,
And now, lest my atonement be as naught,
Grant me one more request, one last desire,—
With my own hand to light the funeral fire!'
And Torquemada answered from his seat,
'Son of the Church! Thine offering is complete;
Her servants through all ages shall not cease
To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!'
Upon the market-place, builded of stone
The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own.

Torquemada.

At the four corners, in stern attitude,
Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood,
Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes
Upon this place of human sacrifice,
Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,
With clamour of voices, dissonant and loud,
And every roof and window was alive
With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.

The church-bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near,
Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear,
A line of torches smoked along the street,
There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,
And, with its banners floating in the air,
Slowly the long procession crossed the square,
And, to the statues of the Prophets bound,
The victims stood, with fagots piled around.
Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook,
And louder sang the monks with bell and book,
And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,
Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,
Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,
Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead!

O pitiless skies! why did your clouds retain

For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain?
O pitiless earth! why open no abyss
To bury in its chasm a crime like this?

That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke
From the dark thickets of the forest broke,
And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away,
Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day.
Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed,
And as the villagers in terror gazed,
They saw the figure of that cruel knight
Lean from a window in the turret's height,
His ghastly face illumined with the glare,
His hands upraised above his head in prayer,
Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell
Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones
Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones;
His name has perished with him, and no trace
Remains on earth of his afflicted race;
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,
Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,
Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,
Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath!

INTERLUDE.

THUS closed the tale of guilt and gloom,
That cast upon each listener's face
Its shadow, and for some brief space
Unbroken silence filled the room.
The Jew was thoughtful and distressed;
Upon his memory thronged and pressed
The persecution of his race,
Their wrongs and sufferings and disgrace;
His head was sunk upon his breast,
And from his eyes alternate came
Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.

The Student first the silence broke,
As one who long has lain in wait,
With purpose to retaliate,
And thus he dealt the avenging stroke.

'In such a company as this,
A tale so tragic seems amiss,
That by its terrible control
O'ermasters and drags down the soul
Into a fathomless abyss.
The Italian Tales that you disdain,
Some merry Night of Straparole,
Or Machiavelli's Belpagor,
Would cheer us and delight us more,
Give greater pleasure and less pain
Than your grim tragedies of Spain!'

And here the Poet raised his hand,
With such entreaty and command,
It stopped discussion at its birth,
And said: 'The story I shall tell
Has meaning in it, if not mirth;
Listen, and hear what once befell
The merry birds of Killingworth!'

THE POET'S TALE.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

IT was the season, when through
all the land
The merle and mavis build, and
building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His
hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the
Blitheheart King;
When on the boughs the purple
buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of
the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and
leap,
And wave their fluttering signals
from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping
loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards
with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they
still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should
mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a
crowd,
Clamoured their piteous prayer
incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry,
and said:
'Give us, O Lord, this day our
daily bread!'

Across the Sound the birds of pas-
sage sailed,
Speaking some unknown lan-
guage strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing
hailed
The village with the cheers of all
their fleet;
Or quarrelling together, laughed
and railed

The Birds of Killingworth.

Like foreign sailors, landed in
the street
Of seaport town, and with out-
landish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening
girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in
Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred
years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled
the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of
the crow,
That mingled with the universal
mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating
woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed
with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race
of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened
straightway
To set a price upon the guilty
heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of
pay,
Levied blackmail upon the gar-
den beds
And cornfields, and beheld with-
out dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his
fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their
feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was
increased.

Then from his house, a temple
painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof
of red,
The Squire came forth, august and
splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic
tread,

Three flights of steps, nor looking
left nor right,
Down the long street he walked,
as one who said,
'A town that boasts inhabitants
like me
Can have no lack of good society!'

The Parson, too, appeared, a man
austere,
The instinct of whose nature
was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached
from year to year,
And read, with fervour, Edwards
on the Will;
His favourite pastime was to slay
the deer
In summer on some Adirondac
hill;
E'en now, while walking down the
rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with
his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry
crowned
The hill of Science with its vane
of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly
round,
Now at the clouds, and now at
the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries pro-
found
Offair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had
said,
As pure as water, and as good as
bread.

And next the Deacon issued from
his door,
In his voluminous neckcloth
white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his
step was slow;

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

There never was so wise a man
before ;

He seemed the incarnate 'Well,
I told you so !'

And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after
him in town.

These came together in the new
town-hall,

With sundry farmers from the
region round.

The Squire presided, dignified and
tall,

His air impressive and his reason-
ing sound :

Ill fared it with the birds, both
great and small ;

Hardly a friend in all that crowd
they found,

But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes
beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his
place apart,

Rose the Preceptor, to redress
the wrong,

And, trembling like a steed before
the start,

Looked round bewildered on the
expectant throng ;

Then thought of fair Almira, and
took heart

To speak out what was in him,
clear and strong,

Alike regardless of their smile or
frown,

And quite determined not to be
laughed down.

'Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished
without pity

The Poets ; in this little town of
yours,

You put to death, by means of a
Committee,

The ballad-singers and the Trou-
badours,

The street-musicians of the hea-
venly city,—

The birds,—who make sweet music
for us all

In our dark hours, as David did
for Saul.

'The thrush that carols at the dawn
of day

From the green steeples of the
piny wood ;

The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his

food ;

The bluebird balanced on some
topmost spray,

Flooding with melody the neigh-
bourhood ;

Linnet and meadow-lark, and all
the throng

That dwell in nests, and have the
gift of song.

'You slay them all ! and wherefore ?
for the gain

Of a scant handful more or less
of wheat,

Orrye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by in-
dustrious feet,

Searching for worm or weevil after
rain !

Or a few cherries, that are not
so sweet

As are the songs these uninvited
guests

Sing at their feast with comfortable
breasts.

'Do you ne'er think what wondrous
beings these ?

Do you ne'er think who made
them, and who taught

The dialect they speak, where
melodies

Alone are the interpreters of
thought ?

The Birds of Killingworth.

Whose household words are songs
in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man
e'er caught !

Whose habitations in the tree-tops
even
Are half-way houses on the road to
heaven !

'Think, every morning when the
sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows
of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals
of love !

And when you think of this, re-
member too
'Tis always morning somewhere,
and above

The awakening continents, from
shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing
evermore.

'Think of your woods and orchards
without birds !
Of empty nests that cling to
boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered
words

Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs
of his dreams !
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of
herds

Make up for the lost music, when
your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and
no more
The feathered gleaners follow to
your door ?

'What ! would you rather see the
incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the
hay,
And hear the locust and the grass-
hopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies
play ?

Is this more pleasant to you than
the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet
roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as
you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush
and brake ?

'You call them thieves and pil-
lagers ; but know,
They are the winged wardens of
your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the
insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a
hundred harms ;
Even the blackest of them all, the
crow,
Renders good service as your
man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of
mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and
snail.

'How can I teach your children
gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and re-
verence
For Life, which, in its weakness or
excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omni-
potence,
Or Death, which, seeming dark-
ness, is no less
The self-same light, although
averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions,
and your speech,
You contradict the very things I
teach ?'

With this he closed ; and through
the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead
leaves ;

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

The farmers laughed and nodded,
and some bent

Their yellow heads together like
their sheaves ;

Men have no faith in fine-spun
sentiment

Who put their trust in bullocks
and in beeves.

The birds were doomed ; and, as
the record shows,

A bounty offered for the heads of
crows.

There was another audience out
of reach,

Who had no voice nor vote in
making laws,

But in the papers read his little
speech,

And crowned his modest temples
with applause ;

They made him conscious, each
one more than each,

He still was victor, vanquished
in their cause.

Sweetest of all the applause he won
from thee,

O fair Almira at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre
began ;

O'er fields and orchards, and
o'er woodland crests,

The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-

stains on their breasts,

Or wounded crept away from sight
of man,

While the young died of famine
in their nests ;

A slaughter to be told in groans,
not words,

The very St. Bartholomew of
Birds !

The Summer came, and all the
birds were dead ;

The days were like hot coals ;
the very ground

Was burned to ashes ; in the
orchards fed

Myriads of caterpillars, and
around

The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects

crawled, and found

No foe to check their march, till
they had made

The land a desert without leaf or
shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod,
was the town,

Because, like Herod, it had ruth-
lessly

Slaughtered the Innocents. From
the trees spun down

The cankerworms upon the
passers-by,

Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl,
and gown,

Who shook them off with just a
little cry ;

They were the terror of each
favourite walk,

The endless theme of all the village
talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a
few

Confessed their error, and would
not complain,

For after all, the best thing one can
do

When it is raining, is to let it rain.

Then they repealed the law,
although they knew

It would not call the dead to life
again ;

As schoolboys, finding their mis-
take too late,

Draw a wet sponge across the
accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the
Autumn came

Without the light of his majestic
look,

The Birds of Killingworth.

The wonder of the falling tongues
of flame,
The illumined pages of his
Doomsday book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson
with their shame,
And drowned themselves de-
spairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning
everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of
the air!

But the next Spring, a stranger sight
was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard
was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have
been

If some dumb animal had found
a tongue!
A wagon, overarched with ever-
green,
Upon whose boughs were wicker
cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down
the street,
Filling the air with music wild and
sweet.

From all the country round these
birds were brought,

By order of the town, with
anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker
prisons, sought

In woods and fields the places
they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many
thought

Were satires to the authorities
addressed,

While others, listening in green
lanes, averred

Such lovely music never had been
heard!

But blither still and louder carolled
they

Upon the morrow, for they
seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above,
below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride
away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous
overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new
earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killing-
worth.



FINALE.

THE hour was late ; the fire burned
low,

The Landlord's eyes were closed in
sleep,

And near the story's end a deep
Sonorous sound at times was heard,
As when the distant bagpipes blow.
At this all laughed ; the Landlord
stirred,

As one awaking from a swoond,
And, gazing anxiously around,
Protested that he had not slept,
But only shut his eyes, and kept
His ears attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said 'Good
Night.'

Alone remained the drowsy Squire
To rake the embers of the fire,
And quench the waning parlour
light ;

While from the windows, here and
there,

The scattered lamps a moment
gleamed,

And the illumined hostel seemed
The constellation of the Bear,
Downward, athwart the misty air,
Sinking and setting toward the sun.
Far off the village clock struck one.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

PART II.

PRELUDE.

A COLD, uninterrupted rain,
That washed each southern window-pane,
And made a river of the road ;
A sea of mist that overflowed
The house, the barns, the gilded vane,
And drowned the upland and the plain,
Through which the oak-trees,
broad and high,
Like phantom ships went drifting by ;
And, hidden behind a watery screen,
The sun unseen, or only seen
As a faint pallor in the sky ;—
Thus cold and colourless and gray,
The morn of that autumnal day,
As if reluctant to begin,
Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn,
And all the guests that in it lay.

Full late they slept. They did not hear
The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,
Who on the empty threshing-floor,
Disdainful of the rain outside,
Was strutting with a martial stride,
As if upon his thigh he wore
The famous broadsword of the Squire,
And said, 'Behold me, and admire !'

Only the Poet seemed to hear,
In drowse or dream, more near and near
Across the border-land of sleep
The blowing of a blithesome horn,
That laughed the dismal day to scorn ;
A splash of hoofs, and rush of wheels

Through sand and mire like stranding keels,
As from the road with sudden sweep
The Mail drove up the little steep,
And stopped beside the tavern door ;
A moment stopped, and then again
With crack of whip and bark of dog
Plunged forward through the sea of fog,
And all was silent as before,—
All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came down,
And greeted with a smile the Squire,
Who sat before the parlour fire,
Reading the paper fresh from town.
First the Sicilian, like a bird,
Before his form appeared, was heard
Whistling and singing down the stair ;
Then came the Student, with a look
As placid as a meadow-brook ;
The Theologian, still perplexed
With thoughts of this world and the next ;
The Poet then, as one who seems
Walking in visions and in dreams ;
Then the Musician, like a fair
Hyperion from whose golden hair
The radiance of the morning streams ;
And last the aromatic Jew
Of Alicant, who, as he threw
The door wide open, on the air
Breathed round about him a perfume
Of damask roses in full bloom,
Making a garden of the room.
The breakfast ended, each pursued
The promptings of his various mood ;

Prelude.

Beside the fire in silence smoked
The taciturn, impassive Jew,
Lost in a pleasant reverie ;
While, by his gravity provoked,
His portrait the Sicilian drew,
And wrote beneath it ' Edrehi,
At the Red Horse in Sudbury.'

By far the busiest of them all,
The Theologian in the hall
Was feeding robins in a cage,—
Two corpulent and lazy birds,
Vagrants and pilferers at best,
If one might trust the hostler's
words,

Chief instrument of their arrest ;
Two poets of the Golden Age,
Heirs of a boundless heritage
Of fields and orchards, east and
west,

And sunshine of long summer days,
Though outlawed now and dispos-
sessed ! —

Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held dis-
course

With the Musician, on the source
Of all the legendary lore
Among the nations, scattered wide
Like silt and seaweed by the force
And fluctuation of the tide ;

The tale repeated o'er and o'er,
With change of place and change
of name,

Disguised, transformed, and yet
the same

We've heard a hundred times be-
fore.

The Poet at the window mused,
And saw, as in a dream confused,
The countenance of the Sun, dis-
crowned,

And haggard with a pale despair,
And saw the cloud-rack trail and
drift

Before it, and the trees uplift
Their leafless branches, and the air

Filled with the arrows of the rain,
And heard amid the mist below,
Like voices of distress and pain,
That haunt the thoughts of men
insane,

The fateful cawings of the crow.

Then down the road, with mud be-
sprent,

And drenched with rain from head
to hoof,

The raindrops dripping from his
mane

And tail as from a pent-house roof,
A jaded horse, his head down bent,
Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian — who had
grown

Impatient longer to abide

A prisoner, greatly mortified

To see completely overthrown

His plans for angling in the brook,
And, leaning o'er the bridge of
stone,

To watch the speckled trout glide
by,

And float through the inverted sky,
Still round and round the baited
hook—

Now paced the room with rapid
stride,

And, pausing at the Poet's side,
Looked forth, and saw the wretched
steed,

And said : ' Alas for human greed,
That with cold hand and stony eye
Thus turns an old friend out to die,
Or beg his food from gate to gate !
This brings a tale into my mind,
Which, if you are not disinclined
To listen, I will now relate.'

All gave assent ; all wished to hear,
Not without many a jest and jeer,
The story of a spavined steed ;
And even the Student with the rest
Put in his pleasant little jest

Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus
Is but a horse that with all speed
Bears poets to the hospital;
While the Sicilian, self-possessed,
After a moment's interval
Began his simple story thus.

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant
renown,
One of those little places that have
run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing
sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to
say,
'I climb no farther upward, come
what may,'—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to
fame,
So many monarchs since have
borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the
market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some
small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and
rain.
Then rode he through the streets
with all his train,
And, with a blast of trumpets loud
and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever
wrong
Was done to any man, he should
but ring
The great bell in the square, and
he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide
thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King
John.

How swift the happy days in Atri
sped,
What wrongs were righted, need
not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must
decay,
The hempen rope at length was
worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand
by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ring-
er's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing
by,
Mended the rope with braids of
briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of
the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a
shrine.
By chance it happened that in Atri
dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and
sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar
in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their
crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses,
and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and
courts;—
Loved, or had loved them; for at
last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of
gold.
He sold his horses, sold his hawks
and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his
garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favourite
steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in
his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard
and spare.

The Bell of Atri.

At length he said : 'What is the
use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy
steed,
Eating his head off in my stables
here,
When rents are low and provender
is dear ?
Let him go feed upon the public
ways ;
I want him only for the holi-
days.'
So the old steed was turned into
the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shade-
less street ;
And wandered in suburban lanes
forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by
brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry
clime
It is the custom in the summer
time,
With bolted doors and window-
shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or
dozed ;
When suddenly upon their senses
fell
The loud alarum of the accusing
bell !
The Syndic started from his deep
repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened,
and then rose
And donned his robes, and with re-
luctant pace
Went panting forth into the
market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-
beam swung
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old
song :
'Some one hath done a wrong,
hath done a wrong !'

But ere he reached the belfry's
light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath
its shade,
No shape of human form of woman
born,
But a poor steed dejected and for-
lorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager
eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
'Domeneddio !' cried the Syndic
straight,
'This is the Knight of Atri's steed
of state !
He calls for justice, being sore dis-
tressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as
the best.'

Meanwhile from street and lane a
noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer
cloud,
And told the story of the wretched
beast
In five-and-twenty different ways
at least,
With much gesticulation and ap-
peal
To heathen gods, in their excessive
zeal.
The Knight was called and ques-
tioned ; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not
deny ;
Treated the matter as a pleasant
jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and
the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry under-
tone,
That he should do what pleased
him with his own.
And thereupon the Syndic gravely
read
The proclamation of the King ;
then said :

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

'Pride goeth forth on horseback
 grand and gay,
 But cometh back on foot, and begs
 its way;
 Fame is the fragrance of heroic
 deeds,
 Of flowers of chivalry and not of
 weeds!
 These are familiar proverbs; but I
 fear
 They never yet have reached your
 knightly ear.
 What fair renown, what honour,
 what repute
 Can come to you from starving this
 poor brute?
 He who serves well and speaks not,
 merits more
 Than they who clamour loudest at
 the door.
 Therefore the law decrees that as
 this steed
 Served you in youth, henceforth
 you shall take heed
 To comfort his old age, and to
 provide
 Shelter in stall, and food and field
 beside.'

The Knight withdrew abashed;
 the people all
 Led home the steed in triumph to
 his stall.
 The King heard and approved, and
 laughed in glee,
 And cried aloud: 'Right well it
 pleaseth me!
 Church-bells at best but ring us to
 the door;
 But go not in to mass; my bell
 doth more:
 It cometh into court and pleads the
 cause
 Of creatures dumb and unknown
 to the laws;
 And this shall make, in every
 Christian clime,
 The Bell of Atri famous for all
 time.'

INTERLUDE.

'YES, well your story pleads the
 cause
 Of those dumb mouths that have
 no speech,
 Only a cry from each to each
 In its own kind, with its own laws;
 Something that is beyond the reach
 Of human power to learn or teach,—
 An inarticulate moan of pain,
 Like the immeasurable main
 Breaking upon an unknown beach.'

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh;
 Then added, with impassioned cry,
 As one who feels the words he
 speaks,
 The colour flushing in his cheeks,
 The fervour burning in his eye:
 'Among the noblest in the land,
 Though he may count himself the
 least,
 That man I honour and revere
 Who without favour, without fear,
 In the great city dares to stand
 The friend of every friendless beast,
 And tames with his unflinching
 hand
 The brutes that wear our form and
 face,
 The were-wolves of the human
 race!'

Then paused, and waited with a
 frown,
 Likesome old champion of romance,
 Who, having thrown his gauntlet
 down,
 Expectant leans upon his lance;
 But neither Knight nor Squire is
 found
 To raise the gauntlet from the
 ground,
 And try with him the battle's chance.

'Wake from your dreams, O Edrehi!
 Or dreaming speak to us, and make
 A feint of being half awake,

Kambalu.

And tell us what your dreams may be.

Out of the hazy atmosphere
Of cloud-land deign to reappear
Among us in this Wayside Inn ;
Tell us what visions and what scenes

Illuminate the dark ravines
In which you grope your way.
Begin!

Thus the Sicilian spake. The Jew
Made no reply, but only smiled,
As men unto a wayward child,
Not knowing what to answer, do.
As from a cavern's mouth, o'ergrown
With moss and intertangled vines,
A streamlet leaps into the light
And murmurs over root and stone
In a melodious undertone ;
Or as amid the noonday night
Of sombre and wind-haunted pines,
There runs a sound as of the sea ;
So from his bearded lips there came
A melody without a name,
A song, a tale, a history,
Or whatsoever it may be,
Writ and recorded in these lines.



THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

KAMBALU.

INTO the city of Kambalu,
By the road that leadeth to Is-
pahan,
At the head of his dusty caravan,
Laden with treasure from realms
afar,
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,
Rode the great captain Alau.
The Khan from his palace-window
gazed,
And saw in the thronging street
beneath,

In the light of the setting sun, that
blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the
caravan raised,
The flash of harness and jewelled
sheath,
And the shining scymitars of the
guard,
And the weary camels that bared
their teeth,
As they passed and passed through
the gates unbarred
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu
Rode the great captain Alau ;
And he stood before the Khan, and
said :
' The enemies of my lord are dead ;
All the Kalifs of all the West
Bow and obey thy least behest ;
The plains are dark with the mul-
berry-trees,
The weavers are busy in Samarcand,
The miners are sifting the golden
sand,
The divers plunging for pearls in
the seas,
And peace and plenty are in the
land.

' Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,
Rose in revolt against thy throne :
His treasures are at thy palace-
door,
With the swords and the shawls and
the jewels he wore ;
His body is dust o'er the desert
blown.

' A mile outside of Baldacca's gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks
of sand,
And forward dashed with a handful
of men,
To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Ere we reached the town the alarm
 was spread,
 For we heard the sound of gongs
 from within ;
 And with clash of cymbals and
 warlike din
 The gates swung wide ; and we
 turned and fled ;
 And the garrison sallied forth and
 pursued,
 With the gray old Kalif at their
 head,
 And above them the banner of
 Mohammed :
 So we snared them all, and the
 town was subdued.

‘As in at the gate we rode, behold,
 A tower that is called the Tower of
 Gold !
 For there the Kalif had hidden his
 wealth,
 Heaped and hoarded and piled on
 high,
 Like sacks of wheat in a granary ;
 And thither the miser crept by
 stealth
 To feel of the gold that gave him
 health,
 And to gaze and gloat with his
 hungry eye
 On jewels that gleamed like a glow-
 worm’s spark,
 Or the eyes of a panther in the
 dark.

‘I said to the Kalif: “Thou art
 old,
 Thou hast no need of so much
 gold.
 Thou shouldst not have heaped
 and hidden it here,
 Till the breath of battle was hot
 and near,
 But have sown through the land
 these useless hoards
 To spring into shining blades of
 swords,

And keep thine honour sweet and
 clear.
 These grains of gold are not grains
 of wheat ;
 These bars of silver thou canst not
 eat ;
 These jewels and pearls and pre-
 cious stones
 Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
 Nor keep the feet of Death one
 hour
 From climbing the stairways of thy
 tower !”

‘Then into his dungeon I locked
 the drone,
 And left him to feed there all alone
 In the honey-cells of his golden
 hive :
 Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a
 groan
 Was heard from those massive
 walls of stone,
 Nor again was the Kalif seen
 alive !

‘When at last we unlocked the
 door,
 We found him dead upon the floor ;
 The rings had dropped from his
 withered hands,
 His teeth were like bones in the
 desert sands :
 Still clutching his treasure he had
 died ;
 And as he lay there, he appeared
 A statue of gold with a silver beard,
 His arms outstretched as if cruci-
 fied.’

This is the story, strange and true,
 That the great captain Alau
 Told to his brother the Tartar
 Khan,
 When he rode that day into Kam-
 balu
 By the road that leadeth to Ispa-
 han.

The Cobbler of Hagenau.

INTERLUDE.

'I THOUGHT before your tale began,'
The Student murmured, 'we should
have

Some legend written by Judah Rav
In his Gemara of Babylon ;
Or something from the Gulistan,—
The tale of the Cazy of Hamadan,
Or of that King of Khorasan
Who saw in dreams the eyes of one
That had a hundred years been
dead

Still moving restless in his head,
Undimmed, and gleaming with the
lust

Of power, though all the rest was
dust.

'But lo ! your glittering caravan
On the road that leadeth to Ispahan
Hath led us farther to the East
Into the regions of Cathay.
Spite of your Kalif and his gold,
Pleasant has been the tale you told,
And full of colour ; that at least
No one will question or gainsay.
And yet on such a dismal day
We need a merrier tale to clear
The dark and heavy atmosphere.
So listen, Lordlings, while I tell,
Without a preface, what befell
A simple cobbler, in the year—
No matter ; it was long ago ;
And that is all we need to know.'



THE STUDENT'S TALE.

THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU.

I TRUST that somewhere and some-
how

You all have heard of Hagenau,
A quiet, quaint, and ancient town
Among the green Alsatian hills,
A place of valleys, streams, and
mills,

Where Barbarossa's castle, brown
With rust of centuries, still looks
down

On the broad, drowsy land below,—
On shadowy forests filled with
game,
And the blue river winding slow
Through meadows, where the
hedges grow
That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times,
While yet the Master-singers filled
The noisy workshop and the guild
With various melodies and rhymes,
That here in Hagenau there dwelt
A cobbler,—one who loved debate,
And, arguing from a postulate,
Would say what others only felt ;
A man of forecast and of thrift,
And of a shrewd and careful mind
In this world's business, but in-
clined

Somewhat to let the next world
drift.

Hans Sachs with vast delight he
read,
And Regenbogen's rhymes of love,
For their poetic fame had spread
Even to the town of Hagenau ;
And some Quick Melody of the
Plough,

Or Double Harmony of the Dove,
Was always running in his head.
He kept, moreover, at his side,
Among his leathers and his tools,
Reynard the Fox, the Ship of Fools,
Or Eulenspiegel, open wide ;
With these he was much edified :
He thought them wiser than the
Schools.

His good wife, full of godly fear,
Liked not these worldly themes to
hear ;
The Psalter was her book of
songs ;

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

The only music to her ear
Was that which to the Church be-
longs,

When the loud choir on Sunday
chanted,

And the two angels carved in wood,
That by the windy organ stood,
Blew on their trumpets loud and
clear,

And all the echoes, far and near,
Gibbered as if the church were
haunted.

Outside his door, one afternoon,
This humble votary of the muse
Sat in the narrow strip of shade
By a projecting cornice made,
Mending the Burgomaster's shoes,
And singing a familiar tune:—

‘Our ingress into the world
Was naked and bare;
Our progress through the world
Is trouble and care;
Our egress from the world
Will be nobody knows where;
But if we do well here
We shall do well there;
And I could tell you no more,
Should I preach a whole year!’

Thus sang the cobbler at his work;
And with his gestures marked the
time,

Closing together with a jerk
Of his waxed thread the stitch and
rhyme.

Meanwhile his quiet little dame
Was leaning o'er the window-sill,
Eager, excited, but mouse-still,
Gazing impatiently to see
What the great throng of folk might
be

That onward in procession came,
Along the unfrequented street,
With horns that blew, and drums
that beat,

And banners flying, and the flame
Of tapers, and, at times, the sweet
Voices of nuns; and as they sang
Suddenly all the church-bells rang.

In a gay coach, above the crowd,
There sat a monk in ample hood,
Who with his right hand held aloft
A red and ponderous cross of wood,
To which at times he meekly
bowed.

In front three horsemen rode, and
oft,

With voice and air importunate,
A boisterous herald cried aloud:
‘The grace of God is at your gate!’
So onward to the church they
passed.

The cobbler slowly turned his last,
And, wagging his sagacious head,
Unto his kneeling housewife said:
‘Tis the monk Tetzal. I have
heard

The cawings of that reverend bird.
Don't let him cheat you of your
gold;
Indulgence is not bought and sold.’

The church of Hagenau, that night,
Was full of people, full of light;
An odour of incense filled the
air,

The priest intoned, the organ
groaned

Its inarticulate despair;
The candles on the altar blazed,
And full in front of it upraised
The red cross stood against the
glare.

Below, upon the altar-rail
Indulgences were set to sale,
Like ballads at a country fair.
A heavy strong-box, iron-bound
And carved with many a quaint
device,

Received, with a melodious sound,
The coin that purchased Paradise.

Then from the pulpit overhead,
Tetzal the monk, with fiery glow,
Thundered upon the crowd below.
‘Good people all, draw near!’ he
said;

The Cobbler of Hagenu.

'Purchase these letters, signed and sealed,
By which all sins, though unrevealed
And unrepented, are forgiven!
Count but the gain, count not the loss!

Your gold and silver are but dross,
And yet they pave the way to heaven.

I hear your mothers and your sires
Cry from their purgatorial fires,
And will ye not their ransom pay?
O senseless people! when the gate
Of heaven is open, will ye wait?
Will ye not enter in to-day?
To-morrow it will be too late;
I shall be gone upon my way.
Make haste! bring money while ye may!'

The women shuddered, and turned pale;

Allured by hope or driven by fear,
With many a sob and many a tear,
All crowded to the altar-rail.

Pieces of silver and of gold
Into the tinkling strong-box fell
Like pebbles dropped into a well;
And soon the ballads were all sold.
The cobbler's wife among the rest
Slipped into the capacious chest
A golden florin; then withdrew,
Hiding the paper in her breast;
And homeward through the darkness went

Comforted, quieted, content;
She did not walk, she rather flew,
A dove that settles to her nest,
When some appalling bird of prey
That scared her has been driven away.

The days went by, the monk was gone,

The summer passed, the winter came;

Though seasons changed, yet still the same

The daily round of life went on;
The daily round of household care,
The narrow life of toil and prayer.
But in her heart the cobbler's dame
Had now a treasure beyond price,
A secret joy without a name,
The certainty of Paradise.

Alas, alas! Dust unto dust!
Before the winter wore away,
Her body in the churchyard lay,
Her patient soul was with the just!
After her death, among the things
That even the poor preserve with care,—

Some little trinkets and cheap rings,

A locket with her mother's hair,
Her wedding gown, the faded flowers

She wore upon her wedding day,—
Among these memories of past hours,

That so much of the heart reveal,
Carefully kept and put away,
The Letter of Indulgence lay
Folded, with signature and seal.

Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved
and pained,

Waited and wondered that no word
Of mass or requiem he heard,
As by the Holy Church ordained:
Then to the Magistrate complained,

That as this woman had been dead
A week or more, and no mass said,
It was rank heresy, or at least
Contempt of Church; thus said the Priest;

And straight the cobbler was arraigned.

He came, confiding in his cause,
But rather doubtful of the laws.
The Justice from his elbow-chair
Gave him a look that seemed to say:

'Thou standest before a Magistrate,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Therefore do not prevaricate !'
Then asked him in a business
way,

Kindly but cold : 'Is thy wife
dead ?'

The cobbler meekly bowed his
head ;

'She is,' came struggling from his
throat

Scarce audibly. The Justice wrote
The words down in a book, and
then

Continued, as he raised his pen :
'She is ; and hath a mass been said
For the salvation of her soul ?
Come, speak the truth ! confess
the whole !'

The cobbler without pause replied :
'Of mass or prayer there was no
need ;

For at the moment when she died
Her soul was with the glorified !'
And from his pocket with all speed
He drew the priestly title-deed,
And prayed the Justice he would
read.

The Justice read, amused, amazed ;
And as he read his mirth increased ;
At times his shaggy brows he
raised,

Now wondering at the cobbler
gazed,

Now archly at the angry Priest.

'From all excesses, sins, and
crimes

Thou hast committed in past times
Thee I absolve ! And furthermore,
Purified from all earthly taints,
To the communion of the Saints
And to the sacraments restore !

All stains of weakness, and all
trace

Of shame and censure I efface ;
Remit the pains thou shouldst
endure,

And make thee innocent and pure,
So that in dying, unto thee
The gates of heaven shall open be !

Though long thou livest, yet this
grace
Until the moment of thy death
Unchangeable continueth !'

Then said he to the Priest : 'I find
This document is duly signed
Brother John Tetzl, his own hand.
At all tribunals in the land
In evidence it may be used ;
Therefore acquitted is the accused.'
Then to the cobbler turned : 'My
friend,

Pray tell me, didst thou ever read
Reynard the Fox ?'—'O yes, in-
deed !'—

'I thought so. Don't forget the
end.'

INTERLUDE.

'WHAT was the end ? I am
ashamed

Not to remember Reynard's fate ;
I have not read the book of late ;
Was he not hanged ?' the Poet said.
The Student gravely shook his
head,

And answered : 'You exaggerate.
There was a tournament pro-
claimed,

And Reynard fought with Isegrim
The Wolf, and having vanquished
him,

Rose to high honour in the State,
And Keeper of the Seals was
named !'

At this the gay Sicilian laughed :
'Fight fire with fire, and craft with
craft ;

Successful cunning seems to be
The moral of your tale,' said he.
'Mine had a better, and the Jew's
Had none at all, that I could see ;
His aim was only to amuse.'

The Ballad of Carmilhan.

Meanwhile from out its ebon case
His violin the Minstrel drew,
And having tuned its strings anew,
Now held it close in his embrace,
And poising in his outstretched
hand

The bow, like a magician's wand,
He paused, and said, with beaming
face :

'Last night my story was too long ;
To-day I give you but a song,
An old tradition of the North ;
But first, to put you in the mood,
I will a little while prelude,
And from this instrument draw
forth
Something by way of overture.'

He played ; at first the tones were
pure

And tender as a summer night,
The full moon climbing to her
height,

The sob and ripple of the seas,
The flapping of an idle sail ;
And then by sudden and sharp
degrees

The multiplied, wild harmonies
Freshened and burst into a gale ;
A tempest howling through the
dark,

A crash as of some shipwrecked
bark,

A loud and melancholy wail.

Such was the prelude to the tale
Told by the Minstrel ; and at
times

He paused amid its varying
rhymes,

And at each pause again broke in
The music of his violin,
With tones of sweetness or of fear,
Movements of trouble or of calm,
Creating their own atmosphere ;
As sitting in a church we hear
Between the verses of the psalm
The organ playing soft and clear,
Or thundering on the startled ear.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN.

I.

At Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,
Within the sandy bar,
At sunset of a summer's day,
Ready for sea, at anchor lay
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the
waves,
And played along her side ;
And through the cabin windows
streamed
In ripples of golden light, that
seemed
The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his
friends,
Old skippers brown and hale,
Who smoked and grumbled o'er
their grog,
And talked of iceberg and of fog,
Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn
About Klaboterman,
The Kobold of the sea ; a spright
Invisible to mortal sight,
Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the
hold,
Sometimes upon the mast,
Sometimes abeam, sometimes
abaft,

Or at the bows he sang and laughed,
And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their work,
And toiled with jovial din ;
He helped them hoist and reef the
sails,
He helped them stow the casks
and bales,
And heave the anchor in.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

But woe unto the lazy louts,
The idlers of the crew ;
Them to torment was his delight,
And worry them by day and
night,
And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes
Klaboterman behold.
It is a certain sign of death !—
The cabin-boy here held his breath,
He felt his blood run cold.

II.

THE jolly skipper paused awhile,
And then again began ;
' There is a Spectre Ship,' quoth
he,
' A ship of the Dead that sails the
sea,
And is called the Carmilhan.

' A ghostly ship, with a ghostly
crew,
In tempests she appears ;
And before the gale, or against the
gale,
She sails without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steers.

' She haunts the Atlantic north and
south,
But mostly the mid-sea,
Where three great rocks rise bleak
and bare
Like furnace-chimneys in the air,
And are called the Chimneys
Three.

' And ill betide the luckless ship
That meets the Carmilhan ;
Over her decks the seas will leap,
She must go down into the deep,
And perish mouse and man.'

The captain of the Valdemar
Laughed loud with merry heart.
' I should like to see this ship,'
said he ;
' I should like to find these Chim-
neys Three,
That are marked down in the
chart.

' I have sailed right over the spot,'
he said,
' With a good stiff breeze behind,
When the sea was blue, and the
sky was clear,—
You can follow my course by these
pin-holes here,—
And never a rock could find.'

And then he swore a dreadful oath,
He swore by the Kingdoms
Three,
That, should he meet the Carmil-
han,
He would run her down, although
he ran
Right into Eternity !

All this, while passing to and fro,
The cabin-boy had heard ;
He lingered at the door to hear,
And drank in all with greedy
ear,
And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,
But of a roving mind.
' O, it must be like heaven,' thought
he,
' Those far-off foreign lands to
see,
And fortune seek and find !'

But in the fo'castle, when he heard
The mariners blaspheme,
He thought of home, he thought of
God,
And his mother under the church-
yard sod,
And wished it were a dream.

The Ballad of Carmilhan.

One friend on board that ship had
he ;

'Twas the Klaboterman,
Who saw the Bible in his chest,
And made a sign upon his breast,
All evil things to ban.

III.

THE cabin windows have grown
blank

As eyeballs of the dead ;
No more the glancing sunbeams
burn

On the gilt letters of the stern,
But on the figure-head ;

On Valdemar Victorious,
Who looketh with disdain
To see his image in the tide
Dismembered float from side to
side,
And reunite again.

'It is the wind,' those skippers
said,

'That swings the vessel so ;
It is the wind ; it freshens fast,
'Tis time to say farewell at last,
'Tis time for us to go.'

They shook the captain by the
hand,

'Good luck ! good luck !' they
cried ;

Each face was like the setting sun,
As, broad and red, they one by one
Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon
rose,

Serene o'er field and flood ;
And all the winding creeks and
bays

And broad sea-meadows seemed
ablaze,—

The sky was red as blood.

The southwest wind blew fresh and
fair,

As fair as wind could be ;
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,
With all sail set, the Valdemar
Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky
As one who walks in dreams ;

A tower of marble in her light,
A wall of black, a wall of white,
The stately vessel seems.

Low down upon the sandy coast
The lights begin to burn ;

And now, uplifted high in air,
They kindle with a fiercer glare,
And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is gone,
The sea is all around ;

Then on each hand low hills of sand
Emerge and form another land ;
She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack
She fitteth like a ghost ;

By day and night, by night and day,
She bounds, she flies upon her way
Along the English coast.

Cape Finisterre is drawing near,
Cape Finisterre is past ;

Into the open ocean stream
She floats, the vision of a dream
Too beautiful to last.

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet
There is no land in sight ;

The liquid planets overhead
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,
And longer stays the night.

IV.

AND now along the horizon's edge
Mountains of cloud uprose,

Black as with forests underneath,
Above their sharp and jagged teeth
Were white as drifted snows.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Unseen behind them sank the sun,
But flushed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light
That faded slowly from the sight
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky,—all black, all
black;

The clouds were everywhere ;
There was a feeling of suspense
In nature, a mysterious sense
Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar
Was still as still could be ;
Save when the dismal ship-bell
tolled,
As ever and anon she rolled,
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck
Went striding to and fro ;
Now watched the compass at the
wheel,
Now lifted up his hand to feel
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,
And now upon the deep ;
In every fibre of his frame
He felt the storm before it came,
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells ! and suddenly abaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with
spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud
to cloud,
And rent the sky in two ;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced the eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,
And blacker than before ;
But in that single flash of light
He had beheld a fearful sight,
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the
Dead,
The ghostly Carmilhan !
Her masts were stripped, her yards
were bare,
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck
Or clambering up the shrouds ;
The boatswain's whistle, the cap-
tain's hail,
Were like the piping of the gale,
And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan
There rose up from the sea,
As from a foundered ship of stone,
Three bare and splintered masts
alone :
They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar
And leaped into the dark ;
A denser mist, a colder blast,
A little shudder, and she had passed
Right through the Phantom
Bark.

She cleft in twain the shadowy
hulk,
But cleft it unaware ;
As when, careering to her nest,
The sea-gull severs with her breast
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed ; again
They saw the Carmilhan,
Whole as before in hull and spar ;
But now on board of the Valdemar
Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was
sealed ;
They knew that death was near ;
Some prayed who never prayed
before,
And some they wept, and some
they swore,
And some were mute with fear.

Lady Wentworth.

Then suddenly there came a shock,
And louder than wind or sea
A cry burst from the crew on deck,
As she dashed and crashed, a
hopeless wreck,
Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed,
the light
To streak the east began ;
The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,
Survived the wreck, and only he,
To tell of the Carmilhan.

INTERLUDE.

WHEN the long murmur of applause
That greeted the Musician's lay
Had slowly buzzed itself away,
And the long talk of Spectre Ships
That followed died upon their lips
And came unto a natural pause,
'These tales you tell are one and
all

Of the Old World,' the Poet said,
'Flowers gathered from a crumbling
wall,
Dead leaves that rustle as they
fall ;
Let me present you in their stead
Something of our New England
earth,
A tale which, though of no great
worth,
Has still this merit, that it yields
A certain freshness of the fields,
A sweetness as of home-made
bread.'

The Student answered : ' Be dis-
creet ;
For if the flour be fresh and sound,
And if the bread be light and
sweet,
Who careth in what mill 'twas
ground,
Or of what oven felt the heat,

Unless, as old Cervantes said,
You are looking after better bread
Than any that is made of wheat ?
You know that people nowadays
To what is old give little praise ;
All must be new in prose and verse :
They want hot bread, or something
worse,
Fresh every morning, and half
baked ;
The wholesome bread of yesterday,
Too stale for them, is thrown away,
Nor is their thirst with waterslaked.'

As oft we see the sky in May
Threaten to rain, and yet not rain,
The Poet's face, before so gay,
Was clouded with a look of pain,
But suddenly brightened up again ;
And without further let or stay
He told his tale of yesterday.

THE POET'S TALE.

LADY WENTWORTH.

ONE hundred years ago, and some-
thing more,
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at
her tavern door,
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a
rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her
furbelows,
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking
nine.
Above her head, resplendent on
the sign,
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied
charms,
Her cap, her bodice, her white
folded arms,
And half resolved, though he was
past his prime,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

And rather damaged by the lapse
of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to
declare
The passion that had driven him
to despair.
For from his lofty station he had
seen
Stavers, her husband, dressed in
bottle-green,
Drive his new Flying Stage-coach,
four in hand,
Down the long lane, and out into
the land,
And knew that he was far upon
the way
To Ipswich and to Boston on the
Bay!

Just then the meditations of the
Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected
hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and
shoulders bare,
A thin slip of a girl, like a new
moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty
soon,
A creature men would worship and
adore,
Though now in mean habiliments
she bore
A pail of water, dripping, through
the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked
feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of
grace,—
The slender form, the delicate, thin
face;
The swaying motion, as she hurried
by;
The shining feet, the laughter in
her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed
and glanced,

As in her pail the shifting sunbeam
danced :
And with uncommon feelings of
delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the
sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard
her say
These words, or thought he did, as
plain as day :
'O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare
you go
About the town half dressed, and
looking so!'
At which the gipsy laughed, and
straight replied :
'No matter how I look; I yet shall
ride
In my own chariot, ma'am.' And
on the child
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she
passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner,
and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable
day,
Arrested his attention was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed
and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the
sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and
lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose
and sank,
While all alone within the chariot
sat
A portly person with three-cornered
hat,
A crimson velvet coat, head high
in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely pow-
dered hair,
And diamond buckles sparkling at
his knees,
Dignified, stately, florid, much at
ease.

Lady Wentworth.

Onward the pageant swept, and as
it passed,
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied
low and fast ;
For this was Governor Wentworth,
driving down
To Little Harbour, just beyond the
town,
Where his Great House stood
looking out to sea,
A goodly place, where it was good
to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great
high-road,
Sequestered among trees, a noble
pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style ;
Gables and dormer-windows every-
where,
And stacks of chimneys rising high
in air,—
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds
that blew
Made mournful music the whole
winter through.
Within, unwonted splendours met
the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and
tapestry ;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on
brazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas
fires of logs ;
Doors opening into darkness un-
aware,
Mysterious passages, and flights of
stairs ;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded
frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with
Old-Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the
great man dwelt,
A widower and childless ; and he
felt

The loneliness, the uncongenial
gloom,
That like a presence haunted every
room ;
For though not given to weakness,
he could feel
The pain of wounds, that ache
because they heal.

The years came and the years
went,—seven in all,
And passed in cloud and sunshine
o'er the Hall ;
The dawns their splendour through
its chambers shed,
The sunsets flushed its western
windows red ;
The snow was on its roofs, the
wind, the rain ;
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare
again ;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs
bloomed and died,
In the broad river ebbed and flowed
the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came
home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and
ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha
Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly un-
observed :
By day, by night, the silver crescent
grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her
light still shining through ;
A maid of all work, whether coarse
or fine,
A servant who made service seem
divine !
Through her each room was fair to
look upon ;
The mirrors glistened, and the
brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter
than before.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

And now the ceaseless turning of
the mill
Of Time, that never for an hour
stands still,
Ground out the Governor's sixtieth
birthday,
And powdered his brown hair with
silver-gray.
The robin, the forerunner of the
spring,
The bluebird with his jocund carol-
ling,
The restless swallows building in
the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass,
the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of
May,
All welcomed this majestic holi-
day !
He gave a splendid banquet, served
on plate,
Such as became the Governor of
the State,
Who represented England and the
King,
And was magnificent in every-
thing.
He had invited all his friends and
peers, —
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and
the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows,
and the rest ;
For why repeat the name of every
guest ?
But I must mention one, in bands
and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend
Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church ; with
smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and
said grace ;
And then the feast went on, as
others do,
But ended as none other I e'er
knew.

When they had drunk the King,
with many a cheer,
The Governor whispered in a ser-
vant's ear,
Who disappeared, and presently
there stood
Within the room, in perfect woman-
hood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-
possessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and simply
dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton ? It
must be !
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other
she !
Dowered with the beauty of her
twenty years,
How ladylike, how queenlike she
appears ;
The pale, thin crescent of the days
gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty !
Yet scarce a guest perceived that
she was there,
Until the Governor, rising from his
chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then
looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur
Brown :
' This is my birthday : it shall like-
wise be
My wedding-day ; and you shall
marry me ! '

The listening guests were greatly
mystified,
None more so than the rector, who
replied :
' Marry you ? Yes, that were a
pleasant task,
Your Excellency ; but to whom ? I
ask.'
The Governor answered : ' To this
lady here ;'
And beckoned Martha Hilton to
draw near.

The Legend Beautiful.

She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried :
'This is the lady; do you hesitate? Then I command you as Chief Magistrate.'
The rector read the service loud and clear :
'Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,'
And so on to the end. At his command
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring; and that was all :
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall !

INTERLUDE.

WELL pleased the audience heard the tale.
The Theologian said : ' Indeed, To praise you there is little need ; One almost hears the farmer's flail Thresh out your wheat, nor does there fail
A certain freshness, as you said, And sweetness as of home-made bread.
But not less sweet and not less fresh Are many legends that I know, Writ by the monks of long-ago, Who loved to mortify the flesh, So that the soul might purer grow, And rise to a diviner state ; And one of these—perhaps of all Most beautiful—I now recall, And with permission will narrate ; Hoping thereby to make amends For that grim tragedy of mine, As strong and black as Spanish wine,

I told last night, and wish almost It had remained untold, my friends ; For Torquemada's awful ghost Came to me in the dreams I dreamed, And in the darkness glared and gleamed
Like a great lighthouse on the coast.'

The Student laughing said : ' Far more
Like to some dismal fire of bale Flaring portentous on a hill ; Or torches lighted on a shore By wreckers in a midnight gale. No matter ; be it as you will, Only go forward with your tale.'

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

'HADST thou stayed, I must have fled !'

That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial ;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone ;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.
Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see ;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that
reignest,

Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me ?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go, or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial

Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear :
' Do thy duty ; that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! '

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die !
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not, what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying :
' Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me ! '

Unto me ! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,

The Baron of St. Castine.

As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck
feeling

At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
'Hadst thou stayed, I must have
fled !'

INTERLUDE.

ALL praised the Legend more or
less ;

Some liked the moral, some the
verse ;

Some thought it better, and some
worse

Than other legends of the past ;

Until, with ill-concealed distress

At all their cavilling, at last

The Theologian gravely said :

'The Spanish proverb, then, is
right ;

Consult your friends on what you do,

And one will say that it is white,

And others say that it is red.'

And 'Amen !' quoth the Spanish
Jew.

'Six stories told ! We must have
seven,

A cluster like the Pleiades,

And lo ! it happens, as with these,

That one is missing from our
heaven.

Where is the Landlord ? Bring
him here ;

Let the Lost Pleiad reappear.'

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went
Forthwith to seek his missing star,
But did not find him in the bar,
A place that landlords most fre-
quent,

Nor yet beside the kitchen fire,
Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall ;
It was in vain to ask or call,
There were no tidings of the Squire.

So he came back with downcast
head,

Exclaiming : 'Well, our bashful
host

Hath surely given up the ghost.

Another proverb says the dead

Can tell no tales ; and that is true.

It follows, then, that one of you

Must tell a story in his stead.

You must,' he to the Student said,

'Who know so many of the best,

And tell them better than the rest.'

Straight, by these flattering words
beguiled,

The Student, happy as a child

When he is called a little man,

Assumed the double task imposed,

And without more ado unclosed

His smiling lips, and thus began.

THE STUDENT'S SECOND TALE.

THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE.

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine

Has left his château in the Pyrenees,

And sailed across the western seas.

When he went away from his fair

demesne

The birds were building, the woods
were green ;

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

And now the winds of winter blow
Round the turrets of the old château,
The birds are silent and unseen,
The leaves lie dead in the ravine,
And the Pyrenees are white with
snow.

His father, lonely, old, and gray,
Sits by the fireside day by day,
Thinking ever one thought of care;
Through the southern windows,
narrow and tall,
The sun shines into the ancient
hall,
And makes a glory round his hair.
The house-dog, stretched beneath
his chair,
Groans in his sleep as if in pain,
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps
again,
So silent is it everywhere,—
So silent you can hear the mouse
Run and rummage along the beams
Behind the wainscot of the wall;
And the old man rouses from his
dreams,
And wanders restless through the
house,
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor
Of a distant passage, and pause
awhile;
He is standing by an open door
Looking long, with a sad, sweet
smile,
Into the room of his absent son.
There is the bed on which he lay,
There are the pictures bright and
gay,
Horses and hounds and sun-lit seas;
There are his powder-flask and gun,
And his hunting-knives in shape of
a fan;
The chair by the window where he
sat,
With the clouded tiger-skin for a
mat,

Looking out on the Pyrenees,
Looking out on Mount Marboré
And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan.
Ah me! he turns away and sighs;
There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,
Wind or rain or starry heaven,
Just as the clock is striking seven,
Those who look from the windows
see
The village Curate, with lantern
and maid,
Come through the gateway from
the park
And cross the courtyard damp and
dark,—
A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he
stands,
His voice is cheery, his heart ex-
pands,
He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze
Of the fire of fagots, about old days,
And Cardinal Mazarin and the
Fronde,
And the Cardinal's nieces fair and
fond,
And what they did, and what they
said,
When they heard his Eminence was
dead.

And after a pause the old man
says,
His mind still coming back again
To the one sad thought that haunts
his brain,
'Are there any tidings from over
sea?
Ah, why has that wild boy gone
from me?'
And the Curate answers, looking
down,
Harmless and docile as a lamb,
'Young blood! young blood! It
must so be!'

The Baron of St. Castine.

And draws from the pocket of his
gown
A handkerchief like an oriflamb,
And wipes his spectacles, and they
play
Their little game of lansquenet
In silence for an hour or so,
Till the clock at nine strikes loud
and clear
From the village lying asleep below,
And across the courtyard, into the
dark
Of the winding pathway in the
park,
Curate and lantern disappear,
And darkness reigns in the old
château.

The ship has come back from over
sea,
She has been signalled from below,
And into the harbour of Bordeaux
She sails with her gallant company.
But among them is nowhere seen
The brave young Baron of St.
Castine;
He hath tarried behind, I ween,
In the beautiful land of Acadie !

And the father paces to and fro
Through the chambers of the old
château,
Waiting, waiting to hear the hum
Of wheels on the road that runs
below,
Of servants hurrying here and
there,
The voice in the courtyard, the step
on the stair,
Waiting for some one who doth not
come !
But letters there are, which the old
man reads
To the Curate, when he comes at
night,
Word by word, as an acolyte
Repeats his prayers and tells his
beads ;

Letters full of the rolling sea,
Full of a young man's joy to be
Abroad in the world, alone and free;
Full of adventures and wonderful
scenes,
Of hunting the deer through forests
vast
In the royal grant of Pierre du
Gast ;
Of nights in the tents of the
Tarratines ;
Of Madocawando the Indian chief,
And his daughters, glorious as
queens,
And beautiful beyond belief ;
And so soft the tones of their native
tongue,
The words are not spoken, they are
sung !

And the Curate listens, and smiling
says :
' Ah yes, dear friend ! in our young
days
We should have liked to hunt the
deer
All day amid those forest scenes,
And to sleep in the tents of the
Tarratines ;
But now it is better sitting here
Within four walls, and without the
fear
Of losing our hearts to Indian
queens ;
For man is fire and woman is tow,
And the Somebody comes and
begins to blow.'
Then a gleam of distrust and vague
surmise
Shines in the father's gentle eyes,
As firelight on a window-pane
Glimmers and vanishes again ;
But naught he answers ; he only
sighs,
And for a moment bows his head ;
Then, as their custom is, they play
Their little game of lansquenet,
And another day is with the dead.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Another day, and many a day
And many a week and month
depart,

When a fatal letter wings its way
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,
And strikes and tears the old man's
heart.

Lo! the young Baron of St. Castine,
Swift as the wind is, and as wild,
Has married a dusky Tarratine,
Has married Madocawando's child!

The letter drops from the father's
hand;

Though the sinews of his heart are
wrung,

He utters no cry, he breathes no
prayer,

No malediction falls from his
tongue;

But his stately figure, erect and
grand,

Bends and sinks like a column of
sand

In the whirlwind of his great
despair.

Dying, yes, dying! His latest
breath

Of parley at the door of death
Is a blessing on his wayward son.

Lower and lower on his breast
Sinks his gray head; he is at rest;
No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old château
Lies tenantless and desolate;

Rank grasses in the courtyard grow,
About its gables caws the crow;

Only the porter at the gate
Is left to guard it, and to wait

The coming of the rightful heir;
No other life or sound is there;

No more the Curate comes at
night,

No more is seen the unsteady light,
Threading the alleys of the park;

The windows of the hall are dark,
The chambers dreary, cold, and
bare!

At length, at last, when the winter
is past,

And birds are building, and woods
are green,

With flying skirts is the Curate
seen

Speeding along the woodland way,
Humming gaily, 'No day is so
long

But it comes at last to vesper-song.'
He stops at the porter's lodge to
say

That at last the Baron of St.
Castine

Is coming home with his Indian
queen,

Is coming without a week's delay;
And all the house must be swept
and clean,

And all things set in good array!
And the solemn porter shakes his
head;

And the answer he makes is:
'Lackaday!

We will see, as the blind man
said!'

Alert since first the day began,
The cock upon the village church
Looks northward from his airy
perch,

As if beyond the ken of man
To see the ships come sailing on,
And pass the Isle of Oléron,
And pass the Tower of Cordouan.

In the church below is cold in clay
The heart that would have leaped
for joy—

O tender heart of truth and trust!—
To see the coming of that day;
In the church below the lips are
dust;

Dust are the hands, and dust the
feet,

That would have been so swift to
meet

The coming of that wayward boy.

The Baron of St. Castine.

At night the front of the old château
Is a blaze of light above and below ;
There's a sound of wheels and
hoofs in the street,
A cracking of whips, and scamper
of feet,
Bells are ringing, and horns are
blown,
And the Baron hath come again to
his own.

The Curate is waiting in the hall,
Most eager and alive of all
To welcome the Baron and
Baroness ;

But his mind is full of vague
distrust,

For he hath read in Jesuit books
Of those children of the wilderness,
And now, good, simple man ! he
looks

To see a painted savage stride
Into the room, with shoulders bare,
And eagle feathers in her hair,
And around her a robe of panther's
hide.

Instead, he beholds with secret
shame

A form of beauty undefined,
A loveliness without a name,
Not of degree, but more of kind ;
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,
But a new mingling of them all.
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,
Transfigured and transfused, he
sees

The lady of the Pyrenees,
The daughter of the Indian chief.

Beneath the shadow of her hair
The gold-bronze colour of the skin
Seems lighted by a fire within,
As when a burst of sunlight shines
Beneath a sombre grove of pines,—
A dusky splendour in the air.
The two small hands, that now are
pressed

In his, seem made to be caressed,

They lie so warm and soft and still,
Like birds half hidden in a nest,
Trustful, and innocent of ill.

And ah ! he cannot believe his ears
When her melodious voice he hears
Speaking his native Gascon tongue ;
The words she utters seem to be
Part of some poem of Goudouli,
They are not spoken, they are sung !
And the Baron smiles, and says,

' You see,
I told you but the simple truth ;
Ah, you may trust the eyes of
youth ! '

Down in the village day by day
The people gossip in their way,
And stare to see the Baroness pass
On Sunday morning to early Mass ;
And when she kneeleth down to
pray,

They wonder, and whisper to-
gether, and say,

' Surely this is no heathen lass ! '
And in course of time they learn to
bless

The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate
learns

A secret so dreadful, that by turns
He is ice and fire, he freezes and
burns.

The Baron at confession hath said,
That though this woman be his
wife,

He hath wed her as the Indians
wed,

He hath bought her for a gun and
a knife !

And the Curate replies : ' O pro-
fligate,

O Prodigal Son ! return once more
To the open arms and the open
door

Of the Church, or ever it be too late.
Thank God, thy father did not live
To see what he could not forgive ;

On thee, so reckless and perverse,
He left his blessing, not his curse.
But the nearer the dawn the darker
the night,
And by going wrong all things come
right ;
Things have been mended that
were worse,
And the worse, the nearer they are
to mend.
For the sake of the living and the
dead,
Thou shalt be wed as Christians
wed,
And all things come to a happy
end.'

O sun, that followest the night,
In yon blue sky, serene and pure,
And pourest thine impartial light
Alike on mountain and on moor,
Pause for a moment in thy course,
And bless the bridegroom and the
bride !
O Gave, that from thy hidden
source
In yon mysterious mountain-side
Pursuest thy wandering way alone,
And leaping down its steps of
stone,
Along the meadow-lands demure
Stealest away to the Adour,
Pause for a moment in thy course
To bless the bridegroom and the
bride !

The choir is singing the matin song,
The doors of the church are opened
wide,
The people crowd, and press, and
throng
To see the bridegroom and the
bride.
They enter and pass along the
nave ;
They stand upon the father's
grave ;
The bells are ringing soft and
slow ;

The living above and the dead
below
Give their blessing on one and
twain ;
The warm wind blows from the
hills of Spain,
The birds are building, the leaves
are green,
And Baron Castine of St. Castine
Hath come at last to his own again.

FINALE.

'*Nunc plaudite!*' the Student
cried,
When he had finished ; ' now ap-
plaud,
As Roman actors used to say
At the conclusion of a play ;'
And rose, and spread his hands
abroad,
And smiling bowed from side to
side,
As one who bears the palm away.
And generous was the applause and
loud,
But less for him than for the sun,
That even as the tale was done
Burst from its canopy of cloud,
And lit the landscape with the blaze
Of afternoon on autumn days,
And filled the room with light, and
made
The fire of logs a painted shade.

A sudden wind from out the west
Blew all its trumpets loud and
shrill ;
The windows rattled with the blast,
The oak-trees shouted as it passed,
And straight, as if by fear
possessed,
The cloud encampment on the hill
Broke up, and fluttering flag and
tent
Vanished into the firmament,

Prelude.

And down the valley fled amain
The rear of the retreating rain.

Only far up in the blue sky
A mass of clouds, like drifted snow
Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,
Was heaped together, vast and
 high,
On which a shattered rainbow hung,
Not rising like the ruined arch
Of some aerial aqueduct,
But like a roseate garland plucked

From an Olympian god, and flung
Aside in his triumphal march.

Like prisoners from their dungeon
 gloom,
Like birds escaping from a snare,
Like schoolboys at the hour of
 play,
All left at once the pent-up room,
And rushed into the open air;
And no more tales were told that
 day.

PART III.

PRELUDE.

THE evening came; the golden
 vane
A moment in the sunset glanced,
Then darkened, and then gleamed
 again,
As from the east the moon
 advanced
And touched it with a softer light;
While underneath, with flowing
 mane,
Upon the sign the Red Horse
 pranced,
And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon
That followed the dark day of rain,
And brighter than the golden vane
That glistened in the rising moon,
Within the ruddy firelight
 gleamed;
And every separate window-pane,
Backed by the outer darkness,
 showed
A mirror, where the flamelets
 gleamed
And flickered to and fro, and
 seemed
A bonfire lighted in the road.

Amid the hospitable glow,
Like an old actor on the stage,
With the uncertain voice of age,
The singing chimney chanted low
The homely songs of long ago.

The voice that Ossian heard of
 yore,
When midnight winds were in his
 hall;
A ghostly and appealing call,
A sound of days that are no more!
And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,
And listened to the sound, and
 knew
The passing of the airy hosts,
The gray and misty cloud of ghosts
In their interminable flight;
And listening muttered in his
 beard,
With accent indistinct and weird,
'Who are ye, children of the
 Night?'

Beholding his mysterious face,
'Tell me,' the gay Sicilian said,
'Why was it that in breaking bread
At supper, you bent down your head
And, musing, paused a little space,
As one who says a silent grace?'

The Jew replied, with solemn air,
'I said the Manichæan's prayer.
It was his faith,—perhaps is
mine,—

That life in all its forms is one,
And that its secret conduits run
Unseen, but in unbroken line,
From the great fountain-head
divine,

Through man and beast, through
grain and grass.

Howe'er we struggle, strive, and
cry,

From death there can be no escape,
And no escape from life, alas !
Because we cannot die, but pass
From one into another shape :
It is but into life we die.

'Therefore the Manichæan said
This simple prayer on breaking
bread,

Lest he with hasty hand or knife
Might wound the incarcerated life,
The soul in things that we call dead :
"I did not reap thee, did not bind
thee,

I did not thrash thee, did not grind
thee,

Nor did I in the oven bake thee !

It was not I, it was another
Did these things unto thee, O
brother ;

I only have thee, hold thee, break
thee ! "'

'That birds have souls I can con-
cede,'

The poet cried, with glowing
cheeks ;

'The flocks that from their beds of
reed

Uprising north or southward fly,
And flying write upon the sky
The biforked letter of the Greeks,
As hath been said by Rucellai ;
All birds that sing or chirp or cry,
Even those migratory bands,
The minor poets of the air,

The plover, peep, and sanderling,
That hardly can be said to sing,
But pipe along the barren sands,—
All these have souls akin to ours ;
So hath the lovely race of flowers :
Thus much I grant, but nothing
more.

The rusty hinges of a door
Are not alive because they creak ;
This chimney, with its dreary roar,
These rattling windows, do not
speak !'

'To me they speak,' the Jew
replied ;

'And in the sounds that sink and
soar,

I hear the voices of a tide
That breaks upon an unknown
shore !'

Here the Sicilian interfered :

'That was your dream, then, as you
dozed

A moment since, with eyes half-
closed,

And murmured something in your
beard.'

The Hebrew smiled, and answered,
'Nay ;

Not that, but something very near ;
Like, and yet not the same, may
seem

The vision of my waking dream ;
Before it wholly dies away,
Listen to me, and you shall hear.'



THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

AZRAEL.

KING SOLOMON, before his palace
gate

At evening, on the pavement tes-
sellate

Was walking with a stranger from
the East,

Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast,

The mighty Runjeet-Sing, a learned
man,
And Rajah of the realms of Hindo-
stan.
And as they walked the guest
became aware
Of a white figure in the twilight air,
Gazing intent, as one who with
surprise
His form and features seemed to
recognise ;
And in a whisper to the king he
said :
'What is yon shape, that, pallid as
the dead,
Is watching me, as if he sought to
trace
In the dim light the features of my
face ?'

The king looked, and replied : ' I
know him well ;
It is the Angel men call Azrael,
'Tis the Death Angel ; what hast
thou to fear ?'
And the guest answered : ' Lest he
should come near,
And speak to me, and take away
my breath !
Save me from Azrael, save me from
death ;
O king, that hast dominion o'er the
wind,
Bid it arise and bear me hence to
Ind.'

The king gazed upward at the
cloudless sky,
Whispered a word, and raised his
hand on high,
And lo ! the signet-ring of chryso-
prase
On his uplifted finger seemed to
blaze
With hidden fire, and rushing from
the west
There came a mighty wind, and
seized the guest

And lifted him from earth, and on
they passed,
His shining garments streaming in
the blast,
A silken banner o'er the walls up-
reared,
A purple cloud, that gleamed and
disappeared.
Then said the Angel, smiling : ' If
this man
Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindo-
stan,
Thou hast done well in listening to
his prayer ;
I was upon my way to seek him
there.'



INTERLUDE.

' O EDREHI, forbear to-night
Your ghostly legends of affright,
And let the Talmud rest in peace ;
Spare us your dismal tales of death
That almost take away one's breath ;
So doing, may your tribe increase.'

Thus the Sicilian said ; then went
And on the spinet's rattling keys
Played Marianina, like a breeze
From Naples and the Southern
seas,

That brings us the delicious scent
Of citron and of orange trees,
And memories of soft days of ease
At Capri and Amalfi spent.

' Not so,' the eager Poet said ;
' At least, not so before I tell
The story of my Azrael,
An angel mortal as ourselves,
Which in an ancient tome I found
Upon a convent's dusty shelves,
Chained with an iron chain, and
bound
In parchment, and with clasps of
brass,

Lest from its prison, some dark day,
It might be stolen or steal away,
While the good friars were singing
mass.

'It is a tale of Charlemagne,
When like a thunder-cloud, that
lowers
And sweeps from mountain-crest
to coast,
With lightning flaming through its
showers,
He swept across the Lombard plain,
Beleaguering with his warlike train
Pavia, the country's pride and
boast,
The City of the Hundred Towers.'
Thus heralded the tale began,
And thus in sober measure ran.

THE POET'S TALE.

CHARLEMAGNE.

OLGER the Dane and Desiderio,
King of the Lombards, on a lofty
tower
Stood gazing northward o'er the
rolling plains,
League after league of harvests, to
the foot
Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw
approach
A mighty army, thronging all the
roads
That led into the city. And the
King
Said unto Olger, who had passed
his youth
As hostage at the court of France,
and knew
The Emperor's form and face :
'Is Charlemagne
Among that host?' And Olger
answered : 'No.'

And still the innumerable multitude
Flowed onward and increased, until
the King
Cried in amazement : 'Surely
Charlemagne
Is coming in the midst of all these
knights !'
And Olger answered slowly : 'No ;
not yet ;
He will not come so soon.' Then
much disturbed
King Desiderio asked : 'What
shall we do,
If he approach with a still greater
army ?'
And Olger answered : 'When he
shall appear,
You will behold what manner of
man he is ;
But what will then befall us I know
not.'

Then came the guard that never
knew repose,
The Paladins of France ; and at
the sight
The Lombard King o'ercome with
terror cried :
'This must be Charlemagne !' and
as before
Did Olger answer : 'No ; not yet,
not yet.'

And then appeared in panoply
complete
The Bishops and the Abbots and
the Priests
Of the imperial chapel, and the
Counts ;
And Desiderio could no more en-
dure
The light of day, nor yet encounter
death,
But sobbed aloud and said : 'Let
us go down
And hide us in the bosom of the
earth,
Far from the sight and anger of
a foe

Charlemagne.

So terrible as this !' And Olger
said :

' When you behold the harvests in
the fields

Shaking with fear, the Po and the
Ticino

Lashing the city walls with iron
waves,

Then may you know that Charle-
magne is come.'

And even as he spake, in the north-
west,

Lo ! there uprose a black and
threatening cloud,

Out of whose bosom flashed the
light of arms

Upon the people pent up in the city ;
A light more terrible than any dark-
ness ;

And Charlemagne appeared ;—a
Man of Iron !

His helmet was of iron, and his
gloves

Of iron, and his breastplate and
his greaves

And tassets were of iron, and his
shield.

In his left hand he held an iron
spear,

In his right hand his sword in-
vincible.

The horse he rode on had the
strength of iron,

And colour of iron. All who went
before him,

Beside him and behind him, his
whole host,

Were armed with iron, and their
hearts within them

Were stronger than the armour
that they wore.

The fields and all the roads were
filled with iron,

And points of iron glistened in the
sun

And shed a terror through the city
streets.

This at a single glance Olger the
Dane

Saw from the tower, and turning to
the King

Exclaimed in haste : ' Behold ! this
is the man

You looked for with such eager-
ness !' and then

Fell as one dead at Desiderio's feet.



INTERLUDE.

WELL pleased all listened to the
tale,

That drew, the Student said, its
pith

And marrow from the ancient myth
Of some one with an iron flail ;

Or that portentous Man of Brass
Hephæstus made in days of yore,

Who stalked about the Cretan
shore,

And saw the ships appear and pass,
And threw stones at the Argonauts,

Being filled with indiscriminate ire
That tangled and perplexed his

thoughts ;
But, like a hospitable host,

When strangers landed on the coast,
Heated himself red-hot with fire,

And hugged them in his arms, and
pressed

Their bodies to his burning breast.

The Poet answered : ' No, not thus
The legend rose ; it sprang at first

Out of the hunger and the thirst
In all men for the marvellous.

And thus it filled and satisfied
The imagination of mankind,

And this ideal to the mind
Was truer than historic fact.

Fancy enlarged and multiplied
The terrors of the awful name

Of Charlemagne, till he became
Armipotent in every act,

And, clothed in mystery, appeared
Not what men saw, but what they
feared.

Besides, unless my memory fail,
Your some one with an iron flail
Is not an ancient myth at all,
But comes much later on the
scene

As Talus in the Faerie Queene,
The iron groom of Artegall,
Who threshed out falsehood and
deceit,

And truth upheld, and righted
wrong,
As was, as is the swallow, fleet,
And as the lion is, was strong.'

The Theologian said : ' Perchance
Your chronicler in writing this
Had in his mind the Anabasis,
Where Xenophon describes the
advance

Of Artaxerxes to the fight ;
At first the low gray cloud of dust,
And then a blackness o'er the fields
As of a passing thunder-gust,
Then flash of brazen armour bright,
And ranks of men, and spears up-
thrust,

Bowmen and troops with wicker
shields,

And cavalry equipped in white,
And chariots ranged in front of
these

With scythes upon their axle-trees.'

To this the Student answered :
' Well,

I also have a tale to tell
Of Charlemagne ; a tale that throws
A softer light, more tinged with
rose,

Than your grim apparition cast
Upon the darkness of the past.
Listen, and hear in English rhyme
What the good Monk of Lauresheim
Gives as the gossip of his time,
In mediæval Latin prose.'

THE STUDENT'S TALE.

EMMA AND EGINHARD.

WHEN Alcuin taught the sons of
Charlemagne,
In the free schools of Aix, how
kings should reign,
And with them taught the children
of the poor
How subjects should be patient and
endure,
He touched the lips of some, as
best befitted,
With honey from the hives of Holy
Writ ;

Others intoxicated with the wine
Of ancient history, sweet but less
divine ;
Some with the wholesome fruits of
grammar fed ;
Others with mysteries of the stars
o'erhead,
That hang suspended in the vaulted
sky
Like lamps in some fair palace vast
and high.

In sooth, it was a pleasant sight to
see
That Saxon monk, with hood and
rosary,
With inkhorn at his belt, and pen
and book,
And mingled love and reverence
in his look,
Or hear the cloister and the court
repeat
The measured footfalls of his san-
dalled feet,
Or watch him with the pupils of
his school,
Gentle of speech, but absolute of
rule.

Among them, always earliest in
his place,
Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish
race,

Emma and Eginhard.

Whose face was bright with flashes
that forerun
The splendours of a yet unrisen
sun.
To him all things were possible,
and seemed
Not what he had accomplished,
but had dreamed,
And what were tasks to others were
his play,
The pastime of an idle holiday.

Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's,
said,
With many a shrug and shaking of
the head,
Surely some demon must possess
the lad,
Who showed more wit than ever
schoolboy had,
And learned his Trivium thus with-
out the rod ;
But Alcuin said it was the grace of
God.

Thus he grew up, in Logic point-
device,
Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhe-
toric nice ;
Science of Numbers, Geometric
art,
And lore of Stars, and Music knew
by heart ;
A Minnesinger, long before the
times
Of those who sang their love in
Suabian rhymes.

The Emperor, when he heard this
good report
Of Eginhard much buzzed about
the court,
Said to himself, 'This stripling
seems to be
Purposely sent into the world for
me ;
He shall become my scribe, and
shall be schooled

In all the arts whereby the world
is ruled.'

Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain
To honour in the court of Charle-
magne ;

Became the sovereign's favourite,
his right hand,

So that his fame was great in all
the land,

And all men loved him for his
modest grace

And comeliness of figure and of
face.

An inmate of the palace, yet re-
cluse,

A man of books, yet sacred from
abuse

Among the armed knights with spur
on heel,

The tramp of horses and the clang
of steel ;

And as the Emperor promised he
was schooled

In all the arts by which the world
is ruled.

But the one art supreme, whose
law is fate,

The Emperor never dreamed of
till too late.

Home from her convent to the
palace came

The lovely Princess Emma, whose
sweet name,

Whispered by seneschal or sung by
bard,

Had often touched the soul of
Eginhard.

He saw her from his window, as in
state

She came, by knights attended
through the gate ;

He saw her at the banquet of that
day,

Fresh as the morn, and beautiful
as May ;

He saw her in the garden, as she
strayed

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Among the flowers of summer with
her maid,
And said to him, 'O Eginhard,
disclose
The meaning and the mystery of
the rose ;'
And trembling he made answer :
'In good sooth,
Its mystery is love, its meaning
youth !'

How can I tell the signals and the
signs
By which one heart another heart
divines ?
How can I tell the many thousand
ways
By which it keeps the secret it
betrays ?

O mystery of love ! O strange
romance !
Among the Peers and Paladins of
France,
Shining in steel, and prancing on
gay steeds,
Noble by birth, yet nobler by great
deeds,
The Princess Emma had no words
nor looks
But for this clerk, this man of
thought and books.

The summer passed, the autumn
came ; the stalks
Of lilies blackened in the garden
walks ;
The leaves fell, russet-golden and
blood-red,
Love-letters thought the poet
fancy-led,
Or Jove descending in a shower of
gold
Into the lap of Danae of old ;
For poets cherish many a strange
conceit,
And love transmutes all nature by
its heat.

No more the garden lessons, nor
the dark
And hurried meetings in the
twilight park ;
But now the studious lamp, and
the delights
Of firesides in the silent winter
nights,
And watching from his window
hour by hour
The light that burned in Princess
Emma's tower.

At length one night, while musing
by the fire,
O'ercome at last by his insane
desire,—
For what will reckless love not do
and dare ?—
He crossed the court, and climbed
the winding stair,
With some feigned message in the
Emperor's name ;
But when he to the lady's presence
came
He knelt down at her feet, until
she laid
Her hand upon him, like a naked
blade,
And whispered in his ear : ' Arise,
Sir Knight,
To my heart's level, O my heart's
delight.'

And there he lingered till the
crowing cock,
The Alectryon of the farmyard and
the flock,
Sang his aubade with lusty voice
and clear,
To tell the sleeping world that
dawn was near.
And then they parted ; but at
parting, lo !
They saw the palace courtyard
white with snow,
And, placid as a nun, the moon on
high

Emma and Eginhard.

Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the sky.

'Alas!' he said, 'how hide the fatal line

Of footprints leading from thy door to mine,

And none returning!' Ah, he little knew

What woman's wit, when put to proof, can do!

That night the Emperor, sleepless with the cares

And troubles that attend on state affairs,

Had risen before the dawn, and musing gazed

Into the silent night, as one amazed

To see the calm that reigned o'er all supreme,

When his own reign was but a troubled dream.

The moon lit up the gables capped with snow,

And the white roofs, and half the court below,

And he beheld a form, that seemed to cower

Beneath a burden, come from Emma's tower,—

A woman, who upon her shoulders bore

Clerk Eginhard to his own private door,

And then returned in haste, but still essayed

To tread the footprints she herself had made;

And as she passed across the lighted space,

The Emperor saw his daughter Emma's face!

He started not; he did not speak or moan,

But seemed as one who hath been turned to stone;

And stood there like a statue, nor awoke

Out of his trance of pain, till morning broke,

Till the stars faded, and the moon went down,

And o'er the towers and steeples of the town

Came the gray daylight; then the sun, who took

The empire of the world with sovereign look,

Suffusing with a soft and golden glow

All the dead landscape in its shroud of snow,

Touching with flame the tapering chapel spires,

Windows and roofs, and smoke of household fires,

And kindling park and palace as he came;

The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in flame.

And thus he stood till Eginhard appeared,

Demure and modest with his comely beard

And flowing flaxen tresses, come to ask,

As was his wont, the day's appointed task.

The Emperor looked upon him with a smile,

And gently said: 'My son, wait yet a while;

This hour my council meets upon some great

And very urgent business of the state.

Come back within the hour. On thy return

The work appointed for thee shalt thou learn.'

Having dismissed this gallant Troubadour,

He summoned straight his council, and secure

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

And steadfast in his purpose, from
the throne
All the adventure of the night made
known ;
Then asked for sentence ; and with
eager breath
Some answered banishment, and
others death.

Then spake the king : 'Your
sentence is not mine ;
Life is the gift of God, and is
divine ;
Nor from these palace walls shall
one depart
Who carries such a secret in his
heart ;
My better judgment points another
way.
Good Alcuin, I remember how one
day
When my Pepino asked you, "What
are men ?"
You wrote upon his tablets with
your pen,
"Guests of the grave and travellers
that pass !"
This being true of all men, we, alas !
Being all fashioned of the selfsame
dust,
Let us be merciful as well as just ;
This passing traveller, who hath
stolen away
The brightest jewel of my crown
to-day,
Shall of himself the precious gem
restore ;
By giving it, I make it mine once
more.
Over those fatal footprints I will
throw
My ermine mantle like another
snow.'

Then Eginhard was summoned to
the hall,
And entered, and in presence of
them all,

The Emperor said : ' My son, for
thou to me
Hast been a son, and evermore
shalt be,
Long hast thou served thy
sovereign, and thy zeal
Pleads to me with importunate
appeal,
While I have been forgetful to
requite
Thy service and affection as was
right.
But now the hour is come, when I,
thy Lord,
Will crown thy love with such
supreme reward,
A gift so precious kings have
striven in vain
To win it from the hands of
Charlemagne.'

Then sprang the portals of the
chamber wide,
And Princess Emma entered, in
the pride
Of birth and beauty, that in part
o'ercame
The conscious terror and the blush
of shame.
And the good Emperor rose up
from his throne,
And taking her white hand within
his own
Placed it in Eginhard's, and said :
' My son,
This is the gift thy constant zeal
hath won ;
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,
And cover up the footprints in the
snow.'



INTERLUDE.

THUS ran the Student's pleasant
rhyme
Of Eginhard and love and youth ;
Some doubted its historic truth,

Interlude.

But while they doubted, ne'er-
theless
Saw in it gleams of truthfulness,
And thanked the Monk of Lares-
heim.

This they discussed in various
mood;

Then in the silence that ensued
Was heard a sharp and sudden
sound

As of a bowstring snapped in air;
And the Musician with a bound
Sprang up in terror from his chair,
And for a moment listening stood,
Then strode across the room, and
found

His dear, his darling violin
Still lying safe asleep within
Its little cradle, like a child
That gives a sudden cry of pain,
And wakes to fall asleep again;
And as he looked at it and smiled,
By the uncertain light beguiled,
Despair! two strings were broken
in twain.

While all lamented and mademoan,
With many a sympathetic word
As if the loss had been their own,
Deeming the tones they might have
heard

Sweeter than they had heard before,
They saw the Landlord at the door,
The missing man, the portly Squire!
He had not entered, but he stood
With both arms full of seasoned
wood,

To feed the much-devouring fire,
That like a lion in a cage
Lashed its long tail and roared with
rage.

The missing man! Ah, yes, they
said,

Missing, but whither had he fled?
Where had he hidden himself
away?

No farther than the barn or shed;

He had not hidden himself, nor
fled;

How should he pass the rainy day
But in his barn with hens and hay,
Or mending harness, cart, or sled?
Now, having come, he needs must
stay

And tell his tale as well as they.

The Landlord answered only:
'These

Are logs from the dead apple-trees
Of the old orchard planted here
By the first Howe of Sudbury.
Nor oak nor maple has so clear
A flame, or burns so quietly,
Or leaves an ash so clean and
white;'

Thinking by this to put aside
The impending tale that terrified;
When suddenly, to his delight,
The Theologian interposed,
Saying that when the door was
closed,

And they had stopped that draft of
cold,

Unpleasant night air, he proposed
To tell a tale world-wide apart
From that the Student had just
told;

World-wide apart, and yet akin,
As showing that the human heart
Beats on for ever as of old,
As well beneath the snow-white
fold

Of Quaker kerchief, as within
Sendal or silk or cloth of gold,
And without preface would begin.

And then the clamorous clock
struck eight,

Deliberate, with sonorous chime
Slow measuring out the march of
time,

Like some grave Consul of old
Rome

In Jupiter's temple driving home
The nails that marked the year and
date.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Thus interrupted in his rhyme,
The Theologian needs must wait;
But quoted Horace, where he sings
The dire Necessity of things,
That drives into the roofs sublime
Of new-built houses of the great
The adamantine nails of Fate.

When ceased the little carillon
To herald from its wooden tower
The important transit of the
hour,
The Theologian hastened on,
Content to be allowed at last
To sing his Idyl of the Past.

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

ELIZABETH.

I.

'AH, how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us!
In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in the forest
Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its coming,
Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamplight;
Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow is, and perfect!'

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at nightfall to Hannah the housemaid,
As in the farmhouse kitchen, that served for kitchen and parlour,
By the window she sat with her work, and looked on a landscape
White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision,
By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens.
Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the
meadows.

Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing
Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid:
'Beautiful winter! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely,
If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the ceiling.
But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as we saw it
Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the Borough,
Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going;
Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow on their branches.
There is snow in the air, and see! it is falling already;
All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow,
Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sled and oxen; and then,
too,
How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-Day?'

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly reproving:
'Surely the Lord will provide; for unto the snow he sayeth,
Be thou on the earth, the good Lord sayeth; he is it
Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoar-frost.'
So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Elizabeth.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shutters,
Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there
Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter
Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder,
Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering kettle,
Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen teapot,
Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful figures.

Then Elizabeth said, 'Lo! Joseph is long on his errand.
I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of clothing
For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful is Joseph;
In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and willing.'

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid
Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed her tongue, and
was silent,
While her mistress went on: 'The house is far from the village;
We should be lonely here, were it not for friends that in passing
Sometimes tarry o'ernight, and make us glad by their coming.'

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the thrifty, the frugal:
'Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a tavern;
Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like the pigeons
In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the hayloft,
Cooing and smoothing their feathers and basking themselves in the
sunshine.'

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered:
'All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it;
I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his people
Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his service.
His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make them
Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.
Therefore my excellent father first built this house in the clearing;
Though he came not himself, I came; for the Lord was my guidance,
Leading me here for this service. We must not grudge, then, to others
Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from our table.'

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent housemaid;
And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer:
'Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-Meeting in London,
When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent assembly,
Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive submission?
No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger, John Estaugh,
Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the Apostle,
Speaking such words of power that they bowed our hearts, as a strong
wind
Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for the sickle.'

Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me,
Wherefore I do not know; but strong is the feeling within me
That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten.'

II.

E'en as she spake they heard the musical jangle of sleigh-bells,
First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the distance,
Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the farmyard,
Till it stopped at the door, with sudden creaking of runners.
Then there were voices heard as of two men talking together,
And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said Hannah the housemaid,
'It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger is with him.'

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern
Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top of a lighthouse,
And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway,
Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow
Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses,
And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic.
Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stranger.
Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with the night air;
And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet him,
As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence,
And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected,
Quietly gave him her hand, and said, 'Thou art welcome, John Estaugh.'
And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behaviour,
'Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so many
Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that I find thee.
Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy threshold.
For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in silence
On His ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the snow-mist,
Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the wayside
Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered Queen Candace's eunuch,
How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto Gaza,
Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake unto Philip,
Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with him.
So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge beside me,
And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and thy homestead,
How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never deceiveth,
Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come to this country.
And I remembered thy name, and thy father and mother in England,
And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Elizabeth Haddon,
Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labours of love thou art doing.'

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and serenely
Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she answered,
'Surely the hand of the Lord is in it; His Spirit hath led thee
Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace of my fireside.'

Then, with stamping of feet, the door was opened, and Joseph Entered, bearing the lantern, and, carefully blowing the light out, Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their supper ;
For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons,
But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one household.

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs to the fireplace,
Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of firewood,
Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots,
Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible bounty
All who fled from the cold, exultant, laughing at winter !
Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the table,
Coming and going, and bustling about in closet and chamber.

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Estaugh,
Going far back to the past, to the early days of her childhood ;
How she had waited and watched, in all her doubts and besetments
Comforted with the extendings and holy, sweet inflowings
Of the spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded,
And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with her people
Here in the desert land, and God would provide for the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and demurely
Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence that followed
Nothing was heard for a while but the step of Hannah the housemaid
Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers in order.
And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion, ' The maiden
Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are heavy and awkward.'
Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his tongue, and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's counterfeit, nightly rehearsal
Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows, where no man
Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken !
Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended.
But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in his splendour,
Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his path in the
heavens,

Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway
Through the drifts of snow ; the horses already were harnessed,
And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold,
Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May ; while above them
Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic,
Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the casement,
As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window,
Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it.

III.

Now was the winter gone, and the snow ; and Robin the Redbreast
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other,
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and blithely
All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting,
Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the cruel Uncle, and only
Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were
building.

With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth Haddon
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless.
Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music,
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,
Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting
In the neighbouring town ; and with them came riding John Estaugh.
At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey
Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall of the garden ;
Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey,
And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid.
But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning
Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh :
'Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell thee,
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others ;
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth.'
And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest ;
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning !

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded :
'I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee ;
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh.'

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised by the words she had
spoken,
'Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit ;
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate white-
ness,
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.
But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.
When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labour completed
He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness
Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his guidance.'

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,
'So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.
It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow
Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not
When I shall see thee more; but if the Lord hath decreed it,
Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me.'
And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others.

IV.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the homestead.
Patient and unrepining Elizabeth laboured, in all things
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others,
Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled; and Hannah the housemaid,
Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and scouring,
Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,
And was at times reproved for her light and frothy behaviour,
For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil surmising,
Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves overladen,
As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,
Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to him in its sweetness
Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house with its odour.
O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!
O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!
But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering footsteps,
And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless, certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was
offered,
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection.
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly,
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little,
Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.
Such were the marriage-rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent servant,
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the housemaid;
For when he asked her the question, she answered, 'Nay'; and then
added,
'But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph.'

INTERLUDE.

'A PLEASANT and a winsome tale,'
The Student said, 'though somewhat pale
And quiet in its colouring,
As if it caught its tone and air
From the gray suits that Quakers wear ;

Yet worthy of some German bard,
Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard,
Who love of humble themes to sing,
In humble verse ; but no more true
Than was the tale I told to you.'

The Theologian made reply,
And with some warmth, 'That I deny ;

'Tis no invention of my own,
But something well and widely known

To readers of a riper age,
Writ by the skilful hand that wrote
The Indian tale of Hobomok,
And Philothea's classic page.
I found it like a waif afloat,
Or dulse uprooted from its rock,
On the swift tides that ebb and flow
In daily papers, and at flood
Bear freighted vessels to and fro,
But later, when the ebb is low,
Leave a long waste of sand and mud.'

'It matters little,' quoth the Jew ;
'The cloak of truth is lined with lies,

Sayeth some proverb old and wise ;
And Love is master of all arts,
And puts it into human hearts
The strangest things to say and do.'

And here the controversy closed
Abruptly, ere 'twas well begun ;
For the Sicilian interposed
With, 'Lordlings, listen, every one
That listen may, unto a tale
That's merrier than the nightingale ;

A tale that cannot boast, forsooth,
A single rag or shred of truth ;
That does not leave the mind in doubt

As to the with it or without ;
A naked falsehood and absurd
As mortal ever told or heard.
Therefore I tell it ; or, maybe,
Simply because it pleases me.'



THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

THE MONK OF CASAL-MAGGIORE.

ONCE on a time, some centuries ago,

In the hot sunshine two Franciscan friars

Wended their weary way with footsteps slow

Back to their convent, whose white walls and spires

Gleamed on the hillside like a patch of snow ;

Covered with dust they were, and torn by briers,

And bore like sumpter-mules upon their backs

The badge of poverty, their beggar's sacks.

The first was Brother Anthony, a spare

And silent man, with pallid cheeks and thin,

Much given to vigils, penance, fasting, prayer,

Solemn and gray, and worn with discipline,

As if his body but white ashes were,
Heaped on the living coals that glowed within ;

A simple monk, like many of his day,

Whose instinct was to listen and obey.

The Monk of Casal-Maggiore.

A different man was Brother Timothy,
Of larger mould and of a coarser paste ;
A rubicund and stalwart monk was he,
Broad in the shoulders, broader in the waist,
Who often filled the dull refectory
With noise by which the convent was disgraced,
But to the mass-book gave but little heed,
By reason he had never learned to read.
Now, as they passed the outskirts of a wood,
They saw, with mingled pleasure and surprise,
Fast tethered to a tree an ass, that stood
Lazily winking his large, limpid eyes.
The farmer Gilbert of that neighbourhood
His owner was, who, looking for supplies
Of fagots, deeper in the wood had strayed,
Leaving his beast to ponder in the shade.
As soon as Brother Timothy espied
The patient animal, he said :
' Good-lack !
Thus for our needs doth Providence provide ;
We'll lay our wallets on the creature's back.'
This being done, he leisurely untied
From head and neck the halter of the jack,
And put it round his own, and to the tree
Stood tethered fast as if the ass were he.
And, bursting forth into a merry laugh,

He cried to Brother Anthony :
' Away !
And drive the ass before you with your staff ;
And when you reach the convent you may say
You left me at a farm, half tired and half
Ill with a fever, for a night and day,
And that the farmer lent this ass to bear
Our wallets, that are heavy with good fare.'
Now Brother Anthony, who knew the pranks
Of Brother Timothy, would not persuade
Or reason with him on his quirks and cranks,
But, being obedient, silently obeyed ;
And, smiting with his staff the ass's flanks,
Drove him before him over hill and glade,
Safe with his provend to the convent gate,
Leaving poor Brother Timothy to his fate.
Then Gilbert, laden with fagots for his fire,
Forth issued from the wood, and stood aghast
To see the ponderous body of the friar
Standing where he had left his donkey last.
Trembling he stood, and dared not venture nigher,
But stared, and gaped, and crossed himself full fast ;
For, being credulous and of little wit,
He thought it was some demon from the pit.
While speechless and bewildered thus he gazed,

And dropped his load of fagots
on the ground,
Quoth Brother Timothy: 'Be not
amazed

That where you left a donkey
should be found
A poor Franciscan friar, half-
starved and crazed,
Standing demure and with a
halter bound;
But set me free, and hear the
piteous story
Of Brother Timothy of Casal-
Maggiore.

'I am a sinful man, although you
see

I wear the consecrated cowl and
cape;
You never owned an ass, but you
owned me,
Changed and transformed from
my own natural shape
All for the deadly sin of gluttony,
From which I could not other-
wise escape,
Than by this penance, dieting on
grass,
And being worked and beaten as
an ass.

'Think of the ignominy I endured;
Think of the miserable life I led,
The toil and blows to which I was
inured,

My wretched lodging in a windy
shed,
My scanty fare so grudgingly pro-
cured,

The damp and musty straw that
formed my bed!
But, having done this penance for
my sins,
My life as man and monk again
begins.'

The simple Gilbert, hearing words
like these,
Was conscience-stricken, and fell
down apace

Before the friar upon his bended
knees,

And with a suppliant voice im-
plored his grace;
And the good monk, now very much
at ease,

Granted him pardon with a
smiling face,
Nor could refuse to be that night
his guest,
It being late, and he in need of rest.

Upon a hillside, where the olive
thrives,

With figures painted on its white-
washed walls,
The cottage stood; and near the
humming hives

Made murmurs as of far-off
waterfalls;

A place where those who love se-
cluded lives

Might live content, and, free
from noise and brawls,
Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona
here

Measure by fruits the slow-revolv-
ing year.

And, coming to this cottage of
content,

They found his children, and the
buxom wench

His wife, Dame Cicely, and his
father, bent

With years and labour, seated on
a bench,

Repeating over some obscure event
In the old wars of Milanese and
French;

All welcomed the Franciscan, with
a sense
Of sacred awe and humble reve-
rence.

When Gilbert told them what had
come to pass,

How beyond question, cavil, or
surmise,

The Monk of Casal-Maggiore.

Good Brother Timothy had been
their ass,

You should have seen the wonder
in their eyes ;

You should have heard them cry,
'Alas ! alas !'

Have heard their lamentations
and their sighs !

For all believed the story, and began
To see a saint in this afflicted man.

Forthwith there was prepared a
grand repast,

To satisfy the craving of the friar
After so rigid and prolonged a fast ;

The bustling housewife stirred
the kitchen fire ;

Then her two barnyard fowls, her
best and last,

Were put to death, at her express
desire,

And served up with a salad in a
bowl,

And flasks of country wine to crown
the whole.

It would not be believed should I
repeat

How hungry Brother Timothy
appeared ;

It was a pleasure but to see him eat,
His white teeth flashing through

his russet beard,

His face aglow and flushed with
wine and meat,

His roguish eyes that rolled and
laughed and leered !

Lord ! how he drank the blood-red
country wine

As if the village vintage were divine !

And all the while he talked without
surcease,

And told his merry tales with
jovial glee

That never flagged, but rather did
increase,

And laughed aloud as if insane
were he,

And wagged his red beard, matted
like a fleece,

And cast such glances at Dame
Cicely

That Gilbert now grew angry with
his guest,

And thus in words his rising wrath
expressed.

'Good father,' said he, 'easily we
see

How needful in some persons,
and how right,

Mortification of the flesh may be.
The indulgence you have given

it to-night,

After long penance, clearly proves
to me

Your strength against temptation
is but slight,

And shows the dreadful peril you
are in

Of a relapse into your deadly sin.

'To-morrow morning, with the
rising sun,

Go back unto your convent, nor
refrain

From fasting and from scourging,
for you run

Great danger to become an ass
again,

Since monkish flesh and asinine
are one ;

Therefore be wise, nor longer
here remain,

Unless you wish the scourge
should be applied

By other hands, that will not spare
your hide.'

When this the monk had heard, his
colour fled

And then returned, like lightning
in the air,

Till he was all one blush from foot
to head,

And even the bald spot in his
russet hair

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Turned from its usual pallor to
bright red !

The old man was asleep upon
his chair.

Then all retired, and sank into the
deep

And helpless imbecility of sleep.

They slept until the dawn of day
drew near,

Till the cock should have crowed,
but did not crow,

For they had slain the shining
chanticleer

And eaten him for supper, as you
know.

The monk was up betimes and of
good cheer,

And, having breakfasted, made
haste to go,

As if he heard the distant matin
bell,

And had but little time to say
farewell.

Fresh was the morning as the
breath of kine ;

Odours of herbs commingled with
the sweet

Balsamic exhalations of the pine ;
A haze was in the air presaging
heat ;

Uprose the sun above the Apen-
nine,

And all the misty valleys at its
feet

Were full of the delirious song of
birds,

Voices of men, and bells, and low
of herds.

All this to Brother Timothy was
naught ;

He did not care for scenery, nor
here

His busy fancy found the thing it
sought ;

But when he saw the convent
walls appear,

And smoke from kitchen chim-
neys upward caught

And whirled aloft into the at-
mosphere,

He quickened his slow footsteps,
like a beast

That scents the stable a league off
at least.

And as he entered through the
convent gate

He saw there in the court the
ass, who stood

Twirling his ears about, and
seemed to wait,

Just as he found him waiting in
the wood ;

And told the Prior that, to alle-
viate

The daily labours of the brother-
hood,

The owner, being a man of means
and thrift,

Bestowed him on the convent as
a gift.

And thereupon the Prior for many
days

Revolved this serious matter in
his mind,

And turned it over many different
ways,

Hoping that some safe issue he
might find ;

But stood in fear of what the
world would say,

If he accepted presents of this
kind,

Employing beasts of burden for
the packs,

That lazy monks should carry on
their backs.

Then, to avoid all scandal of the
sort,

And stop the mouth of cavil, he
decreed

That he would cut the tedious
matter short,

The Monk of Casal-Maggiore.

And sell the ass with all convenient speed,
Thus saving the expense of his support,
And hoarding something for a time of need.
So he despatched him to the neighbouring Fair,
And freed himself from cumber and from care.

It happened now by chance, as some might say,
Others perhaps would call it destiny,
Gilbert was at the Fair; and heard a bray,
And nearer came, and saw that it was he,
And whispered in his ear, 'Ah, lackaday!
Good father, the rebellious flesh, I see,
Has changed you back into an ass again,
And all my admonitions were in vain.'

The ass, who felt this breathing in his ear,
Did not turn round to look, but shook his head,
As if he were not pleased these words to hear,
And contradicted all that had been said.
And this made Gilbert cry in voice more clear,
'I know you well; your hair is russet-red;
Do not deny it; for you are the same
Franciscan friar, and Timothy by name.'

The ass, though now the secret had come out,
Was obstinate, and shook his head again;

Until a crowd was gathered round about

To hear this dialogue between the twain;
And raised their voices in a noisy shout

When Gilbert tried to make the matter plain,
And flouted him and mocked him all day long
With laughter and with jibes and scraps of song.

'If this be Brother Timothy,' they cried,

'Buy him, and feed him on the tenderest grass;
Thou canst not do too much for one so tried

As to be twice transformed into an ass.'

So simple Gilbert bought him, and untied

His halter, and o'er mountain and morass

He led him homeward, talking as he went

Of good behaviour and a mind content.

The children saw them coming, and advanced,

Shouting with joy, and hung about his neck,—

Not Gilbert's, but the ass's,—round him danced,

And wove green garlands where-withal to deck

His sacred person; for again it chanced

Their childish feelings, without rein or check,

Could not discriminate in any way
A donkey from a friar of Orders Gray.

'O Brother Timothy,' the children said,

'You have come back to us just as before;

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

We were afraid, and thought that
you were dead,
And we should never see you
any more.'

And then they kissed the white
star on his head,
That like a birth-mark or a
badge he wore,
And patted him upon the neck and
face,
And said a thousand things with
childish grace.

Thenceforward and for ever he was
known

As Brother Timothy, and led
away

A life of luxury, till he had grown
Ungrateful, being stuffed with
corn and hay,

And very vicious. Then in angry
tone,

Rousing himself, poor Gilbert
said one day,

'When simple kindness is mis-
understood

A little flagellation may do good.'

His many vices need not here be
told;

Among them was a habit that
he had

Of flinging up his heels at young
and old,

Breaking his halter, running off
like mad

O'er pasture-lands and meadow,
wood and wold,

And other misdemeanours quite
as bad;

But worst of all was breaking from
his shed

At night, and ravaging the cabbage-
bed.

So Brother Timothy went back
once more

To his old life of labour and dis-
tress;

Was beaten worse than he had
been before.

And now, instead of comfort and
caress,

Came labours manifold and trials
sore;

And as his toils increased his
food grew less,

Until at last the great consoler,
Death,

Ended his many sufferings with his
breath.

Great was the lamentation when
he died;

And mainly that he died im-
penitent;

Dame Cicely bewailed, the children
cried,

The old man still remembered
the event

In the French war, and Gilbert
magnified

His many virtues, as he came
and went,

And said: 'Heaven pardon Brother
Timothy,

And keep us from the sin of
gluttony.'

INTERLUDE.

'SIGNOR LUIGI,' said the Jew,
When the Sicilian's tale was told,
'The were-wolf is a legend old,
But the were-ass is something new,
And yet for one I think it true.

The days of wonder have not
ceased;

If there are beasts in forms of
men,

As sure it happens now and then,
Why may not man become a beast,

In way of punishment at least?

'But this I will not now discuss:
I leave the theme, that we may
thus

Remain within the realm of song.
The story that I told before,
Though not acceptable to all,
At least you did not find too long.
I beg you, let me try again,
With something in a different vein,
Before you bid the curtain fall.
Meanwhile keep watch upon the
door,
Nor let the Landlord leave his
chair,
Lest he should vanish into air,
And thus elude our search once
more.'

Thus saying, from his lips he blew
A little cloud of perfumed breath,
And then, as if it were a clew
To lead his footsteps safely through,
Began his tale as followeth.



THE SPANISH JEW'S SECOND TALE.

SCANDERBEG.

THE battle is fought and won
By King Ladislaus the Hun,
In fire of hell and death's frost,
On the day of Pentecost.
And in rout before his path
From the field of battle red
Flee all that are not dead
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night
Iskander, the pride and boast
Of that mighty Othman host,
With his routed Turks, takes flight
From the battle fought and lost
On the day of Pentecost ;
Leaving behind him dead
The army of Amurath,
The vanguard as it led,
The rearguard as it fled,
Mown down in the bloody swath
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars,
Nor for Baron or Voivode,
As on through the night he rode
And gazed at the fateful stars,
That were shining overhead ;
But smote his steed with his staff,
And smiled to himself, and said :
' This is the time to laugh.'

In the middle of the night,
In a halt of the hurrying flight,
There came a Scribe of the King
Wearing his signet ring,
And said in a voice severe :
' This is the first dark blot
On thy name, George Castriot !
Alas ! why art thou here,
And the army of Amurath slain,
And left on the battle plain ?'

And Iskander answered and said :
' They lie on the bloody sod
By the hoofs of horses trod ;
But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead ;
For the war belongeth to God,
And in battle who are we,
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of his lifted hand ?'

Then he bade them bind with
chains
This man of books and brains ;
And the Scribe said : ' What mis-
deed

Have I done, that, without need,
Thou doest to me this thing ?'
And Iskander answering
Said unto him : ' Not one
Misdeed to me hast thou done ;
But for fear that thou shouldst run
And hide thyself from me,
Have I done this unto thee.

' Now write me a writing, O Scribe,
And a blessing be on thy tribe !
A writing sealed with thy ring,
To King Amurath's Pasha
In the city of Croia,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

The city moated and walled,
That he surrender the same
In the name of my master, the
King ;
For what is writ in his name
Can never be recalled.'

And the Scribe bowed low in
dread,

And unto Iskander said :
'Allah is great and just,
But we are as ashes and dust ;
How shall I do this thing,
When I know that my guilty head
Will be forfeit to the King ?'

Then swift as a shooting star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimitar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shot, as he thundered : 'Write !'
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air
On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried :
'Now follow whither I ride,
For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,
And honours without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day.'
But the sullen Scribe replied :
'Our pathways here divide ;
Mine leadeth not thy way.'

And even as he spoke
Fell a sudden scimitar-stroke,
When no one else was near ;
And the Scribe sank to the ground,
As a stone, pushed from the brink
Of a black pool, might sink
With a sob and disappear ;
And no one saw the deed ;

And in the stillness around
No sound was heard but the sound
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
As forward he sprang with a
bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,
With scarce three hundred men,
Through river and forest and fen,
O'er the mountains of Argentar ;
And his heart was merry within,
When he crossed the river Drin,
And saw in the gleam of the morn
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,
The city Croia called,
The city moated and walled,
The city where he was born,—
And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van
On their silver bugles blew,
And in crowds about him ran
Albanian and Turkoman,
That the sound together drew.
And he feasted with his friends,
And when they were warm with
wine,

He said : 'O friends of mine,
Behold what fortune sends,
And what the fates design !
King Amurath commands
That my father's wide domain,
This city and all its lands,
Shall be given to me again.'

Then to the Castle White
He rode in regal state,
And entered in at the gate
In all his arms bedight,
And gave to the Pasha
Who ruled in Croia
The writing of the King,
Sealed with his signet ring.
And the Pasha bowed his head,
And after a silence said :
'Allah is just and great !
I yield to the will divine,
The city and lands are thine ;
Who shall contend with fate ?'

Interlude.

Anon from the castle walls
The crescent banner falls,
And the crowd beholds instead,
Like a portent in the sky,
Iskander's banner fly,
The Black Eagle with double
head;

And a shout ascends on high,
For men's souls are tired of the
Turks,

And their wicked ways and works,
That have made of Ak-Hissar
A city of the plague;
And the loud, exultant cry
That echoes wide and far
Is: 'Long live Scanderbeg!'

It was thus Iskander came
Once more unto his own;
And the tidings, like the flame
Of a conflagration blown
By the winds of summer, ran,
Till the land was in a blaze,
And the cities far and near,
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,
In his Book of the Words of the
Days,
'Were taken as a man
Would take the tip of his ear.'



INTERLUDE.

'Now that is after my own heart,'
The Poet cried; 'one understands
Your swarthy hero Scanderbeg,
Gauntlet on hand and boot on
leg,
And skilled in every warlike art,
Riding through his Albanian lands,
And following the auspicious star
That shone for him o'er Ak-Hissar.'

The Theologian added here
His word of praise not less sincere,
Although he ended with a jibe;

'The hero of romance and song
Was born,' he said, 'to right the
wrong;
And I approve; but all the same
That bit of treason with the Scribe
Adds nothing to your hero's fame.'

The Student praised the good old
times,
And liked the canter of the rhymes,
That had a hoofbeat in their sound;
But longed some further word to
hear
Of the old chronicler Ben Meir,
And where his volume might be
found.

The tall Musician walked the room
With folded arms and gleaming
eyes,
As if he saw the Vikings rise,
Gigantic shadows in the gloom;
And much he talked of their
emprise,
And meteors seen in Northern
skies,
And Heimdal's horn, and day of
doom.

But the Sicilian laughed again;
'This is the time to laugh,' he
said.

For the whole story he well knew
Was an invention of the Jew,
Spun from the cobwebs in his
brain,
And of the same bright scarlet
thread
As was the Tale of Kambalu.

Only the Landlord spake no word;
'Twas doubtful whether he had
heard

The tale at all, so full of care
Was he of his impending fate,
That, like the sword of Damocles,
Above his head hung blank and
bare,

Suspended by a single hair,
So that he could not sit at ease,

But sighed and looked disconsolate,
And shifted restless in his chair,
Revolving how he might evade
The blow of the descending blade.

The Student came to his relief
By saying in his easy way
To the Musician: 'Calm your grief,
My fair Apollo of the North,
Balder the Beautiful and so forth;
Although your magic lyre or lute
With broken strings is lying mute,
Still you can tell some doleful tale
Of shipwreck in a midnight gale,
Or something of the kind to suit
The mood that we are in to-night
For what is marvellous and strange;
So give your nimble fancy range,
And we will follow in its flight.'

But the Musician shook his head;
'No tale I tell to-night,' he said,
'While my poor instrument lies there,
Even as a child with vacant stare
Lies in its little coffin dead.'

Yet, being urged, he said at last:
'There comes to me out of the Past
A voice, whose tones are sweet and wild,
Singing a song almost divine,
And with a tear in every line;
An ancient ballad, that my nurse
Sang to me when I was a child,
In accents tender as the verse;
And sometimes wept, and sometimes smiled
While singing it, to see arise
The look of wonder in my eyes,
And feel my heart with terror beat.
This simple ballad I retain
Clearly imprinted on my brain,
And as a tale will now repeat.'

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

THE MOTHER'S GHOST.

SVEND DYRING he rideth adown
the glade;
I myself was young!
There he hath wooed him so winsome a maid;
Fair words gladden so many a heart.

Together were they for seven years,
And together children six were theirs.

Then came Death abroad through the land,
And blighted the beautiful lily-wand.

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the glade,
And again hath he wooed him another maid.

He hath wooed him a maid and brought home a bride,
But she was bitter and full of pride.

When she came driving into the yard,
There stood the six children weeping so hard.

There stood the small children with sorrowful heart;
From before her feet she thrust them apart.

She gave to them neither ale nor bread;
'Ye shall suffer hunger and hate,' she said.

She took from them their quilts of blue,
And said: 'Ye shall lie on the straw we strew.'

The Mother's Ghost.

She took from them the great wax-
light;
'Now ye shall lie in the dark at
night.'

In the evening late they cried with
cold;
The mother heard it under the
mould.

The woman heard it the earth
below:
'To my little children I must go.'

She standeth before the Lord of
all:
'And may I go to my children
small?'

She prayed him so long, and would
not cease,
Until he bade her depart in peace.

'At cock-crow thou shalt return
again;
Longer thou shalt not there re-
main!'

She girded up her sorrowful bones,
And rifted the walls and the marble
stones.

As through the village she flitted
by,
The watch-dogs howled aloud to
the sky.

When she came to the castle gate,
There stood her eldest daughter in
wait.

'Why standest thou here, dear
daughter mine?
How fares it with brothers and
sisters thine?'

'Never art thou mother of mine,
For my mother was both fair and
fine.

'My mother was white, with cheeks
of red,
But thou art pale, and like to the
dead.'

'How should I be fair and fine?
I have been dead; pale cheeks are
mine.

'How should I be white and red,
So long, so long have I been
dead?'

When she came in at the chamber
door,
There stood the small children
weeping sore.

One she braided, another she
brushed,
The third she lifted, the fourth she
hushed.

The fifth she took on her lap and
pressed,
As if she would suckle it at her
breast.

Then to her eldest daughter said
she,
'Do thou bid Svend Dyring come
hither to me.'

Into the chamber when he came
She spake to him in anger and
shame.

'I left behind me both ale and
bread;
My children hunger and are not
fed.

'I left behind me quilts of blue;
My children lie on the straw ye
strew.

'I left behind me the great wax-
light;
My children lie in the dark at
night.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

'If I come again unto your hall,
As cruel a fate shall you befall!

'Now crows the cock with feathers
red;
Back to the earth must all the dead.

'Now crows the cock with feathers
swart;
The gates of heaven fly wide apart.

'Now crows the cock with feathers
white;
I can abide no longer to-night.'

Whenever they heard the watch-
dogs wail,
They gave the children bread and
ale.

Whenever they heard the watch-
dogs bay,
They feared lest the dead were on
their way.

Whenever they heard the watch-
dogs bark;
I myself was young!
They feared the dead out there in
the dark.

*Fair words gladden so many a
heart.*

INTERLUDE.

TOUCHED by the pathos of these
rhymes,

The Theologian said: 'All praise
Be to the ballads of old times
And to the bards of simple ways,
Who walked with Nature hand in
hand,

Whose country was their Holy
Land,

Whose singing robes were home-
spun brown

From looms of their own native
town,

Which they were not ashamed to
wear,

And not of silk or sendal gay,
Nor decked with fanciful array
Of cockle-shells from Outre-Mer.'

To whom the Student answered:
'Yes;

All praise and honour! I confess
That bread and ale, home-baked,
home-brewed,

Are wholesome and nutritious
food,

But not enough for all our needs;
Poets—the best of them—are birds
Of passage; where their instinct
leads

They range abroad for thoughts
and words,

And from all climes bring home
the seeds

That germinate in flowers or weeds.
They are not fowls in barnyards
born

To cackle o'er a grain of corn;
And, if you shut the horizon down
To the small limits of their town,
What do you but degrade your bard
Till he at last becomes as one
Who thinks the all-encircling sun
Rises and sets in his back yard?'

The Theologian said again:
'It may be so; yet I maintain
That what is native still is best,
And little care I for the rest.
'Tis a long story; time would fail
To tell it, and the hour is late;
We will not waste it in debate,
But listen to our Landlord's tale.'

And thus the sword of Damocles
Descending not by slow degrees,
But suddenly, on the Landlord fell,
Who blushing, and with much
demur

And many vain apologies,
Plucking up heart, began to tell
The Rhyme of one Sir Christopher.

The Rhyme of Sir Christopher.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER.

It was Sir Christopher Gardiner,
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,
From Merry England over the sea,
Who stepped upon this continent
As if his august presence lent
A glory to the colony.

You should have seen him in the
street
Of the little Boston of Winthrop's
time,
His rapier dangling at his feet,
Doublet and hose and boots complete,
Prince Rupert hat with ostrich
plume,
Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume,
Luxuriant curls and air sublime,
And superior manners now obsolete!

He had a way of saying things
That made one think of courts and
kings,
And lords and ladies of high degree;
So that not having been at court
Seemed something very little short
Of treason or lese-majesty,
Such an accomplished knight was
he.

His dwelling was just beyond the
town,
At what he called his country-seat;
For, careless of Fortune's smile or
frown,
And weary grown of the world and
its ways,
He wished to pass the rest of his
days
In a private life and a calm retreat.

But a double life was the life he led,
And, while professing to be in
search
Of a godly course, and willing, he
said,
Nay, anxious to join the Puritan
church,
He made of all this but small
account,
And passed his idle hours instead
With roystering Morton of Merry
Mount,
That pettifogger from Furnival's
Inn,
Lord of misrule and riot and sin,
Who looked on the wine when it
was red.

This country-seat was little more
Than a cabin of logs; but in front
of the door
A modest flower-bed thickly sown
With sweet alyssum and columbine
Made those who saw it at once
divine
The touch of some other hand
than his own.
At first it was whispered, and then
it was known,
That he in secret was harbouring
there
A little lady with golden hair,
Whom he called his cousin, but
whom he had wed
In the Italian manner, as men said,
And great was the scandal everywhere.

But worse than this was the vague
surmise,
Though none could vouch for it or
aver,
That the Knight of the Holy
Sepulchre
Was only a Papist in disguise;
And the more to embitter their
bitter lives,
And the more to trouble the public
mind,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Came letters from England, from
two other wives,
Whom he had carelessly left be-
hind ;

Both of them letters of such a kind
As made the governor hold his
breath ;

The one imploring him straight to
send

The husband home, that he might
amend ;

The other asking his instant death,
As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it
right,

When all this wickedness was
revealed,

To send his warrant signed and
sealed,

And take the body of the knight.
Armed with this mighty instrument,
The marshal, mounting his gallant
steed,

Rode forth from town at the top of
his speed,

And followed by all his bailiffs bold,
As if on high achievement bent,
To storm some castle or stronghold,
Challenge the warders on the wall,
And seize in his ancestral hall
A robber-baron grim and old.

But when through all the dust and
heat

He came to Sir Christopher's
country-seat,

No knight he found, nor warder
there,

But the little lady with golden hair,
Who was gathering in the bright
sunshine

The sweet alyssum and columbine ;
While gallant Sir Christopher, all
so gay,

Being forewarned, through the
postern gate

Of his castle wall had tripped away,

And was keeping a little holiday
In the forests, that bounded his
estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true
The marshal searched the castle
through,

Not crediting what the lady said ;
Searched from cellar to garret in
vain,

And, finding no knight, came out
again

And arrested the golden damsel
instead,

And bore her in triumph into the
town,

While from her eyes the tears rolled
down

On the sweet alyssum and colum-
bine,

That she held in her fingers white
and fine.

The governor's heart was moved to
see

So fair a creature caught within
The snares of Satan and of sin,
And he read her a little homily
On the folly and wickedness of the
lives

Of women, half cousins and half
wives ;

But, seeing that naught his words
availed,

He sent her away in a ship that
sailed

For Merry England over the sea,
To the other two wives in the old
countrie,

To search her further, since he had
failed

To come at the heart of the mystery.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wan-
dered away

Through pathless woods for a month
and a day,

Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at
night

Finale.

With the noble savage, who took
delight
In his feathered hat and his velvet
vest,
His gun and his rapier and the rest.
But as soon as the noble savage
heard
That a bounty was offered for this
gay bird,
He wanted to slay him out of hand,
And bring in his beautiful scalp for
a show,
Like the glossy head of a kite or
crow,
Until he was made to understand
They wanted the bird alive, not
dead;
Then he followed him whither-
soever he fled,
Through forest and field, and
hunted him down,
And brought him prisoner into the
town.

Alas ! it was a rueful sight,
To see this melancholy knight
In such a dismal and hapless case ;
His hat deformed by stain and
dent,
His plumage broken, his doublet
rent,
His beard and flowing locks for-
lorn,
Matted, dishevelled, and unshorn,
His boots with dust and mire
besprent ;
But dignified in his disgrace,
And wearing an unblushing face.
And thus before the magistrate
He stood to hear the doom of fate.
In vain he strove with wonted ease
To modify and extenuate
His evil deeds in church and state,
For gone was now his power to
please ;
And his pompous words had no
more weight
Than feathers flying in the breeze.

With suavity equal to his own
The governor lent a patient ear
To the speech evasive and high-
flown,
In which he endeavoured to make
clear
That colonial laws were too severe
When applied to a gallant cavalier,
A gentleman born, and so well
known,
And accustomed to move in a
higher sphere.

All this the Puritan governor heard,
And deigned in answer never a
word ;
But in summary manner shipped
away,
In a vessel that sailed from Salem
Bay,
This splendid and famous cavalier,
With his Rupert hat and his
popery,
To Merry England over the sea,
As being unmeet to inhabit here.

Thus endeth the Rhyme of Sir
Christopher,
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,
The first who furnished this barren
land
With Apples of Sodom and ropes
of sand.

FINALE.

THESE are the tales those merry
guests
Told to each other, well or ill ;
Like summer birds that lift their
crests
Above the borders of their nests
And twitter, and again are still.
These are the tales, or new or old,
In idle moments idly told ;
Flowers of the field with petals
thin,

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Lilies that neither toil nor spin,
And tufts of wayside weeds and
 gorse
Hung in the parlour of the inn
Beneath the sign of the Red Horse.

And still, reluctant to retire,
The friends sat talking by the fire
And watched the smouldering
 embers burn

To ashes, and flash up again
Into a momentary glow,
Lingering like them when forced
 to go,

And going when they would re-
 main ;

For on the morrow they must turn
Their faces homeward, and the pain
Of parting touched with its unrest
A tender nerve in every breast.

But sleep at last the victory won ;
They must be stirring with the sun,
And drowsily good night they said,
And went still gossiping to bed,
And left the parlour wrapped in
 gloom.

The only live thing in the room
Was the old clock, that in its pace
Kept time with the revolving
 spheres

And constellations in their flight,
And struck with its uplifted mace
The dark, unconscious hours of
 night,

To senseless and unlistening ears.

Uprose the sun ; and every guest,
Uprisen, was soon equipped and
 dressed

For journeying home and city-
 ward ;

The old stage-coach was at the
 door,

With horses harnessed, long before
The sunshine reached the withered
 sward

Beneath the oaks, whose branches
 hoar

Murmured : ' Farewell for ever-
 more.'

' Farewell ! ' the portly Landlord
 cried ;

' Farewell ! ' the parting guests
 replied,

But little thought that nevermore
Their feet would pass that threshold
 o'er ;

That nevermore together there
Would they assemble, free from
 care,

To hear the oaks' mysterious roar,
And breathe the wholesome
 country air.

Where are they now ? What lands
 and skies

Paint pictures in their friendly
 eyes ?

What hope deludes, what promise
 cheers,

What pleasant voices fill their ears ?
Two are beyond the salt sea waves,
And three already in their graves.
Perchance the living still may look

Into the pages of this book,
And see the days of long ago
Floating and fleeting to and fro,
As in the well-remembered brook
They saw the inverted landscape
 gleam.

And their own faces like a dream
Look up upon them from below.

The Golden Legend.

PROLOGUE.

*The spire of Strasburg Cathedral.
Night and storm. LUCIFER,
with the Powers of the Air,
trying to tear down the Cross.*

Lucifer. Hasten! hasten!
O ye spirits!
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air!

Voices. O, we cannot!
For around it
All the Saints and Guardian Angels
Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us everywhere!

The Bells.
Laudo Deum verum!
Plebem voco!
Congrego clerum!

Lucifer. Lower! lower!
Hover downward!
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower!

Voices. All thy thunders
Here are harmless!
For these bells have been anointed,
And baptized with holy water!
They defy our utmost power.

The Bells.
Defunctos ploro!
Pestem fugo!
Festa decoro!

Lucifer. Shake the casements!
Break the painted
Panes, that flame with gold and
crimson;
Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,
Swept away before the blast!

Voices. O, we cannot!
The Archangel
Michael flames from every window,
With the sword of fire that drove us
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast!

The Bells.
Funera plango!
Fulgura frango!
Sabbata pango!

Lucifer. Aim your lightnings
At the oaken,
Massive, iron-studded portals!
Sack the house of God, and scatter
Wide the ashes of the dead!

Voices. O, we cannot!
The Apostles
And the Martyrs, wrapped in
mantles,
Stand as warders at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

The Bells.
Excito lentos!
Dissipo ventos!
Paco cruentos!

Lucifer. Baffled! baffled!
Inefficient,
Craven spirits! leave this labour
Unto Time, the great Destroyer!
Come away, ere night is gone!
Voices. Onward! onward!
With the night-wind,
Over field and farm and forest,
Lonely homestead, darksome ham-
let,
Blighting all we breathe upon!

*(They sweep away. Organ and
Gregorian Chant.)*

Choir.
Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes.

I.

The Castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine. A chamber in a tower. PRINCE HENRY, sitting alone, ill and restless. Midnight.

Pr. Henry. I cannot sleep! my fervid brain

Calls up the vanished Past again,
And throws its misty splendours deep

Into the pallid realms of sleep!
A breath from that far-distant shore
Comes freshening ever more and more,

And wafts o'er intervening seas
Sweet odours from the Hesperides!
A wind, that through the corridor
Just stirs the curtain, and no more,
And, touching the æolian strings,
Faints with the burden that it brings!

Come back! ye friendships long departed!

That like o'erflowing streamlets started,

And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!

Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,

Come back, with all that light attended,

Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,

The airy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,

That have been, and shall be no more.

They change the cloisters of the night

Into a garden of delight;
They make the dark and dreary hours

Open and blossom into flowers!

I would not sleep! I love to be
Again in their fair company;
But ere my lips can bid them stay,
They pass and vanish quite away!
Alas! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place,
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged remain;

The rest we cannot reinstate;
Ourselves we cannot re-create,
Nor set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony!

Rest! rest! O, give me rest and peace!

The thought of life that ne'er shall cease

Has something in it like despair,
A weight I am too weak to bear!
Sweeter to this afflicted breast
The thought of never-ending rest!
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
Tranquillity of endless sleep!

(A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER appears, in the garb of a travelling Physician.)

Lucifer. All hail, Prince Henry!
Pr. Henry (starting). Who is it speaks?

Who and what are you?

Lucifer. One who seeks
A moment's audience with the Prince.

Pr. Henry. When came you in?
Lucifer. A moment since.

I found your study door unlocked,
And thought you answered when I knocked.

Pr. Henry. I did not hear you.
Lucifer. You heard the thunder;
It was loud enough to waken the dead.

And it is not a matter of special wonder

That, when God is walking overhead,

You should not hear my feeble tread.

The Golden Legend.

Pr. Henry. What may your wish
or purpose be?

Lucifer. Nothing or everything,
as it pleases

Your Highness. You behold in me
Only a travelling Physician;
One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.

Pr. Henry. Can you bring
The dead to life?

Lucifer. Yes; very nearly.
And, what is a wiser and better
thing,

Can keep the living from ever
needing

Such an unnatural, strange pro-
ceeding,

Byshowing conclusively and clearly
That death is a stupid blunder
merely,

And not a necessity of our lives.

My being here is accidental;

The storm, that against your
casement drives,

In the little village below waylaid
me.

And there I heard, with a secret
delight,

Of your maladies physical and
mental,

Which neither astonished nor dis-
mayed me.

And I hastened hither, though late
in the night,

To proffer my aid!

Pr. Henry (ironically). For this
you came!

Ah, how can I ever hope to requite
This honour from one so erudite?

Lucifer. The honour is mine, or
will be, when

I have cured your disease.

Pr. Henry. But not till then.

Lucifer. What is your illness?

Pr. Henry. It has no name.
A smouldering, dull, perpetual
flame,

As in a kiln, burns in my veins,
Sending up vapours to the head;
My heart has become a dull lagoon,
Which a kind of leprosy drinks
and drains;

I am accounted as one who is dead,
And, indeed, I think that I shall be
soon.

Lucifer. And has Gordonius the
Divine,

In his famous Lily of Medicine,—
I see the book lies open before
you,—

No remedy potent enough to restore
you?

Pr. Henry. None whatever!

Lucifer. The dead are dead,
And their oracles dumb, when
questioned

Of the new diseases that human
life

Evolves in its progress, rank and
rife.

Consult the dead upon things that
were,

But the living only on things that are.
Have you done this, by the appli-
ance

And aid of doctors?

Pr. Henry. Ay, whole schools
Of doctors, with their learned rules;
But the case is quite beyond their
science.

Even the doctors of Salerno
Send me back word they can discern

No cure for a malady like this,
Save one which in its nature is

Impossible, and cannot be!

Lucifer. That sounds oracular!

Pr. Henry. Unendurable!

Lucifer. What is their remedy?

Pr. Henry. You shall see;

Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

Lucifer (reading). 'Not to be
cured, yet not incurable!

The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a
maiden's veins,

The Golden Legend.

Who of her own free will shall die,
And give her life as the price of
yours !'

That is the strangest of all cures,
And one, I think, you will never try;
The prescription you may well put
by,

As something impossible to find
Before the world itself shall end !
And yet who knows ? One cannot
say

That into some maiden's brain that
kind

Of madness will not find its way.
Meanwhile permit me to recom-
mend,

As the matter admits of no delay,
My wonderful Catholicon,
Of very subtle and magical powers !

Pr. Henry. Purge with your nos-
trums and drugs infernal

The spouts and gargoyles of these
towers,

Not me. My faith is utterly gone
In every power but the Power
Supernal !

Pray tell me, of what school are you ?

Lucifer. Both of the Old and of
the New !

The school of Hermes Trisme-
gistus,

Who uttered his oracles sublime
Before the Olympiads, in the dew
Of the early dusk and dawn of
Time,

The reign of dateless old He-
phæstus !

As northward, from its Nubian
springs,

The Nile, for ever new and old,
Among the living and the dead,
Its mighty, mystic stream has
rolled ;

So, starting from its fountain-head
Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,
From the dead demigods of eld,
Through long, unbroken lines of
kings

Its course the sacred art has held,
Unchecked, unchanged by man's
devices.

This art the Arabian Geber taught,
And in alembics, finely wrought,
Distilling herbs and flowers, dis-
covered

The secret that so long had hovered
Upon the misty verge of Truth,
The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,
Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech !
Like him, this wondrous lore I teach !

Pr. Henry. What ! an adept ?

Lucifer. Nor less, nor more !

Pr. Henry. I am a reader of your
books,

A lover of that mystic lore !

With such a piercing glance it looks
Into great Nature's open eye,
And sees within it trembling lie
The portrait of the Deity !

And yet, alas ! with all my pains,
The secret and the mystery
Have baffled and eluded me,

Unseen the grand result remains !

Lucifer (showing a flask). Behold
it here ! this little flask

Contains the wonderful quintes-
sence,

The perfect flower and efflores-
cence,

Of all the knowledge man can ask !
Hold it up thus against the light !

Pr. Henry. How limpid, pure, and
crystalline,

How quick, and tremulous, and
bright

The little wavelets dance and shine,
As were it the Water of Life in
sooth !

Lucifer. It is ! It assuages every
pain,

Cures all disease, and gives again
To age the swift delights of youth.
Inhale its fragrance.

Pr. Henry. It is sweet,
A thousand different odours meet
And mingle in its rare perfume,

The Golden Legend.

Such as the winds of summer waft
At open windows through a room !

Lucifer. Will you not taste it ?

Pr. Henry. Will one draught suffice ?

Lucifer. If not, you can drink more.

Pr. Henry. Into this crystal goblet pour
So much as safely I may drink.

Lucifer (pouring). Let not the quantity alarm you ;
You may drink all ; it will not harm you .

Pr. Henry. I am as one who on the brink
Of a dark river stands and sees
The waters flow, the landscape dim
Around him waver, wheel, and swim,
And, ere he plunges, stops to think

Into what whirlpools he may sink ;
One moment pauses, and no more,
Then madly plunges from the shore !

Headlong into the mysteries
Of life and death I boldly leap,
Nor fear the fateful current's sweep,
Nor what in ambush lurks below !
For death is better than disease !

(*An ANGEL with an æolian harp
hovers in the air.*)

Angel. Woe ! woe ! eternal woe !
Not only the whispered prayer
Of love,
But the imprecations of hate,
Reverberate
For ever and ever through the air
Above !

This fearful curse
Shakes the great universe !

Lucifer (disappearing). Drink !
drink !

And thy soul shall sink
Down into the dark abyss
Into the infinite abyss,

From which no plummet nor rope
Ever drew up the silver sand of hope !

Pr. Henry (drinking). It is like
a draught of fire !

Through every vein

I feel again

The fever of youth, the soft desire ;
A rapture that is almost pain
Throbs in my heart and fills my brain !

O joy ! O joy ! I feel

The band of steel

That so long and heavily has
pressed

Upon my breast

Uplifted, and the malediction

Of my affliction

Is taken from me, and my weary
breast

At length finds rest.

The Angel. It is but the rest of
the fire, from which the air has
been taken !

It is but the rest of the sand, when
the hour-glass is not shaken !

It is but the rest of the tide between
the ebb and the flow !

It is but the rest of the wind between
the flaws that blow !

With fiendish laughter,

Hereafter,

This false physician

Will mock thee in thy perdition.

Pr. Henry. Speak ! speak !

Who says that I am ill ?

I am not ill ! I am not weak !

The trance, the swoon, the dream,
is o'er !

I feel the chill of death no more !

At length,

I stand renewed in all my strength !

Beneath me I can feel

The great earth stagger and reel,

As if the feet of a descending God

Upon its surface trod,

And like a pebble it rolled beneath
his heel !

The Golden Legend.

This, O brave physician ! this
Is thy great Palingenesis !

(Drinks again.)

The Angel. Touch the goblet no
more !

It will make thy heart sore
To its very core !
Its perfume is the breath
Of the Angel of Death,
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.
Beware ! O, beware !
For sickness, sorrow, and care
All are there !

Pr. Henry (sinking back). O thou
voice within my breast !

Why entreat me, why upbraid me,
When the steadfast tongues of truth
And the flattering hopes of youth
Have all deceived me and betrayed
me ?

Give me, give me rest, O rest !
Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapours, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing,
gleaming !

I am like a happy lover
Who illumines life with dreaming !
Brave physician ! Rare physician !
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission !

(His head falls on his book.)

The Angel (receding). Alas ! alas !
Like a vapour the golden vision
Shall fade and pass,
And thou wilt find in thy heart
again

Only the blight of pain,
And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition !

Court-yard of the Castle. HUBERT
standing by the gateway.

Hubert. How sad the grand old
castle looks !

O'erhead, the unmolested rooks
Upon the turret's windy top
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop ;

Here in the courtyard springs the
grass,

So few are now the feet that pass ;
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,
Come hopping down the steps of
stone,

As if the castle were their own ;
And I, the poor old seneschal,
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-
hall.

Alas ! the merry guests no more
Crowd through the hospitable door ;
No eyes with youth and passion
shine,

No cheeks grow redder than the
wine ;

No song, no laugh, no jovial din
Of drinking wassail to the pin ;
But all is silent, sad, and drear,
And now the only sounds I hear
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,
And horses stamping in their stalls !

(A horn sounds.)

What ho ! that merry, sudden blast
Reminds me of the days long past !
And, as of old resounding, grate
The heavy hinges of the gate,
And, clattering loud, with iron
clank,

Down goes the sounding bridge of
plank,

As if it were in haste to greet
The pressure of a traveller's feet.

(Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.)

Walter. How now, my friend !

This looks quite lonely !
No banner flying from the walls,
No pages and no seneschals,
No warders, and one porter only !
Is it you, Hubert ?

Hubert. Ah ! Master Walter !

Walter. Alas ! how forms and
faces alter !
I did not know you. You look
older !

Your hair has grown much grayer
and thinner,

The Golden Legend.

And you stoop a little in the
shoulder !

Hubert. Alack ! I am a poor old
sinner,

And, like these towers, begin to
moulder ;

And you have been absent many a
year !

Walter. How is the Prince ?

Hubert. He is not here ;
He has been ill : and now has fled.

Walter. Speak it out frankly :
say he's dead !

Is it not so ?

Hubert. No ; if you please,
A strange, mysterious disease
Fell on him with a sudden blight.
Whole hours together he would
stand

Upon the terrace, in a dream,
Resting his head upon his hand,
Best pleased when he was most
alone,

Like Saint John Nepomuck in stone,
Looking down into a stream.

In the Round Tower, night after
night,

He sat, and bleared his eyes with
books ;

Until one morning we found him
there

Stretched on the floor, as if in a
swoon

He had fallen from his chair.

We hardly recognised his sweet
looks !

Walter. Poor Prince !

Hubert. I think he might have
mended ;

And he did mend ; but very soon
The priests came flocking in, like
rooks,

With all their crosiers and their
crooks,

And so at last the matter ended.

Walter. How did it end ?

Hubert. Why, in
Saint Rochus

They made him stand, and wait
his doom ;

And, as if he were condemned to
the tomb,

Began to mutter their hocus-pocus.
First, the Mass for the Dead they
chanted,

Then three times laid upon his
head

A shovelful of churchyard clay,
Saying to him, as he stood un-
daunted,

' This is a sign that thou art dead,
So in thy heart be penitent ! '

And forth from the chapel door he
went

Into disgrace and banishment,
Clothed in a cloak of hodden gray,
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,
Whose sound should be a perpetual
knell

To keep all travellers away.

Walter. O, horrible fate ! Out-
cast, rejected,

As one with pestilence infected !

Hubert. Then was the family
tomb unsealed,

And broken helmet, sword, and
shield,

Buried together in common wreck,
As is the custom, when the last
Of any princely house has passed ;
And thrice, as with a trumpet-
blast,

A herald shouted down the stair
The words of warning and de-
spair,—

' O Hoheneck ! O Hoheneck ! '

Walter. Still in my soul that
cry goes on,—

For ever gone ! for ever gone !

Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,
Like a black shadow, would fall
across

The hearts of all, if he should die !
His gracious presence upon earth
Was as a fire upon a hearth ;
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,

The Golden Legend.

The words that dropped from his
sweet tongue
Strengthened our hearts ; or, heard
at night,
Made all our slumbers soft and light.
Where is he ?

Hubert. In the Odenwald.
Some of his tenants, unappalled
By fear of death, or priestly word,—
A holy family, that make
Each meal a Supper of the Lord,—
Have him beneath their watch and
ward,

For love of him, and Jesus' sake !
Pray you come in. For why should I
With out-door hospitality
My prince's friend thus entertain ?

Walter. I would a moment here
remain.

But you, good Hubert, go before,
Fill me a goblet of May-drink,
As aromatic as the May
From which it steals the breath
away,

And which he loved so well of yore ;
It is of him that I would think.
You shall attend me, when I call,
In the ancestral banquet-hall.

Unseen companions, guests of air,
You cannot wait on, will be there ;
They taste not food, they drink not
wine,

But their soft eyes look into mine,
And their lips speak to me, and all
The vast and shadowy banquet-hall
Is full of looks and words divine !

(Leaning over the parapet.)

The day is done ; and slowly from
the scene

The stooping sun upgathers his
spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden
quiver !

Below me in the valley, deep and
green

As goblets are, from which in
thirsty draughts

We drink its wine, the swift and
mantling river

Flows on triumphant through these
lovely regions,

Etched with the shadows of its
sombre margent,

And soft, reflected clouds of gold
and argent !

Yes, there it flows, for ever, broad
and still,

As when the vanguard of the
Roman legions

First saw it from the top of yonder
hill !

How beautiful it is ! Fresh fields
of wheat,

Vineyard, and town, and tower with
fluttering flag,

The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered
round its base,

Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's
feet,

And looking up at his beloved face !
O friend ! O best of friends ! Thy
absence more

Than the impending night darkens
the landscape o'er !

II.

*A Farm in the Odenwald. A
Garden. Morning. PRINCE
HENRY seated, with a book.
ELSIE, at a distance, gathering
flowers.*

Prince Henry (reading). One
morning, all alone,

Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,

His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast

As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about

The broad, sweet sunshine lay
without,

Filling the summer air ;
And within the woodlands as he trod,

The Golden Legend.

The dusk was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care ;
Under him lay the golden moss ;
And above him the boughs of
hoary trees
Waved, and made the sign of the
cross,
And whispered their Benedicites ;
And from the ground
Rose an odour sweet and fragrant
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and
round.

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of Saint Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendours of God's great town
In the unknown land,
And, with his eyes cast down
In humility, he said :
' I believe, O God,
What herein I have read,
But, alas ! I do not understand ! '

And lo ! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings
ringing.

And the Monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the
street.
And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird,

But strove in vain ;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly and
in haste.

In the convent there was a change !
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange ;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir ;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls
Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and
spire.

A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood.
' Forty years,' said a Friar,
' Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face ! '
The heart of the Monk Felix fell :
And he answered, with submissive
tone,

' This morning, after the hour of
Prime,
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone.
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed ;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours ! '
' Years ! ' said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak

The Golden Legend.

Fastened against the wall ;—
He was the oldest monk of all.
For a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of his
creatures.

He remembered well the features
Of Felix, and he said,
Speaking distinct and slow :
' One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk, full of
God's grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix, and this man must be the
same.'

And straightway
They brought forth to the light of
day

A volume old and brown,
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild-boar's hide,
Wherein were written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent, since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent
gate,

The Monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the
dead !

And they knew, at last,
That, such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour !

(ELSIE comes in with flowers.)

Elsie. Here are flowers for you,
But they are not all for you.
Some of them are for the Virgin
And for Saint Cecilia.

Prince Henry. As thou standest
there,

Thou seemest to me like the angel
That brought the immortal roses
To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

Elsie. But these will fade.

Prince Henry. Themselves will
fade,

But not their memory,
And memory has the power
To re-create them from the dust.
They remind me, too,
Of martyred Dorothea,
Who from celestial gardens sent
Flowers as her witnesses
To him who scoffed and doubted.

Elsie. Do you know the story
Of Christ and the Sultan's
daughter ?

That is the prettiest legend of them
all.

Prince Henry. Then tell it to
me.

But first come hither.
Lay the flowers down beside me,
And put both thy hands in mine.
Now tell me the story.

Elsie. Early in the morning
The Sultan's daughter
Walked in her father's garden,
Gathering the bright flowers,
All full of dew.

Prince Henry. Just as thou hast
been doing

This morning, dearest Elsie.

Elsie. And as she gathered
them,

She wondered more and more
Who was the Master of the Flowers,
And made them grow
Out of the cold, dark earth.

' In my heart,' she said,
' I love him ; and for him
Would leave my father's palace,
To labour in his garden.'

Prince Henry. Dear, innocent
child !

How sweetly thou recallest

The Golden Legend.

The long-forgotten legend,
That in my early childhood
My mother told me !
Upon my brain
It reappears once more,
As a birth-mark on the forehead
When a hand suddenly
Is laid upon it, and removed !

Elsie. And at midnight,
As she lay upon her bed,
She heard a voice
Call to her from the garden,
And, looking forth from her
window,

She saw a beautiful youth
Standing among the flowers.
It was the Lord Jesus ;
And she went down to him,
And opened the door for him ;
And he said to her, ' O maiden !
Thou hast thought of me with
love,

And for thy sake
Out of my Father's kingdom
Have I come hither :
I am the Master of the Flowers.
My garden is in Paradise,
And if thou wilt go with me,
Thy bridal garland
Shall be of bright red flowers.'
And then he took from his finger
A golden ring,
And asked the Sultan's daughter
If she would be his bride.
And when she answered him with
love,

His wounds began to bleed,
And she said to him,
' O Love ! how red thy heart is,
And thy hands are full of roses.'
' For thy sake,' answered he,
' For thy sake is my heart so red,
For thee I bring these roses ;
I gathered them at the cross
Whereon I died for thee !
Come, for my Father calls.
Thou art my elected bride !'
And the Sultan's daughter

Followed him to his Father's
garden.

Prince Henry. Wouldst thou
have done so, Elsie ?

Elsie. Yes, very gladly.

Prince Henry. Then the Celestial
Bridegroom

Will come for thee also.

Upon thy forehead he will place,
Not his crown of thorns,
But a crown of roses.

In thy bridal chamber,
Like Saint Cecilia,
Thou shalt hear sweet music
And breathe the fragrance
Of flowers immortal !

Go now and place these flowers
Before her picture.

A room in the farm-house.

Twilight. *URSULA* spinning.
GOTTLIEB asleep in his chair.

Ursula. Darker and darker !
Hardly a glimmer

Of light comes in at the window-
pane ;

Or is it my eyes are growing
dimmer ?

I cannot disentangle this skein,
Nor wind it rightly upon the reel.
Elsie !

Gottlieb (starting). The stopping
of thy wheel

Has wakened me out of a pleasant
dream.

I thought I was sitting beside a
stream,

And heard the grinding of a mill,
When suddenly the wheels stood
still,

And a voice cried ' *Elsie* ' in my ear !
It startled me, it seemed so near.

Ursula. I was calling her : I
want a light.

I cannot see to spin my flax.
Bring the lamp, *Elsie*. Dost thou
hear ?

Elsie (within). In a moment !

The Golden Legend.

Gottlieb. Where are Bertha and Max?

Ursula. They are sitting with Elsie at the door.
She is telling them stories of the wood,
And the Wolf, and little Red Riding-hood.

Gottlieb. And where is the Prince?

Ursula. In his room overhead;
I heard him walking across the floor,
And he always does, with a heavy tread.

(*ELSIE comes in with a lamp. MAX and BERTHA follow her; and they all sing the Evening Song on the lighting of the lamps.*)

EVENING SONG.

O gladsome light
Of the Father Immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus, our Saviour!

Now to the sunset
Again hast thou brought us;
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless thee,
Praise thee, adore thee!

Father omnipotent!
Son, the Life-giver!
Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder.

Prince Henry (at the door).
Amen!

Ursula. Who was it said Amen?
Elsie. It was the Prince: he stood at the door,
And listened a moment, as we chanted
The evening song. He is gone again.
I have often seen him there before.

Ursula. Poor Prince!

Gottlieb. I thought the house was haunted!
Poor Prince, alas! and yet as mild
And patient as the gentlest child!

Max. I love him because he is so good,
And makes me such fine bows and arrows,
To shoot at the robins and the sparrows,
And the red squirrels in the wood!

Bertha. I love him, too!

Gottlieb. Ah, yes! we all Love him, from the bottom of our hearts;

He gave us the farm, the house, and the grange,
He gave us the horses and the carts,

And the great oxen in the stall,
The vineyard, and the forest range!
We have nothing to give him but our love!

Bertha. Did he give us the beautiful stork above
On the chimney-top, with its large round nest?

Gottlieb. No, not the stork; by God in heaven,
As a blessing, the dear white stork was given,
But the Prince has given us all the rest.

God bless him, and make him well again.

Elsie. Would I could do something for his sake,
Something to cure his sorrow and pain!

Gottlieb. That no one can; neither thou nor I,
Nor any one else.

Elsie. And must he die?
Ursula. Yes; if the dear God does not take
Pity upon him, in his distress,
And work a miracle!

The Golden Legend.

Gottlieb. Or unless
Some maiden, of her own accord,
Offers her life for that of her lord,
And is willing to die in his stead.

Elsie. I will!

Ursula. Prithee, thou foolish
child, be still!
Thou shouldst not say what thou
dost not mean!

Elsie. I mean it truly!

Max. O father! this morning,
Down by the mill, in the ravine,
Hans killed a wolf, the very same
That in the night to the sheepfold
came,
And ate up my lamb, that was left
outside.

Gottlieb. I am glad he is dead.
It will be a warning
To the wolves in the forest, far
and wide.

Max. And I am going to have
his hide!

Bertha. I wonder if this is the
wolf that ate
Little Red Riding-hood!

Ursula. O no!
That wolf was killed a long while
ago.

Come, children, it is growing late.

Max. Ah, how I wish I were a
man,
As stout as Hans is, and as
strong!

I would do nothing else, the whole
day long,
But just kill wolves.

Gottlieb. Then go to bed,
And grow as fast as a little boy
can.

Bertha is half asleep already.
See how she nods her heavy head,
And her sleepy feet are so un-
steady

She will hardly be able to creep
up-stairs.

Ursula. Good night, my children.
Here's the light.

And do not forget to say your
prayers
Before you sleep.

Gottlieb. Good night!

Max and Bertha. Good night!

(*They go out with ELISIE.*)

Ursula (*spinning*). She is a
strange and wayward child,
That *Elsie* of ours. She looks so
old,

And thoughts and fancies weird
and wild

Seem of late to have taken hold
Of her heart, that was once so
docile and mild!

Gottlieb. She is like all girls.

Ursula. Ah no, forsooth!
Unlike all I have ever seen.

For she has visions and strange
dreams,

And in all her words and ways,
she seems

Much older than she is in truth.

Who would think her but fifteen?

And there has been of late such a
change!

My heart is heavy with fear and
doubt

That she may not live till the year
is out.

She is so strange,—so strange,—
so strange!

Gottlieb. I am not troubled with
any such fear;

She will live and thrive for many
a year.

*ELISIE'S chamber. Night. ELISIE
praying.*

Elsie. My Redeemer and my
Lord,

I beseech thee, I entreat thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and
burning!

The Golden Legend.

Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon thy hands and side,
For all who have lived and erred
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,
Scourged, and mocked, and cruci-
fied,
And in the grave hast thou been
buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where thou ledest,
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble thee!

*The chamber of GOTTLIEB and
URSULA. Midnight. ELSIE
standing by their bed-side, weep-
ing.*

Gottlieb. The wind is roaring;
the rushing rain
Is loud upon roof and window-
pane,
As if the Wild Huntsman of Ro-
denstein,
Boding evil to me and mine,
Were abroad to-night with his
ghostly train!
In the brief lulls of the tempest wild,
The dogs howl in the yard; and
hark!

Some one is sobbing in the dark,
Here in the chamber!

Elsie. It is I.

Ursula. Elsie! what ails thee,
my poor child?

Elsie. I am disturbed and much
distressed,
In thinking our dear Prince must
die;
I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

Gottlieb. What wouldst thou?

In the Power Divine
His healing lies, not in our own;
It is in the hand of God alone.

Elsie. Nay, he has put it into
mine,

And into my heart!

Gottlieb. Thy words are wild!

Ursula. What dost thou mean?
my child! my child!

Elsie. That for our dear Prince
Henry's sake

I will myself the offering make,
And give my life to purchase his.

Ursula. Am I still dreaming, or
awake?

Thou speakest carelessly of death,
And yet thou knowest not what it is.

Elsie. 'Tis the cessation of our
breath.

Silent and motionless we lie;
And no one knoweth more than
this.

I saw our little Gertrude die;
She left off breathing, and no more
I smoothed the pillow beneath her
head.

She was more beautiful than before.
Like violets faded were her eyes;
By this we knew that she was dead.
Through the open window looked
the skies

Into the chamber where she lay,
And the wind was like the sound of
wings,

As if angels came to bear her away.
Ah! when I saw and felt these
things,

I found it difficult to stay;
I longed to die, as she had died,
And go forth with her, side by side.
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs
dead,

And Mary, and our Lord; and I
Would follow in humility
The way by them illumined!

Ursula. My child! my child!
thou must not die!

The Golden Legend.

Elsie. Why should I live? Do
I not know
The life of woman is full of woe!
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful
eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the
whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one!
Ursula. It is the malediction
of Eve!
Elsie. In place of it, let me
receive
The benediction of Mary, then.
Gottlieb. Ah, woe is me! Ah,
woe is me!
Most wretched am I among men!
Ursula. Alas! that I should
live to see
Thy death, beloved, and to stand
Above thy grave! Ah, woe the
day!
Elsie. Thou wilt not see it. I
shall lie
Beneath the flowers of another
land;
For at Salerno, far away
Over the mountains, over the sea,
It is appointed me to die!
And it will seem no more to thee
Than if at the village on market-
day
I should a little longer stay
Than I am wont.
Ursula. Even as thou sayest!
And how my heart beats when thou
stayest!
I cannot rest until my sight
Is satisfied with seeing thee.
What, then, if thou wert dead?
Gottlieb. Ah me!
Of our old eyes thou art the light!
The joy of our old hearts art thou!
And wilt thou die?
Ursula. Not now! not now!

Elsie. Christ died for me, and
shall not I
Be willing for my Prince to die?
You both are silent; you cannot
speak.
This said I at our Saviour's feast
After confession, to the priest,
And even he made no reply.
Does he not warn us all to seek
The happier, better land on high,
Where flowers immortal never
wither;
And could he forbid me to go
thither?
Gottlieb. In God's own time, my
heart's delight!
When he shall call thee, not before!
Elsie. I heard him call. When
Christ ascended
Triumphantly, from star to star,
He left the gates of heaven ajar.
I had a vision in the night,
And saw him standing at the door
Of his Father's mansion, vast and
splendid,
And beckoning to me from afar.
I cannot stay!
Gottlieb. She speaks almost
As if it were the Holy Ghost
Spake through her lips, and in her
stead!
What if this were of God?
Ursula. Ah, then
Gainsay it dare we not.
Gottlieb. Amen!
Elsie! the words that thou hast said
Are strange and new for us to hear,
And fill our hearts with doubt and
fear.
Whether it be a dark temptation
Of the Evil One, or God's inspira-
tion,
We in our blindness cannot say.
We must think upon it, and pray;
For evil and good it both resembles.
If it be of God, his will be done!
May he guard us from the Evil
One!

The Golden Legend.

How hot thy hand is! how it
trembles!

Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.
Ursula. Kiss me. Good night;
and do not weep.

(*ELSIE goes out.*)

Ah, what an awful thing is this!
I almost shuddered at her kiss,
As if a ghost had touched my cheek,
I am so childish and so weak!
As soon as I see the earliest gray
Of morning glimmer in the east,
I will go over to the priest,
And hear what the good man has
to say!

*A Village Church. A woman
kneeling at the confessional.*

The Parish Priest (from within).

Go, sin no more! Thy penance
o'er,

A new and better life begin!
God maketh thee for ever free
From the dominion of thy sin!
Go, sin no more! He will restore
The peace that filled thy heart
before,
And pardon thine iniquity!

(*The woman goes out. The Priest
comes forth, and walks slowly up
and down the church.*)

O blessed Lord! how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way!
So many hands, that, without heed,
Still touch thy wounds, and make
them bleed!

So many feet, that, day by day,
Still wander from thy fold astray!
Unless thou fill me with thy light,
I cannot lead thy flock aright;
Nor, without thy support, can bear
The burden of so great a care,
But am myself a castaway!

(*A pause.*)

The day is drawing to its close;

And what good deeds, since first it
rose,

Have I presented, Lord, to thee,
As offerings of my ministry?

What wrong repressed, what right
maintained,

What struggle passed, what victory
gained,

What good attempted and attained?
Feeble, at best, is my endeavour!

I see, but cannot reach, the height
That lies for ever in the light,

And yet for ever and for ever,
When seeming just within my

grasp,
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,
And sink discouraged into night!

For thine own purpose thou hast
sent

The strife and the discouragement!

(*A pause.*)

Why starest thou, Prince of Ho-
heneck?

Why keep me pacing to and fro
Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,

Counting my footsteps as I go,
And marking with each step a

tomb?
Why should the world for thee
make room,

And wait thy leisure and thy beck?
Thou comest in the hope to hear

Some word of comfort and of cheer.
What can I say? I cannot give

The counsel to do this and live;
But rather, firmly to deny

The tempter, though his power be
strong,

And, inaccessible to wrong,
Still like a martyr live and die!

(*A pause.*)

The evening air grows dusk and
brown;

I must go forth into the town,
To visit beds of pain and death,

Of restless limbs, and quivering
breath,

The Golden Legend.

And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes
That see, through tears, the sun go down,
But nevermore shall see it rise.
The poor in body and estate,
The sick and the disconsolate,
Must not on man's convenience wait.

(Goes out.)

(Enter LUCIFER, as a Priest.)

Lucifer (with a genuflexion, mocking). This is the Black Paternoster.

God was my foster,
He fostered me
Under the book of the Palm-tree !
St. Michael was my dame.
He was born at Bethlehem,
He was made of flesh and blood.
God sent me my right food,
My right food, and shelter too,
That I may to yon kirk go,
To read upon yon sweet book
Which the mighty God of heaven shook.

Open, open, hell's gates !
Shut, shut, heaven's gates !
All the devils in the air
The stronger be, that hear the
Black Prayer !

(Looking round the church.)

What a darksome and dismal place !
I wonder that any man has the face
To call such a hole the House of
the Lord,
And the Gate of Heaven,—yet such
is the word.
Ceiling, and walls, and windows old,
Covered with cobwebs, blackened
with mould ;
Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs,
Dust on the benches, and stalls,
and chairs !
The pulpit, from which such ponderous sermons

Have fallen down on the brains of
the Germans,
With about as much real edification
As if a great Bible, bound in lead,
Had fallen, and struck them on the
head ;
And I ought to remember that
sensation !

Here stands the holy-water stoup !
Holy-water it may be to many,
But to me, the veriest Liquor
Gehennæ !

It smells like a filthy fast-day soup !
Near it stands the box for the poor ;
With its iron padlock, safe and sure.
I and the priest of the parish know
Whither all these charities go ;
Therefore, to keep up the institution,
I will add my little contribution !

(He puts in money.)

Underneath this mouldering tomb,
With statue of stone, and scutcheon
of brass,
Slumbers a great lord of the village.
All his life was riot and pillage,
But at length, to escape the doom
Of the everlasting, penal fire,
He died in the dress of a mendicant
friar,

And bartered his wealth for a daily
mass.

But all that afterwards came to
pass,
And whether he finds it dull or
pleasant,

Is kept a secret for the present,
At his own particular desire.

And here, in a corner of the wall,
Shadowy, silent, apart from all,
With its awful portal open wide,
And its latticed windows on either
side,

And its step well worn by the bended
knees

Of one or two pious centuries,
Stands the village confessional !
Within it, as an honoured guest,

I will sit me down awhile and
rest !

(Seats himself in the confessional.)

Here sits the priest; and faint and
low,

Like the sighing of an evening
breeze,

Comes through these painted lat-
tices

The ceaseless sound of human woe ;
Here, while her bosom aches and
throbs

With deep and agonizing sobs,
That half are passion, half contrition,
The luckless daughter of perdition
Slowly confesses her secret shame !
The time, the place, the lover's
name !

Here the grim murderer, with a
groan,

From his bruised conscience rolls
the stone,

Thinking that thus he can atone
For ravages of sword and flame !
Indeed, I marvel, and marvel
greatly,

How a priest can sit here so sedately,
Reading, the whole year out and in,
Naught but the catalogue of sin,
And still keep any faith whatever
In human virtue ! Never ! never !

I cannot repeat a thousandth part
Of the horrors and crimes and sins
and woes

That arise, when with palpitating
throes

The graveyard in the human heart
Gives up its dead, at the voice of
the priest,

As if he were an archangel, at least.
It makes a peculiar atmosphere,
This odour of earthly passions and
crimes,

Such as I like to breathe, at times,
And such as often brings me here
In the hottest and most pestilential
season.

To-day, I come for another reason ;
To foster and ripen an evil thought
In a heart that is almost to madness
wrought,

And to make a murderer out of a
prince,

A sleight of hand I learned long
since !

He comes. In the twilight he will
not see

The difference between his priest
and me !

In the same net was the mother
caught !

*Prince Henry (entering and
kneeling at the confessional).*

Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,
I come to crave, O Father holy,
Thy benediction on my head.

Lucifer. The benediction shall be
said

After confession, not before !
'Tis a God-speed to the parting

guest,
Who stands already at the door,
Sandalled with holiness, and
dressed

In garments pure from earthly stain.
Meanwhile, hast thou searched well
thy breast ?

Does the same madness fill thy
brain ?

Or have thy passion and unrest
Vanished for ever from thy mind ?

Prince Henry. By the same
madness still made blind,

By the same passion still possessed,
I come again to the house of prayer,
A man afflicted and distressed !

As in a cloudy atmosphere,
Through unseen sluices of the air,
A sudden and impetuous wind
Strikes the great forest white with
fear,

And every branch, and bough, and
spray

Points all its quivering leaves one
way,

And meadows of grass, and fields of grain,
And the clouds above, and the slanting rain,
And smoke from chimneys of the town,
Yield themselves to it, and bow down,
So does this dreadful purpose press
Onward, with irresistible stress,
And all my thoughts and faculties,
Struck level by the strength of this,
From their true inclination turn,
And all stream forward to Salerno !

Lucifer. Alas ! we are but eddies
of dust,

Uplifted by the blast, and whirled
Along the highway of the world
A moment only, then to fall
Back to a common level all,
At the subsiding of the gust !

Prince Henry. O holy Father !
pardon in me

The oscillation of a mind
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find
Its centre of rest and harmony !
For evermore before mine eyes
This ghastly phantom flits and flies,
And as a madman through a crowd,
With frantic gestures and wild cries,
It hurries onward, and aloud
Repeats its awful prophecies !
Weakness is wretchedness ! To be
strong

Is to be happy ! I am weak,
And cannot find the good I seek,
Because I feel and fear the wrong !

Lucifer. Be not alarmed ! The
Church is kind,
And in her mercy and her meekness
She meets half-way her children's
weakness,
Writes their transgressions in the
dust !

Though in the Decalogue we find
The mandate written, 'Thou shalt
not kill !'

Yet there are cases when we must.

In war, for instance, or from scathe
To guard and keep the one true
Faith !

We must look at the Decalogue in
the light

Of an ancient statute, that was
meant

For a mild and general application,
To be understood with the reser-
vation,

That, in certain instances, the Right
Must yield to the Expedient !

Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst
die,

What hearts and hopes would
prostrate lie !

What noble deeds, what fair renown,
Into the grave with thee go down !
What acts of valour and courtesy
Remain undone, and die with thee !
Thou art the last of all thy race !

With thee a noble name expires,
And vanishes from the earth's face
The glorious memory of thy sires !
She is a peasant. In her veins
Flows common and plebeian blood ;
It is such as daily and hourly stains
The dust and the turf of battle plains,
By vassals shed, in a crimson flood,
Without reserve, and without re-
ward,

At the slightest summons of their
lord !

But thine is precious ; the fore-
appointed

Blood of kings, of God's anointed !
Moreover, what has the world in
store

For one like her, but tears and toil ?
Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil,
A peasant's child and a peasant's
wife,

And her soul within her sick and sore
With the roughness and barrenness
of life !

I marvel not at the heart's recoil
From a fate like this in one so
tender,

The Golden Legend.

Nor at its eagerness to surrender
All the wretchedness, want, and woe
That await it in this world below,
For the unutterable splendour
Of the world of rest beyond the
skies.

So the Church sanctions the sacrifice :

Therefore inhale this healing balm,
And breathe this fresh life into thine ;
Accept the comfort and the calm
She offers, as a gift divine ;
Let her fall down and anoint thy feet
With the ointment costly and most
sweet

Of her young blood, and thou shalt
live.

Prince Henry. And will the
righteous Heaven forgive ?
No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves some-
where

A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater
strength

Of the acts which follow it, till at
length

The wrongs of ages are redressed,
And the justice of God made mani-
fest !

Lucifer. In ancient records it is
stated

That, whenever an evil deed is done,
Another devil is created
To scourge and torment the offend-
ing one !

But the evil is only good perverted,
And Lucifer, the Bearer of Light,
But an angel fallen and deserted,
Thrust from his Father's house
with a curse

Into the black and endless night.

Prince Henry. If justice rules the
universe,

From the good actions of good men
Angels of light should be begotten,
And thus the balance restored again.

Lucifer. Yes ; if the world were
not so rotten,

And so given over to the Devil !

Prince Henry. But this deed, is it
good or evil ?

Have I thine absolution free

To do it, and without restriction ?

Lucifer. Ay ; and from whatso-
ever sin

Lieth around it and within,

From all crimes in which it may
involve thee,

I now release thee and absolve
thee !

Prince Henry. Give me thy holy
benediction.

Lucifer (stretching forth his hand
and muttering).

Maledictione perpetua

Maledicat vos

Pater eternus !

The Angel (with the æolian
harp). Take heed ! take heed !

Noble art thou in thy birth,

By the good and the great of earth

Hast thou been taught !

Be noble in every thought

And in every deed !

Let not the illusion of thy senses

Betray thee to deadly offences.

Be strong ! be good ! be pure !

The right only shall endure,

All things else are but false pre-
tences.

I entreat thee, I implore,

Listen no more

To the suggestions of an evil spirit,

That even now is there,

Making the foul seem fair,

And selfishness itself a virtue and a
merit !

A room in the farm-house.

Gottlieb. It is decided ! For
many days,

And nights as many, we have had

A nameless terror in our breast,

The Golden Legend.

Making us timid, and afraid
Of God, and his mysterious ways !
We have been sorrowful and sad ;
Much have we suffered, much have
prayed

That he would lead us as is best,
And show us what his will required.
It is decided ; and we give
Our child, O Prince, that you may
live !

Ursula. It is of God. He has
inspired
This purpose in her ; and through
pain,
Out of a world of sin and woe,
He takes her to himself again.
The mother's heart resists no
longer ;

With the Angel of the Lord in vain
It wrestled, for he was the stronger.

Gottlieb. As Abraham offered
long ago

His son unto the Lord, and even
The Everlasting Father in heaven
Gave his, as a lamb unto the
slaughter,

So do I offer up my daughter !

(*URSULA hides her face.*)

Elsie. My life is little,
Only a cup of water,
But pure and limpid.
Take it, O my Prince !
Let it refresh you,
Let it restore you.
It is given willingly,
It is given freely,
May God bless the gift !

Prince Henry. And the giver !

Gottlieb. Amen !

Prince Henry. I accept it !

Gottlieb. Where are the children ?

Ursula. They are already asleep.

Gottlieb. What if they were dead ?

In the Garden.

Elsie. I have one thing to ask of
you.

Prince Henry. What is it ?
It is already granted.

Elsie. Promise me,
When we are gone from here, and
on our way
Are journeying to Salerno, you will
not,
By word or deed, endeavour to
dissuade me
And turn me from my purpose ; but
remember

That as a pilgrim to the Holy City
Walks unmolested, and with
thoughts of pardon

Occupied wholly, so would I ap-
proach

The gates of Heaven, in this great
jubilee,

With my petition, putting off from me
All thoughts of earth, as shoes from
off my feet.

Promise me this.

Prince Henry. Thy words fall
from thy lips

Like roses from the lips of Angelo :
and angels

Might stoop to pick them up !

Elsie. Will you not promise ?

Prince Henry. If ever we depart
upon this journey,

So long to one or both of us, I
promise !

Elsie. Shall we not go, then ?
Have you lifted me

Into the air, only to hurl me back
Wounded upon the ground ? and
offered me

The waters of eternal life, to bid me
Drink the polluted puddles of this
world ?

Prince Henry. O Elsie ! what a
lesson thou dost teach me !

The life which is, and that which is
to come,

Suspended hang in such nice equi-
poise

A breath disturbs the balance ; and
that scale

The Golden Legend.

In which we throw our hearts pre-ponderates,
And the other, like an empty one, flies up,
And is accounted vanity and air !
To me the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life. To thee it is not
So much even as the lifting of a latch ;
Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent walls !
O pure in heart ! from thy sweet dust shall grow
Lilies, upon whose petals will be written
'Ave Maria' in characters of gold !

III.

A street in Strasburg. Night.
PRINCE HENRY *wandering alone, wrapped in a cloak.*

Prince Henry. Still is the night.
The sound of feet
Has died away from the empty street,
And like an artisan, bending down
His head on his anvil, the dark town
Sleeps, with a slumber deep and sweet.

Sleepless and restless, I alone,
In the dusk and damp of these
walls of stone,
Wander and weep in my remorse !

Crier of the Dead (ringing a bell).

Wake ! wake !
All ye that sleep !
Pray for the Dead !
Pray for the Dead !

Prince Henry. Hark ! with what accents loud and hoarse
This warder on the walls of death
Sends forth the challenge of his
breath !

I see the dead that sleep in the grave !
They rise up and their garments wave,
Dimly and spectral, as they rise,
With the light of another world in their eyes !

Crier of the Dead.

Wake ! wake !
All ye that sleep !
Pray for the Dead !
Pray for the Dead !

Prince Henry. Why for the dead, who are at rest ?
Pray for the living, in whose breast
The struggle between right and wrong
Is raging terrible and strong,
As when good angels war with devils !
This is the Master of the Revels,
Who, at Life's flowing feast, proposes
The health of absent friends, and pledges,
Not in bright goblets crowned with roses,
And tinkling as we touch their edges,
But with his dismal, tinkling bell,
That mocks and mimics their funeral knell !

Crier of the Dead.

Wake ! wake !
All ye that sleep !
Pray for the Dead !
Pray for the Dead !

Prince Henry. Wake not, beloved ! be thy sleep
Silent as night is, and as deep !
There walks a sentinel at thy gate
Whose heart is heavy and desolate,
And the heavings of whose bosom number
The respirations of thy slumber,
As if some strange, mysterious fate

The Golden Legend.

Had linked two hearts in one, and
mine

Went madly wheeling about thine,
Only with wider and wilder sweep!

Crier of the Dead (at a distance).

Wake! wake
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Lo! with what
depth of blackness thrown
Against the clouds, far up the skies
The walls of the cathedral rise,
Like a mysterious grove of stone,
With fitful lights and shadows
blending,
As from behind, the moon, ascend-
ing,
Lights its dim aisles and paths
unknown!

The wind is rising; but the boughs
Rise not and fall not with the wind
That through their foliage sobs and
soughs;

Only the cloudy rack behind,
Drifting onward, wild and ragged,
Gives to each spire and buttress
jagged

A seeming motion undefined.
Below on the square, an armed
knight,

Still as a statue and as white,
Sits on his steed, and the moon-
beams quiver

Upon the points of his armour
bright

As on the ripples of a river.
He lifts the visor from his cheek,
And beckons, and makes as he
would speak.

Walter the Minnesinger.
Friend! can you tell me where
alight

Thuringia's horsemen for the
night?

For I have lingered in the rear,
And wander vainly up and down.

Prince Henry. I am a stranger
in the town,
As thou art; but the voice I hear
Is not a stranger to mine ear.

Thou art Walter of the Vogelweid!

Walter. Thou hast guessed
rightly; and thy name
Is Henry of Hohenek!

Prince Henry. Ay, the same.

Walter (embracing him). Come
closer, closer to my side;
What brings thee hither? What
potent charm
Has drawn thee from thy German
farm

Into the old Alsatian city?

Prince Henry. A tale of wonder
and of pity!

A wretched man, almost by stealth
Dragging my body to Salern,
In the vain hope and search for
health,

And destined never to return.
Already thou hast heard the rest.
But what brings thee, thus armed
and dight

In the equipments of a knight?

Walter. Dost thou not see upon
my breast

The cross of the Crusaders shine?
My pathway leads to Palestine.

Prince Henry. Ah, would that
way were also mine!

O noble poet! thou whose heart
Is like a nest of singing-birds
Rocked on the topmost bough of
life,

Wilt thou, too, from our sky de-
part,

And in the clangour of the strife
Mingle the music of thy words?

Walter. My hopes are high, my
heart is proud,

And like a trumpet long and loud,
Thither my thoughts all clang and
ring!

My life is in my hand, and lo
I grasp and bend it as a bow

The Golden Legend.

And shoot forth from its trembling string

An arrow, that shall be, perchance,
Like the arrow of the Israelite king
Shot from the window toward the east,

That of the Lord's deliverance !

Prince Henry. My life, alas ! is
what thou seest !

O enviable fate ! to be
Strong, beautiful, and armed like thee

With lyre and sword, with song and steel ;

A hand to smite, a heart to feel !

Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy sword,

Thou givest all unto thy Lord ;

While I, so mean and abject grown,
Am thinking of myself alone.

Walter. Be patient : Time will
restate

Thy health and fortunes.

Prince Henry. 'Tis too late !
I cannot strive against my fate !

Walter. Come with me ; for
my steed is weary ;

Our journey has been long and dreary,

And, dreaming of his stall, he dints
With his impatient hoofs the flints.

Prince Henry (aside). I am
ashamed, in my disgrace,

To look into that noble face !

To-morrow, Walter, let it be.

Walter. To-morrow, at the dawn
of day,

I shall again be on my way.

Come with me to the hostelry,

For I have many things to say.

Our journey into Italy

Perchance together we may make ;

Wilt thou not do it for my sake ?

Prince Henry. A sick man's
pace would but impede

Thine eager and impatient speed.

Besides, my pathway leads me
round

To Hirschau, in the forest's bound,
Where I assemble man and steed,
And all things for my journey's
need.

(*They go out.*)

Lucifer (flying over the city).

Sleep, sleep, O city ! till the
light

Wake you to sin and crime again,
Whilst on your dreams, like dismal
rain,

I scatter downward through the
night

My maledictions dark and deep.

I have more martyrs in your walls
Than God has ; and they cannot
sleep ;

They are my bondsmen and my
thralls ;

Their wretched lives are full of
pain,

Wild agonies of nerve and brain ;

And every heart-beat, every breath.

Is a convulsion worse than death !

Sleep, sleep, O city ! though
within

The circuit of your walls there be

No habitation free from sin,

And all its nameless misery ;

'The aching heart, the aching head,

Grief for the living and the dead,

And foul corruption of the time,

Disease, distress, and want, and
woe,

And crimes, and passions that may
grow

Until they ripen into crime !

Square in front of the Cathedral.

Easter Sunday. FRIAR CUTH-

BERT *preaching to the crowd*

from a pulpit in the open air.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE

crossing the square.

Prince Henry. This is the day,

when from the dead

Our Lord arose ; and everywhere,

The Golden Legend.

Out of their darkness and despair,
Triumphant over fears and foes,
The hearts of his disciples rose,
When to the women, standing
near,

The Angel in shining vesture said,
'The Lord is risen; he is not
here!'

And, mindful that the day is come,
On all the hearths in Christendom
The fires are quenched, to be
again

Rekindled from the sun, that high
Is dancing in the cloudless sky.
The churches are all decked with
flowers,

The salutations among men
Are but the Angel's words divine,
'Christ is arisen!' and the bells
Catch the glad murmur as it
swells,

And chant together in their towers.
All hearts are glad; and free from
care

The faces of the people shine.
See what a crowd is in the square,
Gaily and gallantly arrayed!

Elsie. Let us go back; I am
afraid!

Prince Henry. Nay, let us mount
the church-steps here,
Under the doorway's sacred
shadow;

We can see all things, and be
freer

From the crowd that madly heaves
and presses!

Elsie. What a gay pageant!
what bright dresses!

It looks like a flower-besprinkled
meadow.

What is that yonder on the square?

Prince Henry. A pulpit in the
open air,

And a Friar, who is preaching to
the crowd

In a voice so deep and clear and
loud,

That, if we listen, and give heed,
His lowest words will reach the
ear.

*Friar Cuthbert (gesticulating
and cracking a postilion's
whip).* What ho! good
people! do you not hear?

Dashing along at the top of his
speed,

Booted and spurred, on his jaded
steed,

A courier comes with words of
cheer.

Courier! what is the news, I pray?
'Christ is arisen!' Whence come
you? 'From court.'

Then I do not believe it; you say
it in sport.

(Cracks his whip again.)

Ah, here comes another, riding
this way:

We soon shall know what he has
to say.

Courier! what are the tidings to-
day?

'Christ is arisen!' Whence come
you? 'From town.'

Then I do not believe it; away
with you, clown.

(Cracks his whip more violently.)

And here comes a third, who is
spurring amain:

What news do you bring, with
your loose-hanging rein,

Your spurs wet with blood, and
your bridle with foam?

'Christ is arisen!' Whence come
you? 'From Rome.'

Ah, now I believe. He is risen,
indeed.

Ride on with the news, at the top
of your speed!

(Great applause among the crowd.)

To come back to my text! When
the news was first spread

That Christ was arisen indeed
from the dead,

The Golden Legend.

Very great was the joy of the
angels in heaven;
And as great the dispute as to who
should carry
The tidings thereof to the Virgin
Mary,
Pierced to the heart with sorrows
seven.
Old Father Adam was first to
propose,
As being the author of all our woes;
But he was refused, for fear, said
they,
He would stop to eat apples on the
way!
Abel came next, but petitioned in
vain,
Because he might meet with his
brother Cain!
Noah, too, was refused, lest his
weakness for wine
Should delay him at every tavern-
sign;
And John the Baptist could not
get a vote,
On account of his old-fashioned
camel's-hair coat;
And the Penitent Thief, who died
on the cross,
Was reminded that all his bones
were broken!
Till at last, when each in turn had
spoken,
The company being still at a loss,
The Angel, who rolled away the
stone,
Was sent to the sepulchre, all
alone,
And filled with glory that gloomy
prison,
And said to the Virgin, 'The Lord
is arisen!'

(The Cathedral bells ring.)

But hark! the bells are beginning
to chime!
And I feel that I am growing
hoarse.

I will put an end to my dis-
course,
And leave the rest for some other
time.
For the bells themselves are the
best of preachers;
Their brazen lips are learned
teachers,
From their pulpits of stone, in the
upper air,
Sounding aloft, without crack or
flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the
Law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer.
The clangorous hammer is the
tongue,
This way, that way, beaten and
swung,
That from mouth of brass, as from
Mouth of Gold,
May be taught the Testaments,
New and Old.
And above it the great cross-beam
of wood
Representeth the Holy Rood,
Upon which, like the bell, our
hopes are hung.
And the wheel wherewith it is
swayed and rung
Is the mind of man, that round and
round
Sways, and maketh the tongue to
sound!
And the rope, with its twisted
cordage three,
Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity
Of Morals, and Symbols, and
History;
And the upward and downward
motions show
That we touch upon matters high
and low;
And the constant change and
transmutation
Of action and of contemplation,
Downward, the Scripture brought
from on high,

The Golden Legend.

Upward, exalted again to the sky:
Downward, the literal interpretation,
Upward, the Vision and Mystery!

And now, my hearers, to make an
end,
I have only one word more to say;
In the church, in honour of Easter
day,
Will be represented a Miracle
Play;
And I hope you will all have the
grace to attend.
Christ bring us at last to his
felicity!
Pax vobiscum! et Benedicite!

In the Cathedral.

Chant.

Kyrie Eleison!
Christe Eleison!

Elsie. I am at home here in my
Father's house!
These paintings of the Saints upon
the walls
Have all familiar and benignant
faces.

Prince Henry. The portraits of
the family of God!
Thine own hereafter shall be placed
among them.

Elsie. How very grand it is and
wonderful!
Never have I beheld a church so
splendid!
Such columns, and such arches,
and such windows,
So many tombs and statues in the
chapels,
And under them so many con-
fessionals.
They must be for the rich. I should
not like
To tell my sins in such a church as
this.
Who built it?

Prince Henry. A great master
of his craft,
Erwin von Steinbach; but not he
alone,
For many generations laboured
with him.
Children that came to see these
Saints in stone,
As day by day out of the blocks
they rose,
Grew old and died, and still the
work went on,
And on, and on, and is not yet
completed.
The generation that succeeds our
own
Perhaps may finish it. The archi-
tect
Built his great heart into these
sculptured stones,
And with him toiled his children,
and their lives
Were builded, with his own, into
the walls,
As offerings unto God. You see
that statue
Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled
eyes
Upon the Pillar of the Angels
yonder.
That is the image of the master,
carved
By the fair hand of his own child,
Sabina.
Elsie. How beautiful is the
column that he looks at!
Prince Henry. That, too, she
sculptured. At the base of it
Stand the Evangelists; above their
heads
Four Angels blowing upon marble
trumpets,
And over them the blessed Christ
surrounded
By his attendant ministers, up-
holding
The instruments of his passion.
Elsie. O my Lord!

Would I could leave behind me
upon earth
Some monument to thy glory, such
as this!

Prince Henry. A greater monu-
ment than this thou leavest
In thine own life, all purity and
love!

See, too, the Rose, above the
western portal
Resplendent with a thousand gor-
geous colours,
The perfect flower of Gothic love-
liness!

Elsie. And, in the gallery, the
long line of statues,
Christ with his twelve Apostles
watching us!

*(A Bishop in armour, booted and
spurred, passes with his train.)*

Prince Henry. But come away;
we have not time to look.

The crowd already fills the church,
and yonder

Upon a stage, a herald with a
trumpet,

Clad like the Angel Gabriel, pro-
claims

The Mystery that will now be
represented.



THE NATIVITY.

A MIRACLE-PLAY.

INTROITUS.

Præco. Come, good people, all
and each,

Come and listen to our speech!
In your presence here I stand,
With a trumpet in my hand,
To announce the Easter Play,
Which we represent to-day!
First of all we shall rehearse,
In our action and our verse,

The Nativity of our Lord,
As written in the old record
Of the Protevangelion,
So that he who reads may run!

(Blows his trumpet.)

I. HEAVEN.

Mercy (at the feet of God). Have
pity, Lord! be not afraid
To save mankind, whom thou hast
made,

Nor let the souls that were betrayed
Perish eternally!

Justice. It cannot be, it must not
be!

When in the garden placed by
thee,

The fruit of the forbidden tree
He ate, and he must die!

Mercy. Have pity, Lord! let
penitence

Atone for disobedience,
Nor let the fruit of man's offence
Be endless misery!

Justice. What penitence pro-
portionate

Can e'er be felt for sin so great?
Of the forbidden fruit he ate,

And damned must he be!

God. He shall be saved, if that
within

The bounds of earth one free from
sin

Be found, who for his kith and kin
Will suffer martyrdom.

The Four Virtues. Lord! we have
searched the world around,
From centre to the utmost bound,
But no such mortal can be found;
Despairing, back we come.

Wisdom. No mortal, but a God
made man,

Can ever carry out this plan,
Achieving what none other can,
Salvation unto all!

God. Go, then, O my beloved
Son!

The Golden Legend.

It can by thee alone be done ;
By thee the victory shall be won
O'er Satan and the Fall !

(Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall leave Paradise and fly towards the earth: the jaws of Hell open below, and the Devils walk about, making a great noise.)

II. MARY AT THE WELL.

Mary. Along the garden walk,
and thence
Through the wicket in the garden
fence,

I steal with quiet pace,
My pitcher at the well to fill,
That lies so deep and cool and still
In this sequestered place.
These sycamores keep guard
around ;

I see no face, I hear no sound ;
Save bubblings of the spring,
And my companions, who within
Thethreads of gold and scarlet spin,
And at their labour sing.

The Angel Gabriel. Hail, Virgin
Mary, full of grace !

(Here MARY looketh around her, trembling, and then saith :)

Mary. Who is it speaketh in this
place,

With such a gentle voice ?

Gabriel. The Lord of heaven is
with thee now !

Blessed among all women thou,
Who art his holy choice !

Mary (setting down the pitcher).

What can this mean ? No
one is near,

And yet, such sacred words I hear,
I almost fear to stay.

(Here the Angel appearing to her, shall say :)

Gabriel. Fear not, O Mary ! but
believe !

For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive
A child this very day.

Fear not, O Mary ! from the sky
The majesty of the Most High
Shall overshadow thee !

Mary. Behold the handmaid of
the Lord !

According to thy holy word,
So be it unto me !

(Here the Devils shall again make a great noise, under the stage.)

III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS, BEARING THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

The Angels. The Angels of the
Planets Seven,

Across the shining fields of heaven
The natal star we bring !

Dropping our sevenfold virtues
down,

As priceless jewels in the crown
Of Christ, our new-born King.

Raphael. I am the Angel of the
Sun,

Whose flaming wheels began to run
When God's almighty breath

Said to the darkness and the Night,
Let there be light ! and there was
light !

I bring the gift of Faith.

Gabriel. I am the Angel of the
Moon,

Darkened, to be rekindled soon
Beneath the azure cope !

Nearest to earth, it is my ray
That best illumines the midnight way.

I bring the gift of Hope !

Anael. The Angel of the Star of
Love,

The Evening Star, that shines
above

The place where lovers be,
Above all happy hearths and
homes,

On roofs of thatch, or golden domes,
I give him Charity !

Zobiachel. The Planet Jupiter is mine !

The mightiest star of all that shine,
Except the sun alone !

He is the High Priest of the Dove,
And sends, from his great throne
above,

Justice, that shall atone !

Michael. The Planet Mercury,
whose place

Is nearest to the sun in space,

Is my allotted sphere !

And with celestial ardour swift

I bear upon my hands the gift

Of heavenly Prudence here !

Uriel. I am the Minister of
Mars,

The strongest star among the stars !

My songs of power prelude

The march and battle of man's life,

And for the suffering and the strife,

I give him Fortitude !

Orifel. The Angel of the utter-
most

Of all the shining, heavenly host,

From the far-off expanse

Of the Saturnian, endless space

I bring the last, the crowning grace,

The gift of Temperance !

*(A sudden light shines from the
windows of the stable in the
village below.)*

IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

*The stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN
and CHILD. Three Gipsy Kings,
GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BEL-
SHAZZAR, shall come in.*

Gaspar. Hail to thee, Jesus of
Nazareth !

Though in a manger thou draw
breath,

Thou art greater than Life and
Death,

Greater than Joy or Woe !

This cross upon the line of life

Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,
And through a region with peril rife
In darkness shalt thou go !

Melchior. Hail to thee, King of
Jerusalem !

Though humbly born in Bethlehem,
A sceptre and a diadem

Await thy brow and hand !

The sceptre is a simple reed,

The crown will make thy temples
bleed,

And in thy hour of greatest need,

Abashed thy subjects stand !

Belshazzar. Hail to thee, Christ
of Christendom !

O'er all the earth thy kingdom
come !

From distant Trebizond to Rome

Thy name shall men adore !

Peace and good-will among all men,

The Virgin has returned again,

Returned the old Saturnian reign

And Golden Age once more.

The Child Christ. Jesus, the Son
of God, am I,

Born here to suffer and to die

According to the prophecy,

That other men may live !

The Virgin. And now these
clothes, that wrapped him,

take,
And keep them precious, for his
sake ;

Our benediction thus we make,

Nought else have we to give.

*(She gives them swaddling clothes,
and they depart.)*

V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

*(Here shall JOSEPH come in,
leading an ass, on which are
seated MARY and the CHILD.)*

Mary. Here will we rest us,
under these

O'erhanging branches of the trees,

Where robins chant their litanies

And canticles of joy.

Joseph. My saddle-girths have
given way
With trudging through the heat
to-day ;

To you I think it is but play
To ride and hold the boy.

Mary. Hark ! how the robins
shout and sing,
As if to hail their infant King !
I will alight at yonder spring
To wash his little coat.

Joseph. And I will hobble well
the ass,
Lest, being loose upon the grass,
He should escape ; for, by the
mass,

He's nimble as a goat.

*(Here MARY shall alight and go to
the spring.)*

Mary. O Joseph ! I am much
afraid,
For men are sleeping in the shade ;
I fear that we shall be waylaid,
And robbed and beaten sore !

*(Here a band of robbers shall be
seen sleeping, two of whom shall
rise and come forward.)*

Dumachus. Cock's soul ! deliver
up your gold !

Joseph. I pray you, Sirs, let go
your hold !
You see that I am weak and old,
Of wealth I have no store.

Dumachus. Give up your
money !

Titus. Prithce cease.
Let these good people go in peace.

Dumachus. First let them pay
for their release,
And then go on their way.

Titus. These forty groats I give
in fee,
If thou wilt only silent be.

Mary. May God be merciful to
thee,
Upon the Judgment Day !

Jesus. When thirty years shall
have gone by,
I at Jerusalem shall die,
By Jewish hands exalted high

On the accursed tree.
Then on my right and my left side,
These thieves shall both be cruci-
fied,
And Titus thenceforth shall abide
In paradise with me.

*(Here a great rumour of trumpets
and horses, like the noise of a
king with his army, and the
robbers shall take flight.)*

VI. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

King Herod. Potz-tausend !
Himmel-sacrament !
Filled am I with great wonderment
At this unwelcome news !
Am I not Herod ? Who shall dare
My crown to take, my sceptre bear,
As king among the Jews ?

*(Here he shall stride up and down
and flourish his sword.)*

What ho ! I fain would drink a can
Of the strong wine of Canaan !
The wine of Helbon bring
I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,
As red as blood, as hot as fire,
And fit for any king !

(He quaffs great goblets of wine.)

Now at the window will I stand,
While in the street the armed band
The little children slay :

The babe just born in Bethlehem
Will surely slaughtered be with
them,
Nor live another day !

*(Here a voice of lamentation shall
be heard in the street.)*

Rachel. O wicked king ! O cruel
speed !

The Golden Legend.

To do this most unrighteous deed !
My children all are slain !

Herod. Ho, seneschal ! another
cup !

With wine of Sorek fill it up !
I would a bumper drain !

Rahab. May maledictions fall
and blast

Thyself and lineage to the last
Of all thy kith and kin !

Herod. Another goblet ! quick !
and stir,

Pomegranate juice and drops of
myrrh

And calamus therein !

Soldiers (in the street). Give up
thy child into our hands !

It is King Herod who commands
That he should thus be slain !

The Nurse Medusa. O monstrous
men !

What have ye done !

It is King Herod's only son

That ye have cleft in twain !

Herod. Ah luckless day ! What
words of fear

Are these that smite upon my ear
With such a doleful sound !

What torments rack my heart and
head !

Would I were dead ! would I were
dead,

And buried in the ground !

(He falls down and writhes as though eaten by worms. Hell opens, and SATAN and ASTAROTH come forth, and drag him down.)

VII. JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOLMATES.

Jesus. The shower is over. Let
us play,
And make some sparrows out of
clay,
Down by the river's side.

Judas. See, how the stream has
overflowed
Its banks, and o'er the meadow
road

Is spreading far and wide !

(They draw water out of the river by channels, and form little pools. JESUS makes twelve sparrows of clay, and the other boys do the same.)

Jesus. Look ! look ! how prettily
I make

These little sparrows by the lake
Bend down their necks and
drink !

Now will I make them sing and
soar

So far, they shall return no more
Unto this river's brink.

Judas. That canst thou not !
They are but clay,

They cannot sing, nor fly away
Above the meadow lands !

Jesus. Fly, fly ! ye sparrows !
you are free !

And while you live, remember me
Who made you with my hands.

(Here JESUS shall clap his hands, and the sparrows shall fly away, chirruping.)

Judas. Thou art a sorcerer, I
know ;

Oft has my mother told me so,
I will not play with thee !

(He strikes JESUS on the right side.)

Jesus. Ah, Judas ! thou hast
smote my side,

And when I shall be crucified,
There shall I pierced be !

(Here JOSEPH shall come in, and say :)

Joseph. Ye wicked boys ! why
do ye play,

The Golden Legend.

And break the holy Sabbath day?
What, think ye, will your mothers
say

To see you in such plight!
In such a sweat, and such a heat,
With all that mud upon your feet!
There's not a beggar in the street
Makes such a sorry sight!

VIII. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

(*The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, with a long beard, sitting on a high stool, with a rod in his hand.*)

Rabbi. I am the Rabbi Ben
Israel,
Throughout this village known full
well,
And, as my scholars all will tell,
Learned in things divine;
The Cabala and Talmud hoar
Than all the prophets prize I
more,
For water is all Bible lore,
But Mishna is strong wine.
My fame extends from West to
East,
And always, at the Purim feast,
I am as drunk as any beast,
That wallows in his sty;
The wine it so elateth me,
That I no difference can see
Between 'Accursed Haman be!'
And 'Blessed be Mordecai!'

Come hither, Judas Iscariot;
Say, if thy lesson thou hast got
From the Rabbinical Book or not.
Why howl the dogs at night?

Judas. In the Rabbinical Book,
it saith
The dogs howl, when with icy
breath
Great Sammaël, the Angel of
Death,
Takes through the town his
flight!

Rabbi. Well, boy! now say, if
thou art wise,
When the Angel of Death, who is
full of eyes,

Comes where a sick man dying
lies,

What doth he to the wight?

Judas. He stands beside him,
dark and tall,
Holding a sword, from which doth
fall

Into his mouth a drop of gall,
And so he turneth white.

Rabbi. And now, my Judas, say
to me

What the great Voices Four may
be,

That quite across the world do
flee,

And are not heard by men?

Judas. The Voice of the Sun in
heaven's dome,

The Voice of the Murmuring of
Rome,

The Voice of a Soul that goeth
home,

And the Angel of the Rain!

Rabbi. Right are thine answers
every one!

Now little Jesus, the carpenter's
son,

Let us see how thy task is
done.

Canst thou thy letters say?

Jesus. Aleph.

Rabbi. What next? Do not stop
yet!

Go on with all the alphabet.
Come, Aleph, Beth; dost thou
forget?

Cock's soul! thou'dst rather
play!

Jesus. What Aleph means I fain
would know,

Before I any further go!

Rabbi. O, by Saint Peter!
wouldst thou so?

Come hither, boy, to me.

The Golden Legend.

As surely as the letter Jod
Once cried aloud, and spake to
God,

So surely shalt thou feel this rod,
And punished shalt thou be !

*(Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall
lift up his rod to strike JESUS,
and his right arm shall be para-
lyzed.)*

IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

*(JESUS sitting among his playmates
crowned with flowers as their
King.)*

Boys. We spread our garments
on the ground !
With fragrant flowers thy head is
crowned,
While like a guard we stand
around,

And hail thee as our King !
Thou art the new King of the
Jews !

Nor let the passers-by refuse
To bring that homage which men use
To majesty to bring.

*(Here a traveller shall go by, and
the boys shall lay hold of his
garments and say :)*

Boys. Come hither ! and all
reverence pay
Unto our monarch, crowned to-
day !

Then go rejoicing on your way,
In all prosperity !

Traveller. Hail to the King of
Bethlehem,
Who weareth in his diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of his authority !

*(He passes by ; and others come
in, bearing on a litter a sick
child.)*

Boys. Set down the litter and
draw near !

The King of Bethlehem is here !
What ails the child, who seems to
fear

That we shall do him harm ?

The Bearers. He climbed up to
the robin's nest,

And out there darted, from his rest,
A serpent with a crimson crest,
And stung him in the arm.

Jesus. Bring him to me, and let
me feel

The wounded place ; my touch can
heal

The sting of serpents, and can steal
The poison from the bite !

*(He touches the wound, and the boy
begins to cry.)*

Cease to lament ! I can foresee
That thou hereafter known shalt be
Among the men who follow me,
As Simon the Canaanite !

EPILOGUE.

In the after part of the day
Will be represented another play,
Of the Passion of our Blessed Lord,
Beginning directly after Nones !
At the close of which we shall
accord,

By way of benison and reward,
The sight of a holy Martyr's bones !

IV.

The road to Hirschau. PRINCE
HENRY and ELSIE, with their
attendants, on horseback.

Elsie. Onward and onward the
highway runs to the distant
city, impatiently bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster,
of love and of hate, of doing
and daring !

Prince Henry. This life of ours
is a wild æolian harp of many
a joyous strain,

The Golden Legend.

But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

Elsie. Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma

Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma.

Prince Henry. Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care of what may betide ;

Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that rides by an angel's side ?

Elsie. All the hedges are white with dust, and the great dog under the creaking wain,

Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses toil and strain.

Prince Henry. Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the wagoner laughs with the landlord's daughter,

While out of the dripping trough the horses distend their leathern sides with water.

Elsie. All through life there are wayside inns, where man may refresh his soul with love ;

Even the lowest may quench his thirst at riuulets fed by springs from above.

Prince Henry. Yonder, where rises the cross of stone, our journey along the highway ends,

And over the fields, by a bridle path, down into the broad green valley descends.

Elsie. I am not sorry to leave behind the beaten road with its dust and heat ;

The air will be sweeter far, and the turf will be softer under our horses' feet.

(*They turn down a green lane.*)

Elsie. Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching for miles below

Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest snow.

Prince Henry. Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming against the distant hill ;

We cannot hear it, nor see it move, but it hangs like a banner when winds are still.

Elsie. Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and cool the sound of the brook by our side !

What is this castle that rises above us, and lords it over a land so wide ?

Prince Henry. It is the home of the Counts of Calva ; well have I known these scenes of old, Well I remember each tower and turret, remember the brooklet, the wood, and the wold.

Elsie. Hark ! from the little village below us the bells of the church are ringing for rain ! Priests and peasants in long procession come forth and kneel on the arid plain.

Prince Henry. They have not long to wait, for I see in the south uprising a little cloud, That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as with a shroud.

(*They pass on.*)

The Convent of Hirschau in the Black Forest. The Convent cellar. FRIAR CLAUS comes in with a light and a basket of empty flagons.

Friar Claus. I always enter this sacred place With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,

The Golden Legend.

Pausing long enough on each stair
To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,
And a benediction on the vines
That produce these various sorts
of wines!

For my part, I am well content
That we have got through with the
tedious Lent!

Fasting is all very well for those
Who have to contend with invisible
foes;

But I am quite sure it does not
agree

With a quiet, peaceable man like
me,

Who am not of that nervous and
meagre kind

That are always distressed in body
and mind!

And at times it really does me
good

To come down among this brother-
hood,

Dwelling for ever under ground,
Silent, contemplative, round and
sound;

Each one old, and brown with
mould,

But filled to the lips with the
ardour of youth,

With the latent power and love of
truth,

And with virtues fervent and
manifold.

I have heard it said, that at Easter-
tide,

When buds are swelling on every
side,

And the sap begins to move in the
vine,

Then in all cellars, far and wide,
The oldest, as well as the newest,
wine

Begins to stir itself, and ferment,
With a kind of revolt and dis-
content

At being so long in darkness pent,

And fain would burst from its
sombre tun

To bask on the hillside in the sun;
As in the bosom of us poor friars,
The tumult of half-subdued de-
sires

For the world that we have left
behind

Disturbs at times all peace of
mind!

And now that we have lived through
Lent,

My duty it is, as often before,
To open awhile the prison-door,
And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands
alone,

And has stood a hundred years or
more,

Its beard of cobwebs, long and
hoar,

Trailing and sweeping along the
floor,

Like Barbarossa, who sits in his
cave,

Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and
grave,

Till his beard has grown through
the table of stone!

It is of the quick and not of the
dead!

In its veins the blood is hot and
red,

And a heart still beats in those ribs
of oak

That time may have tamed, but
has not broke.

It comes from Bacharach on the
Rhine,

Is one of the three best kinds of
wine,

And cost some hundred florins the
ohm;

But that I do not consider dear,
When I remember that every year
Four butts are sent to the Pope of
Rome.

And whenever a goblet thereof I
drain,
The old rhyme keeps running in
my brain !

At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Hochheim on the Main,
And at Würzburg on the Stein,
Grow the three best kinds of wine !

They are all good wines, and better
far

Than those of the Neckar, or those
of the Ahr.

In particular Würzburg well may
boast

Of its blessed wine of the Holy
Ghost,

Which of all wines I like the most.
This I shall draw for the Abbot's
drinking,

Who seems to be much of my way
of thinking.

(Fills a flagon.)

Ah ! how the streamlet laughs and
sings !

What a delicious fragrance springs
From the deep flagon while it fills,
As of hyacinths and daffodils !

Between this cask and the Abbot's
lips

Many have been the sips and slips ;
Many have been the draughts of
wine,

On their way to his, that have
stopped at mine ;

And many a time my soul has
hankered

For a deep draught out of his silver
tankard,

When it should have been busy
with other affairs,

Less with its longings and more
with its prayers.

But now there is no such awkward
condition,

No danger of death and eternal
perdition ;

So here's to the Abbot and Brothers
all,
Who dwell in this convent of Peter
and Paul !

(He drinks.)

O cordial delicious ! O soother of
pain !

It flashes like sunshine into my
brain !

A benison rest on the Bishop who
sends

Such a fudder of wine as this to
his friends !

And now a flagon for such as may
ask

A draught from the noble Bacha-
rach cask,

And I will be gone, though I know
full well

The cellar's a cheerfuller place than
the cell.

Behold where he stands, all sound
and good,

Brown and old in his oaken hood ;
Silent he seems externally

As any Carthusian monk may be ;
But within, what a spirit of deep
unrest !

What a seething and simmering in
his breast !

As if the heaving of his great
heart

Would burst his belt of oak apart !
Let me unloose this button of wood,

And quiet a little his turbulent
mood.

(Sets it running.)

See ! how its currents gleam and
shine,

As if they had caught the purple
hues

Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,
Descending and mingling with the

dews ;

Or as if the grapes were stained
with the blood

Of the innocent boy, who, some
years back,
Was taken and crucified by the
Jews,
In that ancient town of Bacha-
rach;
Perdition upon those infidel Jews,
In that ancient town of Bacha-
rach!
The beautiful town that gives us
wine
With the fragrant odour of Musca-
dine!
I should deem it wrong to let this
pass
Without first touching my lips to
the glass,
For here in the midst of the current
I stand,
Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of
the river,
Taking toll upon either hand,
And much more grateful to the
giver.

(He drinks.)

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,
Such as in any town you may find,
Such as one might imagine would
suit
The rascal who drank wine out of
a boot.
And, after all, it was not a crime,
For he won thereby Dorf Hüffels-
heim.
A jolly old toper! who at a pull
Could drink a postilion's jack-boot
full,
And ask with a laugh, when that
was done,
If the fellow had left the other one!
This wine is as good as we can
afford
To the friars, who sit at the lower
board,
And cannot distinguish bad from
good,
And are far better off than if they
could,

Being rather the rude disciples of
beer
Than of anything more refined and
dear!

(Fills the other flagon and departs.)

The Scriptorium. FRIAR PACI-
FICUS *transcribing and illu-
minating.*

Friar Pacificus. It is growing
dark! Yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.
I come again to the name of the
Lord!
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among
men,
Let me pause a while, and wash my
pen;
Pure from blemish and blot must it be
When it writes that word of mys-
tery!

Thus have I laboured on and on,
Nearly through the Gospel of John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ himself perhaps has
kissed,
Came the dread Apocalypse!
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the
book,
Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah me! when I think of that vision
divine,
Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the
closing verse!
God forgive me! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that
Prophecy,
Lest my part too should be taken
away
From the Book of Life on the
Judgment Day.

The Golden Legend.

This is well written, though I say
it !

I should not be afraid to display it,
In open day, on the selfsame shelf
With the writings of St. Thecla
herself,

Or of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospels in letters of
gold !

That goodly folio standing yonder,
Without a single blot or blunder,
Would not bear away the palm
from mine,

If we should compare them line for
line.

There, now, is an initial letter !
Saint Ulric himself never made a
better !

Finished down to the leaf and the
snail,

Down to the eyes on the peacock's
tail !

And now, as I turn the volume
over,

And see what lies between cover
and cover,

What treasures of art these pages
hold,

All a-blaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me ! I seem to fee'

A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart, and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in
vain.

Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of thy Word,
Written out with much toil and
pain ;

Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for thee !

(He looks from the window.)

How sweet the air is ! How fair
the scene !

I wish I had as lovely a green
To paint my landscapes and my
leaves !

How the swallows twitter under the
eaves !

There, now, there is one in her
nest ;

I can just catch a glimpse of her
head and breast,

And will sketch her thus, in her
quiet nook,

For the margin of my Gospel book.

(He makes a sketch.)

I can see no more. Through the
valley yonder

A shower is passing ; I hear the
thunder

Mutter its curses in the air,
The Devil's own and only prayer !

The dusty road is brown with rain,
And, speeding on with might and

main,
Hitherward rides a gallant train.

They do not parley, they cannot
wait,

But hurry in at the convent gate.
What a fair lady ! and beside her

What a handsome, graceful, noble
rider !

Now she gives him her hand to
alight ;

They will beg a shelter for the
night.

I will go down to the corridor,
And try to see that face once more ;

It will do for the face of some
beautiful Saint,

Or for one of the Maries I shall
paint.

(Goes out.)

*The Cloisters. The ABBOT
ERNESTUS pacing to and fro.*

Abbot. Slowly, slowly up the
wall

Steals the sunshine, steals the
shade ;

Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,

The Golden Legend.

Of the innocent boy, who, some
years back,
Was taken and crucified by the
Jews,
In that ancient town of Bacha-
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The Devil's own and only prayer !

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(Goes out.)

The Cloisters. The ABBOT
ERNESTUS pacing to and fro.

Abbot. Slowly, slowly up the
wall

Steals the sunshine, steals the
shade ;

Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,

The Golden Legend.

And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in
crowds.

Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red ;
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.
Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall ;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire ;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

(Enter PRINCE HENRY.)

Prince Henry. Christ is arisen !

Abbot. Amen ! he is risen !
His peace be with you.

Prince Henry. Here it reigns
for ever !

The peace of God, that passeth
understanding,
Reigns in these cloisters and these
corridors.

Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the
convent ?

Abbot. I am.

Prince Henry. And I Prince
Henry of Hoheneck,
Who crave your hospitality to-
night.

Abbot. You are thrice welcome
to our humble walls.

You do us honour ; and we shall
requite it,
I fear, but poorly, entertaining you
With Paschal eggs, and our poor
convent wine,

The remnants of our Easter
holidays.

Prince Henry. How fares it with
the holy monks of Hirschau ?

Are all things well with them ?

Abbot. All things are well.

Prince Henry. A noble convent !
I have known it long

By the report of travellers. I now
see

Their commendations lag behind
the truth.

You lie here in the valley of the
Nagold

As in a nest : and the still river,
gliding

Along its bed, is like an admonition
How all things pass. Your lands

are rich and ample,
And your revenues large. God's

benediction

Rests on your convent.

Abbot. By our charities
We strive to merit it. Our Lord
and Master,

When he departed, left us in his
will,

As our best legacy on earth, the
poor !

These we have always with us ;
had we not,

Our hearts would grow as hard as
are these stones.

Prince Henry. If I remember
right, the Counts of Calva

Founded your convent.

Abbot. Even as you say.

Prince Henry. And, if I err not,
it is very old.

Abbot. Within these cloisters lie
already buried

Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath
the flags

On which we stand, the Abbot
William lies,

Of blessed memory.

Prince Henry. And whose
tomb is that,

Which bears the brass escutcheon ?

Abbot. A benefactor's,
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who
stood

Godfather to our bells.

Prince Henry. Your monks are
learned

And holy men, I trust.

The Golden Legend.

Abbot. There are among them
Learned and holy men. Yet in
this age
We need another Hildebrand, to
shake
And purify us like a mighty wind.
The world is wicked, and some-
times I wonder
God does not lose his patience with
it wholly,
And shatter it like glass ! Even
here, at times,
Within these walls, where all
should be at peace,
I have my trials. Time has laid
his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting
it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its
vibrations.
Ashes are on my head, and on my
lips
Sackcloth, and in my breast a
heaviness
And weariness of life, that makes
me ready
To say to the dead Abbots under us,
'Make room for me !' Only I see
the dusk
Of evening twilight coming, and
have not
Completed half my task ; and so
at times
The thought of my shortcomings
in this life
Falls like a shadow on the life to
come.

Prince Henry. We must all die,
and not the old alone ;
The young have no exemption from
that doom.

Abbot. Ah, yes ! the young may
die, but the old must !
That is the difference.

Prince Henry. I have heard
much laud

Of your transcribers. Your Scrip-
torium
Is famous among all ; your manu-
scripts

Praised for their beauty and their
excellence.

Abbot. That is indeed our boast.

If you desire it,
You shall behold these treasures.

And meanwhile
Shall the Refectorarius bestow
Your horses and attendants for the
night.

(*They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.*)

*The Chapel. Vespers: after which
the monks retire, a chorister
leading an old monk who is
blind.*

Prince Henry. They are all gone,
save one who lingers,
Absorbed in deep and silent prayer.
As if his heart could find no rest,
At times he beats his heaving
breast

With clenched and convulsive
fingers,
Then lifts them trembling in the
air.

A chorister, with golden hair,
Guides hitherward his heavy pace.
Can it be so ? Or does my sight
Deceive me in the uncertain light ?
Ah no ! I recognise that face,
Though Time has touched it in his
flight,

And changed the auburn hair to
white.

It is Count Hugo of the Rhine,
The deadliest foe of all our race,
And hateful unto me and mine !

The Blind Monk. Who is it that
doth stand so near
His whispered words I almost
hear ?

Prince Henry. I am Prince
Henry of Hoheneck,

The Golden Legend.

And you, Count Hugo of the
Rhine!

I know you, and I see the scar,
The brand upon your forehead,
shine

And redden like a baleful star!

The Blind Monk. Count Hugo
once, but now the wreck
Of what I was. O Hoheneck!
The passionate will, the pride, the
wrath

That bore me headlong on my path,
Stumbled and staggered into fear,
And failed me in my mad career,
As a tired steed some evil-doer,
Alone upon a desolate moor,
Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,
And hearing loud and close behind
The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer.
Then suddenly from the dark there
came

A voice that called me by my name,
And said to me, 'Kneel down and
pray!'

And so my terror passed away,
Passed utterly away for ever.
Contrition, penitence, remorse,
Came on me with o'erwhelming
force;

A hope, a longing, an endeavour,
By days of penance and nights of
prayer,

To frustrate and defeat despair!
Calm, deep, and still is now my
heart,

With tranquil waters overflowed;
A lake whose unseen fountains
start,

Where once the hot volcano
glowed.

And you, O prince of Hoheneck!
Have known me in that earlier
time,

A man of violence and crime,
Whose passions brooked no curb
nor check.

Behold me now, in gentler mood,
One of this holy brotherhood.

Give me your hand; here let me
kneel;

Make your reproaches sharp as
steel;

Spurn me, and smite me on each
cheek;

No violence can harm the meek,
There is no wound Christ cannot
heal!

Yes; lift your princely hand, and
take

Revenge, if 'tis revenge you seek;
Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake!

Prince Henry. Arise, Count
Hugo! let there be

No further strife nor enmity
Between us twain; we both have
erred!

Too rash in act, too wroth in word.
From the beginning have we stood
In fierce, defiant attitude,
Each thoughtless of the other's
right,

And each reliant on his might.

But now our souls are more sub-
dued;

The hand of God, and not in vain,
Has touched us with the fire of
pain.

Let us kneel down, and side by
side

Pray, till our souls are purified,
And pardon will not be denied!

(They kneel.)

*The Refectory. Gaudiolum of
Monks at midnight. LUCIFER
disguised as a Friar.*

Friar Paul (sings).

Ave! color vini clari,
Dulcis potus, non amari,
Tua nos inebriari
Digneris potentia!

Friar Cuthbert. Not so much
noise, my worthy freres,
You'll disturb the Abbot at his
prayers.

The Golden Legend.

Friar Paul (sings).

O! quam placens in colore!
O! quam fragrans in odore!
O! quam sapidum in ore!
Dulce lingue vinculum!

Friar Cuthbert. I should think
your tongue had broken its
chain!

Friar Paul (sings).

Felix venter quem intrabis!
Felix guttur quod rigabis!
Felix os quod tu lavabis!
Et beata labia!

Friar Cuthbert. Peace! I say,
peace!
Will you never cease!
You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell
you again!

Friar John. No danger! to-
night he will let us alone,
As I happen to know he has guests
of his own.

Friar Cuthbert. Who are they?

Friar John. A German
Prince and his train,
Who arrived here just before the
rain.

There is with him a damsel fair to
see,

As slender and graceful as a reed!
When she alighted from her steed,
It seemed like a blossom blown from
a tree.

Friar Cuthbert. None of your
pale-faced girls for me!
None of your damsels of high de-
gree!

Friar John. Come, old fellow,
drink down to your peg!
But do not drink any farther, I beg!

Friar Paul (sings).

In the days of gold!
The days of old,
Crosier of wood
And bishop of gold!

Friar Cuthbert. What an in-
fernal racket and riot!
Can you not drink your wine in
quiet!
Why fill the convent with such
scandals,
As if we were so many drunken
Vandals?

Friar Paul (continues).

Now we have changed
That law so good,
To crosier of gold
And bishop of wood!

Friar Cuthbert. Well, then,
since you are in the mood
To give your noisy humours vent,
Sing and howl to your heart's con-
tent!

Chorus of Monks.

Funde vinum, funde!
Tanquam sint fluminis undae,
Nec quaeras unde
Sed fundas semper abunde!

Friar John. What is the name
of yonder friar,
With an eye that glows like a coal
of fire,
And such a black mass of tangled
hair?

Friar Paul. He who is sitting
there,
With a rollicking,
Devil may care,
Free-and-easy look and air,
As if he were used to such feasting
and frolicking?

Friar John. The same.

Friar Paul. He's a stranger.
You had better ask his name,
And where he is going, and whence
he came.

Friar John. Hallo! Sir Friar!

Friar Paul. You must raise
your voice a little higher,
He does not seem to hear what you
say.

The Golden Legend.

Now, try again! He is looking
this way.

Friar John. Hallo! Sir Friar.
We wish to inquire
Whence you came, and where you
are going,
And anything else that is worth the
knowing.
So be so good as to open your
head.

Lucifer. I am a Frenchman
born and bred,
Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.
My home
Is the convent of St. Gildas de
Rhuys,
Of which, very like, you never have
heard.

Monks. Never a word!

Lucifer. You must know, then,
it is in the diocese
Called the diocese of Vannes,
In the province of Brittany.
From the gray rocks of Morbihan
It overlooks the angry sea;
The very sea-shore where,
In his great despair,
Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,
Filling the night with woe,
And wailing aloud to the merciless
seas

The name of his sweet Heloise!
Whilst overhead
The convent windows gleamed as
red
As the fiery eyes of the monks within,
Who with jovial din
Gave themselves up to all kinds of
sin!

Ha! that is a convent! that is an
abbey!

Over the doors,
None of your death-heads carved
in wood,
None of your Saints looking pious
and good,
None of your patriarchs old and
shabby;

But the heads and tusks of boars,
And the cells
Hung all round with the fells
Of the fallow-deer.
And then what cheer;
What jolly, fat friars,
Sitting round the great roaring fires,
Roaring louder than they,
With their strong wines,
And their concubines,
And never a bell,
With its swagger and swell,
Calling you up with a start of affright
In the dead of night,
To send you grumbling down dark
stairs,

To mumble your prayers.
But the cheery crow
Of cocks in the yard below,
After daybreak, an hour or so,
And the barking of deep-mouthed
hounds,—

These are the sounds
That, instead of bells, salute the ear.
And then all day
Up and away
Through the forest, hunting the
deer!

Ah, my friends! I'm afraid that
here
You are a little too pious, a little too
tame,

And the more is the shame.

'Tis the greatest folly

Not to be jolly;

That's what I think!

Come drink, drink,

Drink, and die game!

Monks. And your Abbot What's-
his-name?

Lucifer. Abelard!

Monks. Did he drink hard?

Lucifer. O no! Not he!

He was a dry old fellow,
Without juice enough to get
thoroughly mellow.

There he stood,
Lowering at us in sullen mood,

The Golden Legend.

As if he had come into Brittany
Just to reform our brotherhood !

(*A roar of laughter.*)

But you see
It never would do !
For some of us knew a thing or two,
In the Abbey of St. Gildas de
Rhuys !

For instance, the great ado
With old Fulbert's niece,
The young and lovely Heloise.

Friar John. Stop there, if you
please,
Till we drink to the fair Heloise.

All (drinking and shouting).
Heloise ! Heloise !

(*The Chapel-bell tolls.*)

Lucifer (starting). What is that
bell for ? Are you such asses
As to keep up the fashion of mid-
night masses ?

Friar Cuthbert. It is only a poor
unfortunate brother,
Who is gifted with most miraculous
powers

Of getting up at all sorts of hours,
And, by way of penance and Chris-
tian meekness,

Of creeping silently out of his cell
To take a pull at that hideous bell ;
So that all the monks who are lying
awake

May murmur some kind of prayer
for his sake,

And adapted to his peculiar weak-
ness !

Friar John. From frailty and fall—

All. Good Lord, deliver us all !

Friar Cuthbert. And before the
bell for matins sounds,
He takes his lantern, and goes the
rounds,

Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,

Merely to say it is time to arise.

But enough of that. Go on, if you
please,

With your story about St. Gildas de
Rhuys.

Lucifer. Well, it finally came to
pass

That, half in fun and half in malice,
One Sunday at Mass

We put some poison into the
chalice.

But, either by accident or design,
Peter Abelard kept away
From the chapel that day,
And a poor young friar, who in his
stead

Drank the sacramental wine,
Fell on the steps of the altar, dead !
But look ! do you see at the window
there

That face, with a look of grief and
despair,

That ghastly face, as of one in pain ?

Monks. Who ? where ?

Lucifer. As I spoke, it vanished
away again.

Friar Cuthbert. It is that nefarious
Siebald the Refectorarius.

That fellow is always playing the
scout,

Creeping and peeping and prowling
about ;

And then he regales

The Abbot with scandalous tales.

Lucifer. A spy in the convent ?

One of the brothers
Telling scandalous tales of the
others ?

Out upon him, the lazy loon !

I would put a stop to that pretty
soon,

In a way he should rue it.

Monks. How shall we do it ?

Lucifer. Do you, brother Paul,
Creep under the window, close to
the wall,

And open it suddenly when I call.

Then seize the villain by the hair,

And hold him there,

And punish him soundly, once for
all.

The Golden Legend.

Friar Cuthbert. As St. Dunstan
of old,
We are told,
Once caught the Devil by the nose!

Lucifer. Ha! ha! that story is
very clever,
But has no foundation whatsoever.
Quick! for I see his face again
Glaring in at the window-pane;
Now! now! and do not spare your
blows.

(*FRIAR PAUL opens the window
suddenly, and seizes SIEBALD.
They beat him.*)

Friar Siebald. Help! help! are
you going to slay me?

Friar Paul. That will teach you
again to betray me!

Friar Siebald. Mercy! mercy!
*Friar Paul (shouting and beat-
ing).*

Rumpas bellorum lorum.
Vin confer amorum
Morum verorum rorum
Tu plena polorum!

Lucifer. Who stands in the door-
way yonder,
Stretching out his trembling hand,
Just as Abelard used to stand,
The flash of his keen black eyes
Forerunning the thunder?

The Monks (in confusion). The
Abbot! the Abbot!

Friar Cuthbert. And what is the
wonder!

He seems to have taken you by sur-
prise!

Friar Francis. Hide the great
flagon

From the eyes of the dragon!

Friar Cuthbert. Pull the brown
hood over your face!

This will bring us into disgrace!

Abbot. What means this revel
and carouse?

Is this a tavern and drinking-house?
Are you Christian monks, or
heathen devils,

To pollute this convent with your
revels?

Were Peter Damian still upon
earth,

To be shocked by such ungodly
mirth,

He would write your names, with
pen of gall,

In his Book of Gomorrah, one and
all!

Away, you drunkards! to your
cells,

And pray till you hear the matin-
bells;

You, Brother Francis, and you,
Brother Paul!

And as a penance mark each prayer
With the scourge upon your

shoulders bare;
Nothing atones for such a sin

But the blood that follows the dis-
cipline.

And you, Brother Cuthbert, come
with me

Alone into the sacristy;

You, who should be a guide to your
brothers,

And are ten times worse than all
the others,

For you I've a draught that has
long been brewing,

You shall do a penance worth the
doing!

Away to your prayers, then, one and
all!

I wonder the very convent wall
Does not crumble and crush you in
its fall!

*The neighbouring Nunnery. The
ABBESS IRMINGARD sitting
with ELSIE in the moonlight.*

Irmingard. The night is silent
the wind is still,

The moon is looking from yonder
hill

Down upon convent, and grove, and
garden;

The clouds have passed away from
her face,
Leaving behind them no sorrowful
trace,
Only the tender and quiet grace
Of one, whose heart has been healed
with pardon !

And such am I. My soul within
Was dark with passion and soiled
with sin.
But now its wounds are healed
again ;
Gone are the anguish, the terror,
and pain ;
For across that desolate land of woe,
O'er whose burning sands I was
forced to go,
A wind from heaven began to blow ;
And all my being trembled and
shook,
As the leaves of the tree, or the
grass of the field,
And I was healed, as the sick are
healed,
When fanned by the leaves of the
Holy Book !

As thou sittest in the moonlight
there,
Its glory flooding thy golden
hair,
And the only darkness that which
lies
In the haunted chambers of thine
eyes,
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,
Strangely, and strongly, and more
and more,
As to one I have known and loved
before ;
For every soul is akin to me
That dwells in the land of mys-
tery !

I am the Lady Irmingard,
Born of a noble race and name !
Many a wandering Suabian bard,
Whose life was dreary, and bleak,
and hard,

Has found through me the way to
fame.

Brief and bright were those days,
and the night

Which followed was full of a lurid
light.

Love, that of every woman's heart
Will have the whole, and not a
part,

That is to her, in Nature's plan,
More than ambition is to man,
Her light, her life, her very breath,
With no alternative but death,
Found me a maiden soft and young,
Just from the convent's cloistered
school,

And seated on my lowly stool,
Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,
Fairest, noblest, best of all,
Was Walter of the Vogelweid ;
And, whatsoever may betide,
Still I think of him with pride !
His song was of the summer-time,
The very birds sang in his rhyme ;
The sunshine, the delicious air,
The fragrance of the flowers, were
there ;

And I grew restless as I heard,
Restless and buoyant as a bird,
Down soft, aerial currents sailing,
O'er blossomed orchards, and
fields in bloom,
And through the momentary
gloom
Of shadows o'er the landscape
trailing,
Yielding and borne I knew not
where,
But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,
And more by accident than choice,
I listened to that single voice
Until the chambers of my heart
Were filled with it by night and
day.

The Golden Legend.

One night—it was a night in
May—

Within the garden, unawares,
Under the blossoms in the gloom,
I heard it utter my own name

With protestations and wild
prayers ;

And it rang through me, and
became

Like the archangel's trump of
doom,

Which the soul hears, and must
obey ;

And mine arose as from a tomb.
My former life now seemed to me

Such as hereafter death may be,
When in the great Eternity

We shall awake and find it day.
It was a dream, and would not stay ;

A dream, that in a single night
Faded and vanished out of sight.

My father's anger followed fast
This passion, as a freshening blast

Seeks out and fans the fire, whose
rage

It may increase, but not assuage.
And he exclaimed : ' No wandering

bard
Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard !

For which Prince Henry of
Hoheneck

By messenger and letter sues.'

Gently, but firmly, I replied :
' Henry of Hoheneck I discard !

Never the hand of Irmingard
Shall lie in his as the hand of a

bride !'

This said I, Walter, for thy sake ;
This said I, for I could not choose.

After a pause, my father spake
In that cold and deliberate tone

Which turns the hearer into stone,
And seems itself the act to be

That follows with such dread
certainty ;

' This, or the cloister and the
veil !'

No other words than these he
said,

But they were like a funeral wail ;
My life was ended, my heart was

dead.

That night from the castle-gate
went down,

With silent, slow, and stealthy
pace,

Two shadows, mounted on shadowy
steeds,

Taking the narrow path that leads
Into the forest dense and brown.

In the leafy darkness of the place,
One could not distinguish form nor

face,

Only a bulk without a shape,
A darker shadow in the shade ;

One scarce could say it moved or
stayed.

Thus it was we made our escape !
A foaming brook, with many a

bound,
Followed us like a playful hound ;

Then leaped before us, and in the
hollow

Paused, and waited for us to
follow,

And seemed impatient, and afraid
That our tardy flight should be

betrayed
By the sound our horses' hoof-
beats made.

And when we reached the plain
below,

We paused a moment and drew
rein

To look back at the castle again ;
And we saw the windows all

aglow
With lights, that were passing to
and fro :

Our hearts with terror ceased to
beat ;

The brook crept silent to our
feet ;

We knew what most we feared to
know.

The Golden Legend.

Then suddenly horns began to
blow ;
And we heard a shout, and a heavy
tramp,
And our horses snorted in the
damp
Night-air of the meadows green
and wide,
And in a moment, side by side,
So close, they must have seemed
but one,
The shadows across the moonlight
run,
And another came, and swept
behind,
Like the shadow of clouds before
the wind !

How I remember that breathless
flight
Across the moors, in the summer
night !
How under our feet the long, white
road
Backward like a river flowed,
Sweeping with it fences and
hedges,
Whilst farther away, and over-
head,
Paler than I, with fear and dread,
The moon fled with us, as we fled
Along the forest's jagged edges !

All this I can remember well ;
But of what afterwards befell
I nothing further can recall
Than a blind, desperate, headlong
fall ;
The rest is a blank and darkness
all.

When I awoke out of this swoon,
The sun was shining, not the
moon,
Making a cross upon the wall
With the bars of my windows
narrow and tall ;
And I prayed to it, as I had been
wont to pray,

From early childhood, day by day,
Each morning, as in bed I lay !
I was lying again in my own
room !
And I thanked God, in my fever
and pain,
That those shadows on the mid-
night plain
Were gone, and could not come
again !
I struggled no longer with my
doom !

This happened many years ago.
I left my father's home to come
Like Catherine to her martyrdom,
For blindly I esteemed it so.
And when I heard the convent door
Behind me close, to open no more,
I felt it smite me like a blow.
Through all my limbs a shudder
ran,
And on my bruised spirit fell
The dampness of my narrow cell
As night-air on a wounded man,
Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began.
I felt the agony decrease
By slow degrees, then wholly
cease,
Ending in perfect rest and peace !
It was not apathy, nor dulness,
That weighed and pressed upon
my brain,
But the same passion I had given
To earth before, now turned to
heaven
With all its overflowing fullness.

Alas ! the world is full of peril !
The path that runs through the
fairest meads,
On the sunniest side of the valley,
leads
Into a region bleak and sterile !
Alike in the high-born and the
lowly,

The will is feeble, and passion strong.

We cannot sever right from wrong ;
Some falsehood mingles with all truth ;

Nor is it strange the heart of youth
Should waver and comprehend but slowly

The things that are holy and unholy !

But in this sacred, calm retreat,
We are all well and safely shielded
From winds that blow, and waves that beat,

From the cold, and rain, and blighting heat,
To which the strongest hearts have yielded.

Here we stand as the Virgins Seven,
For our celestial bridegroom yearning ;

Our hearts are lamps for ever burning,

With a steady and unwavering flame,

Pointing upward, for ever the same,

Steadily upward toward the heaven !

The moon is hidden behind a cloud ;

A sudden darkness fills the room,
And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,

Shine like jewels in a shroud.
On the leaves is a sound of falling rain ;

A bird, awakened in its nest,
Gives a faint twitter of unrest,
Then smooths its plumes and sleeps again.

No other sounds than these I hear ;
The hour of midnight must be near.
Thou art o'erspent with the day's fatigue

Of riding many a dusty league ;

Sink, then, gently to thy slumber ;
Me so many cares encumber,
So many ghosts, and forms of fright,

Have started from their graves to-night,

They have driven sleep from mine eyes away :

I will go down to the chapel and pray.

V.

A covered bridge at Lucerne.

Prince Henry. God's blessing on the architects who build
The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses

Before impassable to human feet,
No less than on the builders of cathedrals,

Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across

The dark and terrible abyss of Death.

Well has the name of Pontifex been given

Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder

And architect of the invisible bridge

That leads from earth to heaven.

Elsie. How dark it grows ?
What are these paintings on the walls around us ?

Prince Henry. The Dance Macaber !

Elsie. What ?

Prince Henry. The Dance of Death !

All that go to and fro must look upon it,

Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,

Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river

Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,

The Golden Legend.

With dimpling eddies, ever green
and bright,
Save where the shadow of this
bridge falls on it.

Elsie. O yes! I see it now!

Prince Henry. The grim
musician

Leads all men through the mazes
of that dance,
To different sounds in different
measures moving;
Sometimes he plays a lute, some-
times a drum,
To tempt or terrify.

Elsie. What is this picture?

Prince Henry. It is a young
man singing to a nun,
Who kneels at her devotions, but
in kneeling
Turns round to look at him, and
Death, meanwhile,
Is putting out the candles on the
altar!

Elsie. Ah, what a pity 'tis that
she should listen
Unto such songs, when in her
orisons
She might have heard in heaven
the angels singing!

Prince Henry. Here he has
stolen a jester's cap and bells,
And dances with the Queen.

Elsie. A foolish jest!

Prince Henry. And here the
heart of the new-wedded wife,
Coming from church with her
beloved lord,
Hestartles with the rattle of his drum.

Elsie. Ah, that is sad! And yet
perhaps 'tis best
That she should die, with all the
sunshine on her,
And all the benedictions of the
morning,
Before this affluence of golden light
Shall fade into a cold and clouded
gray,
Then into darkness!

Prince Henry. Under it is
written,

'Nothing but death shall separate
thee and me!'

Elsie. And what is this, that
follows close upon it?

Prince Henry. Death, playing
on a dulcimer. Behind him,
A poor old woman, with a rosary,
Follows the sound, and seems to
wish her feet

Were swifter to o'ertake him.
Underneath,

The inscription reads, 'Better is
Death than Life.'

Elsie. Better is Death than
Life! Ah yes! to thousands
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and
sings

That song of consolation, till the air
Rings with it, and they cannot
choose but follow

Whither he leads. And not the old
alone,

But the young also hear it, and are
still.

Prince Henry. Yes, in their
sadder moments. 'Tis the
sound

Of their own hearts they hear, half
full of tears,

Which are like crystal cups, half
filled with water,

Responding to the pressure of a
finger

With music sweet and low and
melancholy.

Let us go forward, and no longer
stay

In this great picture-gallery of
Death!

I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

Elsie. Why is it hateful to you?

Prince Henry. For the reason
That life, and all that speaks of
life, is lovely,
And death, and all that speaks of
death, is hateful.

The Golden Legend.

Elsie. The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

Prince Henry (emerging from the bridge). I breathe again more freely! Ah, how pleasant To come once more into the light of day,

Out of that shadow of death! To hear again

The hoof-beats of our horses on firm ground,

And not upon those hollow planks, resounding

With a sepulchral echo, like the clods

On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder lies

The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns, apparelled

In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,

Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,

Then pouring all her life into another's,

Changing her name and being! Overhead,

Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,

Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

(They pass on.)

The Devil's Bridge. PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing, with attendants.

Guide. This bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.

With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,

It leaps across the terrible chasm Yawning beneath us, black and deep,

As if, in some convulsive spasm, The summits of the hills had cracked,

And made a road for the cataract, That raves and rages down the steep!

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha!

Guide. Never any bridge but this Could stand across the wild abyss; All the rest, of wood or stone, By the Devil's hand were overthrown.

He toppled crags from the precipice,

And whatsoever was built by day In the night was swept away; None could stand but this alone.

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha!

Guide. I showed you in the valley a boulder

Marked with the imprint of his shoulder;

As he was bearing it up this way, A peasant, passing, cried, 'Herr Jé!'

And the Devil dropped it in his fright,

And vanished suddenly out of sight!

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha!

Guide. Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel,

For pilgrims on their way to Rome, Built this at last, with a single arch, Under which, on its endless march, Runs the river, white with foam, Like a thread through the eye of a needle.

And the Devil promised to let it stand,

Under compact and condition

That the first living thing which crossed

Should besundered into his hand, And be beyond redemption lost.

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha! perdition!

Guide. At length, the bridge being all completed,

The Golden Legend.

The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after,
And the rocks re-echoed with peals
of laughter
To see the Devil thus defeated !

(They pass on.)

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha !
ha ! defeated !
For journeys and for crimes like this
I let the bridge stand o'er the abyss !

The St. Gothard Pass.

Prince Henry. This is the highest
point. Two ways the rivers
Leap down to different seas, and as
they roll

Grow deep and still, and their majestic
presence
Becomes a benefaction to the towns
They visit, wandering silently
among them,

Like patriarchs old among their
shining tents.

Elsie. How bleak and bare it is !
Nothing but mosses
Grow on these rocks.

Prince Henry. Yet are they
not forgotten ;
Beneficent Nature sends the mists
to feed them.

Elsie. See yonder little cloud,
that, borne aloft
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast
away

Over the snowy peaks ! It seems to
me

The body of St Catherine, borne by
angels !

Prince Henry. Thou art St.
Catherine, and invisible angels
Bear thee across these chasms and
precipices,

Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet
against a stone !

Elsie. Would I were borne unto
my grave, as she was,

Upon angelic shoulders ! Even now
I seem uplifted by them, light as air !
What sound is that ?

Prince Henry. The tumbling avalanches !

Elsie. How awful, yet how beautiful !

Prince Henry. These are
The voices of the mountains ! Thus
they ope

Their snowy lips, and speak unto
each other

In the primeval language, lost to
man.

Elsie. What land is this that
spreads itself beneath us ?

Prince Henry. Italy ! Italy !

Elsie. Land of the Madonna !
How beautiful it is ! It seems a
garden

Of Paradise !

Prince Henry. Nay, of Gethsemane

To thee and me, of passion and of
prayer !

Yet once of Paradise. Long years ago
I wandered as a youth among its
bowers,

And never from my heart has faded
quite

Its memory, that, like a summer
sunset,

Encircles with a ring of purple light
All the horizon of my youth.

Guide. O friends !
The days are short, the way before
us long ;

We must not linger, if we think to
reach

The inn at Belinzona before vespers !

(They pass on.)

*At the foot of the Alps. A halt
under the trees at noon.*

Prince Henry. Here let us pause
a moment in the trembling
Shadow and sunshine of the roadside trees,

The Golden Legend.

And, our tired horses in a group
assembling,
Inhale long draughts of this delicious
breeze.

Our fleetier steeds have distanced
our attendants;
They lag behind us with a slower
pace;
We will await them under the green
pendants
Of the great willows in this shady
place.

Ho, Barbarossa! how thy mottled
haunches
Sweat with this canter over hill and
glade!

Stand still, and let these over-
hanging branches
Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee
with shade!

Elsie. What a delightful land-
scape spreads before us,
Marked with a whitewashed cottage
here and there!

And, in luxuriant garlands drooping
o'er us,
Blossoms of grape-vines scent the
sunny air.

Prince Henry. Hark! What
sweet sounds are those, whose
accents holy
Fill the warm noon with music sad
and sweet!

Elsie. It is a band of pilgrims,
moving slowly
On their long journey, with un-
covered feet.

*Pilgrims (chanting the Hymn of
St. Hildebert).*

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus portae lignum crucis,
Cujus claves lingua Petri,
Cujus eives semper laeti,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus!

*Lucifer (as a Friar in the pro-
cession).* Here am I, too, in the
pious band,

In the garb of a barefooted Car-
melite dressed!

The soles of my feet are as hard
and tanned

As the conscience of old Pope Hil-
debrand,

The Holy Satan, who made the wives
Of the bishops lead such shameful
lives.

All day long I beat my breast,
And chant with a most particular
zest

The Latin hymns, which I under-
stand

Quite as well, I think, as the rest.
And at night such lodging in barns
and sheds,

Such a hurly-burly in country inns,
Such a clatter of tongues in empty
heads,

Such a helter-skelter of prayers and
sins!

Of all the contrivances of the time
For sowing broadcast the seeds of
crime,

There is none so pleasing to me and
mine

As a pilgrimage to some far-off
shrine!

Prince Henry. If from the out-
ward man we judge the inner,
And cleanliness is godliness, I fear
A hopeless reprobate, a hardened
sinner,
Must be that Carmelite now passing
near.

Lucifer. There is my German
Prince again,

Thus far on his journey to Salerno,
And the lovesick girl, whose heated
brain,

Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain;
But it's a long road that has no turn!
Let them quietly hold their way,
I have also a part in the play.

The Golden Legend.

But first I must act to my heart's
content
This mummery and this merri-
ment,
And drive this motley flock of
sheep
Into the fold, where drink and sleep
The jolly old friars of Benevent.
Of a truth, it often provokes me to
laugh
To see these beggars hobble along,
Lamed and maimed, and fed upon
chaff,
Chanting their wonderful piff and
paff,
And, to make up for not understand-
ing the song,
Singing it fiercely, and wild, and
strong !
Were it not for my magic garters
and staff,
And the goblets of goodly wine I
quaff,
And the mischief I make in the idle
throng,
I should not continue the business
long.

Pilgrims (chanting).

In hâc urbe, lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis;
In hâc odor implens caelos,
In hâc semper festum melos !

Prince Henry. Do you observe
that monk among the train,
Who pours from his great throat the
roaring bass,
As a cathedral spout pours out the
rain,
And this way turns his rubicund,
round face ?

Elsie. It is the same who, on
the Strasburg square,
Preached to the people in the open
air.

Prince Henry. And he has
crossed o'er mountain, field,
and fell,

On that good steed, that seems to
bear him well,
The hackney of the Friars of Orders
Gray,
His own stout legs ! He, too, was in
the play,
Both as King Herod and Ben Israel.
Good morrow, Friar !

Friar Cuthbert. Good morrow,
noble sir !

Prince Henry. I speak in Ger-
man, for, unless I err,
You are a German.

Friar Cuthbert. I cannot gain-
say you.

But by what instinct, or what secret
sign,

Meeting me here, do you straight-
way divine

That northward of the Alps my
country lies ?

Prince Henry. Your accent, like
St. Peter's, would betray you,
Did not your yellow beard and your
blue eyes.

Moreover, we have seen your face
before,

And heard you preach at the
cathedral door

On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg
square.

We were among the crowd that
gathered there,

And saw you play the Rabbi with
great skill,

As if, by leaning o'er so many
years

To walk with little children, your
own will

Had caught a childish attitude from
theirs,

A kind of stooping in its form and
gait,

And could no longer stand erect
and straight.

Whence come you now ?

Friar Cuthbert. From the
old monastery

The Golden Legend.

Of Hirschau, in the forest ; being
sent

Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,
To see the image of the Virgin
Mary,

That moves its holy eyes and some-
times speaks,
And lets the piteous tears run down
its cheeks,
To touch the hearts of the impeni-
tent.

Prince Henry. O, had I faith,
as in the days gone by,
That knew no doubt, and feared no
mystery !

Lucifer (at a distance). Ho,
Cuthbert ! Friar Cuthbert !

Friar Cuthbert. Farewell,
Prince !

I cannot stay to argue and con-
vince.

Prince Henry. This is indeed
the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear
Redeemer !

All hearts are touched and softened
at her name ;

Alike the bandit, with the bloody
hand,

The priest, the prince, the scholar,
and the peasant,

The man of deeds, the visionary
dreamer,

Pay homage to her as one ever
present !

And even as children, who have
much offended

A too indulgent father, in great
shame,

Penitent, and yet not daring unat-
tended

To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and con-
fiding wait

Till she goes in before and inter-
cedes ;

So men, repenting of their evil
deeds,

And yet not venturing rashly to
draw near

With their requests an angry
Father's ear,

Offer to her their prayers and their
confession,

And she for them in heaven makes
intercession.

And if our Faith had given us
nothing more

Than this example of all woman-
hood,

So mild, so merciful, so strong, so
good,

So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving,
pure,

This were enough to prove it higher
and truer

Than all the creeds the world had
known before.

Pilgrims (chanting afar off).

Urbs coelestis, urbs beata,

Supra petram collocata,

Urbs in portu satis tuto

De longinquo te saluto,

Te saluto, te suspiro,

Te affecto, te requiro !

*The Inn at Genoa. A terrace over-
looking the sea. Night.*

Prince Henry. It is the sea, it
is the sea,

In all its vague immensity,
Fading and darkening in the dis-
tance !

Silent, majestic, and slow,
The white ships haunt it to and fro,

With all their ghostly sails unfurled,
As phantoms from another world

Haunt the dim confines of existence !
But ah ! how few can comprehend

Their signals, or to what good end
From land to land they come and
go !

Upon a sea more vast and dark
The spirits of the dead embark,

All voyaging to unknown coasts.

The Golden Legend.

We wave our farewells from the shore,
And they depart, and come no more,
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great life that is to be,
A land of cloud and mystery,
A dim mirage, with shapes of men
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.

Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath

Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
Leaving us in perplexity,
And doubtful whether it has been
A vision of the world unseen,
Or a bright image of our own
Against the sky in vapours thrown.

Lucifer (singing from the sea).

Thou didst not make it, thou
canst not mend it,
But thou hast the power to end it !
The sea is silent, the sea is discrete,

Deep it lies at thy very feet ;
There is no confessor like unto
Death !

Thou canst not see him, but he is near ;

Thou needest not whisper above thy breath,

And he will hear ;

He will answer the questions,
The vague surmises and suggestions,

That fill thy soul with doubt and fear !

Prince Henry. The fisherman,
who lies afloat,

With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,
Is singing softly to the Night !

But do I comprehend aright

The meaning of the words he sung
So sweetly in his native tongue ?

Ah yes ! the sea is still and deep.

All things within its bosom sleep !

A single step, and all is o'er ;

A plunge, a bubble, and no more ;
And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free
From martyrdom and agony.

Elsie (coming from her chamber upon the terrace). The night

is calm and cloudless,

And still as still can be,

And the stars come forth to listen

To the music of the sea.

They gather, and gather, and gather,

Until they crowd the sky,

And listen, in breathless silence,

To the solemn litany.

It begins in rocky caverns,

As a voice that chants alone

To the pedals of the organ

In monotonous undertone ;

And anon from shelving beaches,

And shallow sands beyond,

In snow-white robes uprising

The ghostly choirs respond.

And sadly and unceasing

The mournful voice sings on,

And the snow-white choirs still answer

Christe eleison !

Prince Henry. Angel of God !

thy finer sense perceives

Celestial and perpetual harmonies !

Thy purer soul, that trembles and believes,

Hears the archangel's trumpet in the breeze,

And where the forest rolls, or ocean heaves,

Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,

And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.

But I hear discord only and despair,

And whispers as of demons in the air !

At sea.

Il Padrone. The wind upon our quarter lies,

And on before the freshening gale,

The Golden Legend.

That fills the snow-white lateen
sail,

Swiftly our light felucca flies.

Around, the billows burst and
foam ;

They lift her o'er the sunken
rock,

They beat her sides with many a
shock,

And then upon their flowing dome

They poise her, like a weathercock !

Between us and the western skies

The hills of Corsica arise ;

Eastward, in yonder long, blue
line,

The summits of the Apennine,

And southward, and still far away,

Salerno, on its sunny bay.

You cannot see it, where it lies.

Prince Henry. Ah, would that
nevermore mine eyes

Might see its towers by night or
day !

Elsie. Behind us, dark and
awfully,

There comes a cloud out of the
sea,

That bears the form of a hunted
deer,

With hide of brown, and hoofs of
black,

And antlers laid upon its back,

And fleeing fast and wild with
fear,

As if the hounds were on its
track !

Prince Henry. Lo ! while we
gaze, it breaks and falls

In shapeless masses, like the walls

Of a burnt city. Broad and red

The fires of the descending sun

Glare through the windows, and
o'erhead,

Athwart the vapours, dense and
dun,

Long shafts of silvery light arise,

Like rafters that support the
skies !

Elsie. See ! from its summit the
lurid levin

Flashes downward without warn-
ing,

As Lucifer, son of the morning,

Fell from the battlements of
heaven !

Il Padrone. I must entreat you,
friends, below !

The angry storm begins to blow,

For the weather changes with the
moon.

All this morning, until noon,

We had baffling winds, and sudden
flaws

Struck the sea with their cat's-
paws.

Only a little hour ago

I was whistling to Saint Antonio

For a capful of wind to fill our
sail,

And instead of a breeze he has sent
a gale.

Last night I saw Saint Elmo's
stars,

With their glimmering lanterns, all
at play

On the tops of the masts and the
tips of the spars,

And I knew we should have foul
weather to-day.

Cheerly, my hearties ! yo heaveho !
Brail up the mainsail, and let her
go

As the winds will and Saint An-
tonio !

Do you see that Livornese felucca,
That vessel to the windward

yonder,

Running with her gunwale under ?

I was looking when the wind o'er-
took her.

She had all sail set, and the only
wonder

Is, that at once the strength of the
blast

Did not carry away her mast.

She is a galley of the Gran
Duca,
That, through the fear of the
Algerines,
Convoys those lazy brigantines,
Laden with wine and oil from
Lucca.

Now all is ready, high and low ;
Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio !
Ha ! that is the first dash of the
rain,

With a sprinkle of spray above the
rails,

Just enough to moisten our sails,
And make them ready for the
strain.

See how she leaps, as the blasts
o'ertake her,

And speeds away with a bone in
her mouth !

Now keep her head toward the
south,

And there is no danger of bank or
breaker.

With the breeze behind us, on we
go ;

Not too much, good Saint An-
tonio !

VI.

*The School of Salerno. A travel-
ling Scholastic affixing his
Theses to the gate of the College.*

Scholastic. There, that is my
gauntlet, my banner, my
shield,

Hung up as a challenge to all the
field !

One hundred and twenty-five
propositions,

Which I will maintain with the
sword of the tongue

Against all disputants, old and
young.

Let us see if doctors or dia-
lecticians

Will dare to dispute my definitions,
Or attack any one of my learned
theses.

Here stand I ; the end shall be as
God pleases.

I think I have proved, by profound
researches,

The error of all those doctrines so
vicious

Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,
That are making such terrible
work in the churches,

By Michael the Stammerer sent
from the East,

And done into Latin by that
Scottish beast,

Johannes Duns Scotus, who dares
to maintain,

In the face of the truth, and error
infernal,

That the universe is and must be
eternal :

At first laying down, as a fact
fundamental,

That nothing with God can be
accidental ;

Then asserting that God before
the creation

Could not have existed, because it
is plain

That, had he existed, he would
have created ;

Which is begging the question that
should be debated,

And moveth me less to anger than
laughter.

All nature, he holds, is a respira-
tion

Of the Spirit of God, who, in
breathing, hereafter

Will inhale it into his bosom
again,

So that nothing but God alone will
remain.

And therein he contradicteth him-
self ;

For he opens the whole discussion
by stating,

The Golden Legend.

That God can only exist in creating.

That question I think I have laid on the shelf !

(*He goes out. Two Doctors come in disputing, and followed by pupils.*)

Doctor Serafino. I, with the Doctor Seraphic, maintain, That a word which is only conceived in the brain Is a type of eternal Generation ; The spoken word is the Incarnation.

Doctor Cherubino. What do I care for the Doctor Seraphic, With all his wordy chaffer and traffic ?

Doctor Serafino. You make but a paltry show of resistance ; Universals have no real existence !

Doctor Cherubino. Your words are but idle and empty chatter ;

Ideas are eternally joined to matter !

Doctor Serafino. May the Lord have mercy on your position, You wretched, wrangling culler of herbs !

Doctor Cherubino. May he send your soul to eternal perdition, For your Treatise on the Irregular Verbs.

(*They rush out fighting. Two Scholars come in.*)

First Scholar. Monte Cassino, then, is your College. What think you of ours here at Salerno ?

Second Scholar. To tell the truth, I arrived so lately, I hardly yet have had time to discern.

So much at least, I am bound to acknowledge :

The air seems healthy, the buildings stately, And on the whole I like it greatly.

First Scholar. Yes, the air is sweet : the Calabrian hills Send us down puffs of mountain air ;

And in summer-time the sea-breeze fills

With its coolness cloister and court and square.

Then at every season of the year There are crowds of guests and travellers here ;

Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and traders

From the Levant, with figs and wine,

And bands of wounded and sick Crusaders,

Coming back from Palestine.

Second Scholar. And what are the studies you pursue ?

What is the course you here go through ?

First Scholar. The first three years of the college course

Are given to Logic alone, as the source

Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.

Second Scholar. That seems rather strange, I must confess, In a Medical School ; yet, nevertheless,

You doubtless have reasons for that.

First Scholar. O yes ! For none but a clever dialectician Can hope to become a great physician ;

That has been settled long ago. Logic makes an important part Of the mystery of the healing art ; For without it how could you hope to show

The Golden Legend.

That nobody knows so much as
you know?

After this there are five years
more

Devoted wholly to medicine,
With lectures on chirurgical lore,
And dissections of the bodies of
swine,

As likest the human form divine.

Second Scholar. What are the
books now most in vogue?

First Scholar. Quite an extensive
catalogue;

Mostly, however, books of our
own;

As Gariopontus' Passionarius,
And the writings of Matthew
Platearius;

And a volume universally known
As the Regimen of the School of
Salern,

For Robert of Normandy written
in terse

And very elegant Latin verse.

Each of these writings has its
turn.

And when at length we have
finished these,

Then comes the struggle for de-
grees,

With all the oldest and ablest
critics;

The public thesis and disputation,
Question, and answer, and explana-
tion

Of a passage out of Hippocrates,
Or Aristotle's Analytics.

There the triumphant Magister
stands!

A book is solemnly placed in his
hands,

On which he swears to follow the
rule

And ancient forms of the good old
School;

To report if any confectionarius
Mingles his drugs with matters
various,

And to visit his patients twice a
day,

And once in the night, if they live
in town,

And if they are poor, to take no
pay.

Having faithfully promised these,
His head is crowned with a laurel
crown;

A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his
hand,

The Magister Artium et Physices
Goes forth from the school like a
lord of the land.

And now, as we have the whole
morning before us,

Let us go in, if you make no ob-
jection,

And listen awhile to a learned
prelection

On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

(*They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a
Doctor.*)

Lucifer. This is the great School
of Salern!

A land of wrangling and of quar-
rels,

Of brains that seethe, and hearts
that burn,

Where every emulous scholar
hears,

In every breath that comes to his
ears,

The rustling of another's laurels!

The air of the place is called salu-
brious;

The neighbourhood of Vesuvius
lends it

An odour volcanic, that rather
mends it,

And the buildings have an aspect
lugubrious,

That inspires a feeling of awe and
terror

Into the heart of the beholder,

And befits such an ancient home-
stead of error,

The Golden Legend.

Where the old falsehoods moulder
and smoulder,
And yearly by many hundred
hands
Are carried away, in the zeal of
youth,
And sown like tares in the field of
truth,
To blossom and ripen in other
lands.

What have we here, affixed to the
gate?

The challenge of some scholastic
wight,

Who wishes to hold a public
debate

On sundry questions wrong or
right!

Ah, now this is my great delight!

For I have often observed of late
That such discussions end in a
fight.

Let us see what the learned wag
maintains

With such a prodigal waste of
brains.

(Reads.)

'Whether angels in moving from
place to place

Pass through the intermediate
space;

Whether God himself is the author
of evil,

Or whether that is the work of the
Devil;

When, where, and wherefore Luci-
fer fell,

And whether he now is chained in
hell.'

I think I can answer that question
well!

So long as the boastful human
mind

Consents in such mills as this to
grind,

I sit very firmly upon my throne!

Of a truth it almost makes me
laugh,

To see men leaving the golden
grain

To gather in piles the pitiful chaff
That old Peter Lombard thrashed

with his brain,

To have it caught up and tossed
again

On the horns of the Dumb Ox of
Cologne!

But my guests approach! there is
in the air

A fragrance, like that of the Beau-
tiful Garden

Of Paradise, in the days that were!

An odour of innocence, and of
prayer,

And of love, and faith that never
fails,

Such as the fresh young heart
exhales

Before it begins to wither and
harden!

I cannot breathe such an atmo-
sphere!

My soul is filled with a nameless
fear,

That, after all my trouble and
pain,

After all my restless endeavour,
The youngest, fairest soul of the

twain,
The most ethereal, most divine,

Will escape from my hands for
ever and ever.

But the other is already mine!

Let him live to corrupt his race,
Breathing among them, with every
breath,

Weakness, selfishness, and the
base

And pusillanimous fear of death.
I know his nature, and I know

That of all who in my ministry
Wander the great earth to and fro,

And on my errands come and go,

The Golden Legend.

The safest and subtlest are such
as he.

(Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE,
with attendants.)

Prince Henry. Can you direct
us to Friar Angelo?

Lucifer. He stands before you.

Prince Henry. Then you know
our purpose.

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,
and this

The maiden that I spake of in my
letters.

Lucifer. It is a very grave and
solemn business!

We must not be precipitate. Does
she

Without compulsion, of her own
free will,

Consent to this?

Prince Henry. Against all oppo-
sition,

Against all prayers, entreaties,
protestations.

She will not be persuaded.

Lucifer. That is strange!
Have you thought well of it?

Elsie. I come not here
To argue, but to die. Your busi-
ness is not

To question, but to kill me. I am
ready.

I am impatient to be gone from
here

Ere any thoughts of earth disturb
again

The spirit of tranquillity within me.

Prince Henry. Would I had not
come here! Would I were dead,
And thou wert in thy cottage in
the forest,

And hadst not known me! Why
have I done this?

Let me go back and die.

Elsie. It cannot be;
Not if these cold, flat stones on
which we tread

Were coulters heated white, and
yonder gateway

Flamed like a furnace with a seven-
fold heat.

I must fulfil my purpose.

Prince Henry. I forbid it;
Not one step farther. For I only
meant

To put thus far thy courage to the
proof.

It is enough. I, too, have strength
to die,

For thou hast taught me!

Elsie. O my Prince! remember
Your promises. Let me fulfil my
errand.

You do not look on life and death
as I do.

There are two angels, that attend
unseen

Each one of us, and in great books
record

Our good and evil deeds. He who
writes down

The good ones, after every action
closes

His volume, and ascends with it to
God.

The other keeps his dreadful day-
book open

Till sunset, that we may repent;
which doing,

The record of the action fades
away,

And leaves a line of white across
the page.

Now if my act be good, as I be-
lieve,

It cannot be recalled. It is al-
ready

Sealed up in heaven, as a good
deed accomplished.

The rest is yours. Why wait you?
I am ready.

(To her attendants.)

Weep not, my friends! rather re-
joice with me.

The Golden Legend.

I shall not feel the pain, but shall
be gone,
And you will have another friend
in heaven.

Then start not at the creaking of
the door

Through which I pass. I see what
lies beyond it.

(To PRINCE HENRY.)

And you, O Prince! bear back my
benison

Unto my father's house, and all
within it.

This morning in the church I
prayed for them,

After confession, after absolu-
tion,

When my whole soul was white, I
prayed for them.

God will take care of them, they
need me not.

And in your life let my remem-
brance linger,

As something not to trouble and
disturb it,

But to complete it, adding life to
life.

And if at times beside the evening
fire

You see my face among the other
faces,

Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a

guest that loves you,
Nay, even as one of your own

family,
Without whose presence there were
something wanting.

I have no more to say. Let us go
in.

Prince Henry. Friar Angelo!
I charge you on your life,

Believe not what she says, for she
is mad,

And comes here not to die, but to
be healed.

Elsie. Alas! Prince Henry!

Lucifer.

this way.

Come with me;

(ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who
thrusts PRINCE HENRY back
and closes the door.)

Prince Henry. Gone! and the
light of all my life gone with
her!

A sudden darkness falls upon the
world!

O, what a vile and abject thing
am I,

That purchase length of days at
such a cost!

Not by her death alone, but by the
death

Of all that's good and true and
noble in me!

All manhood, excellence, and self-
respect,

All love, and faith, and hope, and
heart are dead!

All my divine nobility of nature
By this one act is forfeited for
ever.

I am a Prince in nothing but in
name!

(To the attendants.)

Why did you let this horrible deed
be done?

Why did you not lay hold on her,
and keep her

From self-destruction? Angelo!
murderer!

(Struggles at the door, but cannot
open it.)

Elsie (within). Farewell, dear
Prince! farewell!

Prince Henry. Unbar the door!

Lucifer. It is too late!

Prince Henry. It shall not
be too late!

(They burst the door open and
rush in.)

The Golden Legend.

The Cottage in the Odenwald.
URSULA *spinning. Summer*
afternoon. A table spread.

Ursula. I have marked it well,—
it must be true,—
Death never takes one alone, but
two !
Whenever he enters in at a door,
Under roof of gold or roof of
thatch,
He always leaves it upon the latch,
And comes again ere the year is
o'er.

Never one of a household only !
Perhaps it is a mercy of God,
Lest the dead there under the sod,
In the land of strangers, should be
lonely !

Ah me ! I think I am lonelier here !
It is hard to go,—but harder to
stay !

Were it not for the children, I
should pray
That death would take me within
the year !

And Gottlieb !—he is at work all
day,

In the sunny field, or the forest
murk,

But I know that his thoughts are
far away,

I know that his heart is not in his
work !

And when he comes home to me at
night

He is not cheery, but sits and
sighs,

And I see the great tears in his
eyes,

And try to be cheerful for his sake.
Only the children's hearts are light.
Mine is weary, and ready to break.
God help us ! I hope we have done
right ;

We thought we were acting for the
best !

(Looking through the open door.)

Who is it coming under the trees ?
A man, in the Prince's livery
dressed !

He looks about him with doubtful
face,

As if uncertain of the place.

He stops at the beehives ;—now he
sees

The garden gate ;—he is going
past !

Can he be afraid of the bees ?

No ; he is coming in at last !

He fills my heart with strange
alarm !

(Enter a Forester.)

Forester. Is this the tenant
Gottlieb's farm ?

Ursula. This is his farm, and I
his wife.

Pray sit. What may your business
be ?

Forester. News from the Prince !

Ursula. Of death or life ?

Forester. You put your questions
eagerly !

Ursula. Answer me, then ! How
is the Prince ?

Forester. I left him only two
hours since

Homeward returning down the
river,

As strong and well as if God, the
Giver,

Had given him back his youth
again.

Ursula *(despairing)*. Then
Elsie, my poor child, is dead !

Forester. That, my good woman,
I have not said.

Don't cross the bridge till you
come to it,

Is a proverb old, and of excellent
wit.

Ursula. Keep me no longer in
this pain !

Forester. It is true your daughter
is no more ;—

The Golden Legend.

That is, the peasant she was before.

Ursula. Alas ! I am simple and lowly bred,

I am poor, distracted, and forlorn,
And it is not well that you of the court

Should mock me thus, and make a sport

Of a joyless mother whose child is dead,

For you, too, were of mother born !

Forester. Your daughter lives,
and the Prince is well !

You will learn ere long how it all befell.

Her heart for a moment never failed ;

But when they reached Salerno's gate,

The Prince's nobler self prevailed,
And saved her for a nobler fate.

And he was healed, in his despair,
By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred bones ;

Though I think the long ride in the open air,

That pilgrimage over stocks and stones,

In the miracle must come in for a share !

Ursula. Virgin ! who lovest the poor and lowly,

If the loud cry of a mother's heart
Can ever ascend to where thou art,

Into thy blessed hands and holy
Receive my prayer of praise and thanksgiving !

Let the hands that bore our Saviour bear it

Into the awful presence of God ;

For thy feet with holiness are shod,
And if thou bearest it he will hear it.

Our child who was dead again is living !

Forester. I did not tell you she was dead ;

If thou thought so 'twas no fault of mine ;

At this very moment, while I speak,
They are sailing homeward down the Rhine,

In a splendid barge, with golden prow,

And decked with banners white and red

As the colours on your daughter's cheek.

They call her the Lady Alicia now ;
For the Prince in Salerno made a vow

That Elsie only would he wed.

Ursula. Jesu Maria ! what a change,

All seems to me so weird and strange !

Forester. I saw her standing on the deck,

Beneath an awning cool and shady ;
Her cap of velvet could not hold

The tresses of her hair of gold,
That flowed and floated like the stream,

And fell in masses down her neck.

As fair and lovely did she seem

As in a story or a dream

Some beautiful and foreign lady.

And the Prince looked so grand and proud,

And waved his hand thus to the crowd

That gazed and shouted from the shore,

All down the river, long and loud.

Ursula. We shall behold our child once more ;

She is not dead ! She is not dead !
God, listening, must have overheard

The prayers, that, without sound or word,

Our hearts in secrecy have said !
O, bring me to her ; for mine eyes

Are hungry to behold her face ;

My very soul within me cries ;

My very hands seem to caress her,

The Golden Legend.

To see her, gaze at her, and bless
her ;

Dear Elsie, child of God and grace!

(Goes out toward the garden.)

Forester. There goes the good
woman out of her head ;
And Gottlieb's supper is waiting
here ;

A very capacious flagon of beer,
And a very portentous loaf of bread.
One would say his grief did not
much oppress him.

Here's to the health of the Prince,
God bless him !

(He drinks.)

Ha ! it buzzes and stings like a
hornet !

And what a scene there, through
the door !

The forest behind and the garden
before,

And midway an old man of three-
score,

With a wife and children that
caress him.

Let me try still further to cheer and
adorn it

With a merry, echoing blast of my
cornet !

(Goes out blowing his horn.)

*The Castle of Vautsberg on the
Rhine. PRINCE HENRY and
ELSIE standing on the terrace at
evening. The sound of bells
heard from a distance.*

Prince Henry. We are alone.
The wedding guests
Ride down the hill, with plumes and
cloaks,

And the descending dark invests
The Niederwald, and all the nests
Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

Elsie. What bells are those, that
ring so slow,
So mellow, musical, and low ?

Prince Henry. They are the bells
of Geisenheim,
That with their melancholy chime
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

Elsie. Listen, beloved.

Prince Henry. They are done.
Dear Elsie ! many years ago
Those same soft bells at eventide
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,
As, seated by Fastrada's side
At Ingelheim, in all his pride
He heard their sound with secret
pain.

Elsie. Their voices only speak to
me

Of peace and deep tranquillity,
And endless confidence in thee.

Prince Henry. Thou knowest
the story of her ring,

How, when the court went back to
Aix,

Fastrada died ; and how the king
Sat watching by her night and day
Till into one of the blue lakes,
Which water that delicious land,
They cast the ring drawn from her
hand ;

And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fated shore,
Nor left the land for evermore.

Elsie. That was true love.

Prince Henry. For him the queen
Ne'er did what thou hast done for
me.

Elsie. Wilt thou as fond and faith-
ful be ?

Wilt thou so love me after death ?

Prince Henry. In life's delight,
in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and
day,

In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine !
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath
The calm blue waters of thine eyes
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,
And, undisturbed by this world's
breath,

With magic light its jewels shine !
This golden ring, which thou hast
worn

Upon thy finger since the morn,
Is but a symbol and a semblance,
An outward fashion, a remem-
brance,

Of what thou wearest within unseen,
O my Fastrada, O my queen !
Behold ! the hill-tops all aglow
With purple and with amethyst ;
While the whole valley deep below
Is filled, and seems to overflow,
With a fast-rising tide of mist.
The evening air grows damp and
chill ;

Let us go in.

Elsie. Ah, not so soon.
See yonder fire ! it is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with
night.

Prince Henry. Oft on this ter-
race, when the day
Was closing, have I stood and
gazed,
And seen the landscape fade away,
And the white vapours rise and
drown
Hamlet and vineyard, tower and
town,
While far above the hill-tops blazed.
But then another hand than thine
Was gently held and clasped in
mine ;

Another head upon my breast
Was laid, as thine is now, at rest.
Why dost thou lift those tender eyes
With so much sorrow and surprise ?
A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,
Was that which in my own was
pressed.

A manly form usurped thy place,
A beautiful, but bearded face,
That now is in the Holy Land,

Yet in my memory from afar
Is shining on us like a star.
But linger not. For while I speak,
A sheeted spectre white and tall,
The cold mist, climbs the castle
wall,
And lays his hand upon thy cheek !

(*They go in.*)

EPILOGUE.

THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS ASCENDING.

*The Angel of Good Deeds (with
closed book).* God sent his
messenger the rain,
And said unto the mountain brook,
'Rise up, and from thy caverns look
And leap, with naked, snow-white
feet,
From the cool hills into the heat
Of the broad, arid plain.'

God sent his messenger of faith,
And whispered in the maiden's
heart,
'Rise up, and look from where thou
art,
And scatter with unselfish hands
Thy freshness on the barren sands
And solitudes of Death.'
O beauty of holiness,
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness !
O power of meekness,
Whose very gentleness and weak-
ness
Are like the yielding, but irresistible
air !

Upon the pages
Of the sealed volume that I bear
The deed divine
Is written in characters of gold,
That never shall grow old,
But through all ages
Burn and shine,

The Golden Legend.

With soft effulgence !
O God ! it is thy indulgence
That fills the world with the bliss
Of a good deed like this !
 *The Angel of Evil Deeds (with
 open book).* Not yet, not yet
Is the red sun wholly set,
But evermore recedes,
While open still I bear
The Book of Evil Deeds,
To let the breathings of the upper
 air
Visit its pages and erase
The records from its face !
Fainter and fainter as I gaze
In the broad blaze
The glimmering landscape shines,
And below me the black river
Is hidden by wreaths of vapour !
Fainter and fainter the black lines
Begin to quiver
Along the whitening surface of the
 paper ;
Shade after shade
The terrible words grow faint and
 fade,
And in their place
Runs a white space !

Down goes the sun !
But the soul of one,

Who by repentance
Has escaped the dreadful sentence,
Shines bright below me as I look.
It is the end !
With closed book
To God do I ascend.

Lo ! over the mountain steeps
A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps
Beneath my feet ;
A blackness inwardly brightening
With sullen heat,
As a storm-cloud lurid with light-
 ning.
And a cry of lamentation,
Repeated and again repeated,
Deep and loud
As the reverberation
Of cloud answering unto cloud,
Swells and rolls away in the dis-
 tance,
As if the sheeted
Lightning retreated,
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's
 resistance.
It is Lucifer,
The son of mystery ;
And since God suffers him to be,
He, too, is God's minister,
And labours for some good
By us not understood !

Martin Luther.

*A Chamber in the Wartburg.
Morning.* MARTIN LUTHER,
writing.

Martin Luther. Our God, a
Tower of Strength is he,
A goodly wall and weapon ;
From all our need he helps us free,
That now to us doth happen.

The old evil foe
Doth in earnest grow,
In grim armour dight,
Much guile and great might ;
On earth there is none like him.
O yes ; a tower of strength indeed,
A present help in all our need,
A sword and buckler is our God.
Innocent men have walked unshod
O'er burning ploughshares, and
have trod

Unharmed on serpents in their path,
And laughed to scorn the Devil's
wrath !

Safe in this Wartburg tower I stand
Where God hath led me by the hand,
And look down, with a heart at ease,
Over the pleasant neighbourhoods,
Over the vast Thuringian Woods,
With flash of river, and gloom of
trees,
With castles crowning the dizzy
heights,
And farms and pastoral delights,
And the morning pouring every-
where
Its golden glory on the air.

Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,
Safe from the overwhelming blast
Of the mouths of Hell, that followed
me fast,

And the howling demons of despair,
That hunted me like a beast to his
lair.

Of our own might we nothing can ;
We soon are unprotected ;
There fighteth for us the right
Man,

Whom God himself elected.
Who is he ? ye exclaim ;
Christus is his name,
Lord of Sabaoth,
Very God in troth ;
The field he holds for ever.

Nothing can vex the Devil more
Than the name of Him whom we
adore.

Therefore doth it delight me best
To stand in the choir among the rest,
With the great organ trumpeting
Through its metallic tubes, and
sing :

Et Verbum caro factum est !

These words the Devil cannot
endure,

For he knoweth their meaning well !
Him they trouble and repel,
Us they comfort and allure ;
And happy it were, if our delight
Were as great as his affright !
Yea, music is the Prophets' art ;
Among the gifts that God hath sent,

One of the most magnificent !
It calms the agitated heart ;
Temptations, evil thoughts, and all
The passions that disturb the soul,
Are quelled by its divine control,
As the Evil Spirit fled from Saul,
And his distemper was allayed,
When David took his harp and
played.

This world may full of Devils be,
All ready to devour us ;
Yet not so sore afraid are we,
They shall not overpower us.
This World's Prince, howe'er
Fierce he may appear,
He can harm us not,
He is doomed, God wot !
One little word can slay him !

Incredible it seems to some
And to myself a mystery,
That such weak flesh and blood
as we,
Armed with no other shield or
sword,
Or other weapon than the Word,
Should combat and should over-
come

A spirit powerful as he !
He summons forth the Pope of
Rome

With all his diabolic crew,
His shorn and shaven retinue
Of priests and children of the dark ;
Kill ! kill ! they cry, the Heresiarch,
Who rouseth up all Christendom
Against us ; and at one fell blow
Seeks the whole Church to over-
throw !

Not yet ; my hour is not yet come.

Yesterday in an idle mood,
Hunting with others in the wood,
I did not pass the hours in vain,
For in the very heart of all
The joyous tumult raised around,
Shouting of men, and baying of
hound,

And the bugle's blithe and cheery
call,
And echoes answering back again,
From crags of the distant mountain
chain,—

In the very heart of this, I found
A mystery of grief and pain.

It was an image of the power
Of Satan, hunting the world about,
With his nets and traps and well-
trained dogs,

His bishops and priests and theo-
logues,

And all the rest of the rabble rout,
Seeking whom he may devour !

Enough have I had of hunting
hares,

Enough of these hours of idle
mirth,

Enough of nets and traps and
gins !

The only hunting of any worth
Is where I can pierce with javelins

The cunning foxes and wolves and
bears,

The whole iniquitous troop of
beasts,

The Roman Pope and the Roman
priests

That sorely infest and afflict the
earth !

Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the
air !

The fowler hath caught you in his
snare,

And keeps you safe in his gilded
cage,

Singing the song that never tires,
To lure down others from their
nests ;

How ye flutter and beat your
breasts,

Warm and soft with young desires,
Against the cruel pitiless wires,

Reclaiming your lost heritage !
Behold ! a hand unbars the door,

Ye shall be captives held no
more.

The Word they shall perforce let
stand,

And little thanks they merit !
For He is with us in the land,
With gifts of his own Spirit !
Though they take our life,
Goods, honours, child and wife,
Let these pass away,
Little gain have they ;
The Kingdom still remaineth !

Yea, it remaineth for evermore,
However Satan may rage and roar,
Though often he whispers in my
ears :

What if thy doctrines false should
be ?

And wrings from me a bitter sweat.
Then I put him to flight with jeers,
Saying: Saint Satan! pray for
me ;

If thou thinkest I am not saved yet !

And my mortal foes that lie in wait
In every avenue and gate !

As to that odious monk, John
Tetzel,

Hawking about his hollow wares
Like a huckster at village fairs,
And those mischievous fellows,
Wetzel,

Campanus, Carlstadt, Martin Cel-
larius,

And all the busy, multifarious
Heretics, and disciples of Arius,
Half-learned, dunce-bold, dry and
hard,

They are not worthy of my regard,
Poor and humble as I am.

But ah ! Erasmus of Rotterdam,
He is the vilest miscreant
That ever walked this world be-
low !

A Momus, making his mock and
mow

At Papist and at Protestant,
Sneering at St. John and St. Paul,
At God and Man, at one and all ;
And yet as hollow and false and
drear,

As a cracked pitcher to the ear,
And ever growing worse and worse !
Whenever I pray, I pray for a curse
On Erasmus, the Insincere !

Philip Melancthon ! thou alone
Faithful among the faithless known,
Thee I hail, and only thee !

Behold the record of us three !

Res et verba Philipppus,

Res sine verbis Lutherus ;

Erasmus verba sine re !

My Philip, prayest thou for me ?
Lifted above all earthly care,
From these high regions of the air,
Among the birds that day and night
Upon the branches of tall trees
Sing their lauds and litanies,
Praising God with all their might,
My Philip, unto thee I write.

My Philip ! thou who knowest best
All that is passing in this breast ;
The spiritual agonies,
The inward deaths, the inward
hell,

And the divine new births as well,
That surely follow after these,
As after winter follows spring ;
My Philip, in the night-time sing
This song of the Lord I send to
thee,

And I will sing it for thy sake,
Until our answering voices make
A glorious antiphony,
And choral chant of victory !

Flower-de-Luce.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still
rivers,

Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-
brook delivers

Its waters to the weir !

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirl
and worry

Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils amid
the hurry
And rushing of the flume.

Born in the purple, born to joy
and pleasance,

Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with
thy presence

The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy
drooping banner,

And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of
thy manor,

The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine
attendant,

And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides
resplendent

With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the
fairest,

Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial
azure, bearest

The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from
crowded cities

Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless
ditties

That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and
let the river

Linger to kiss thy feet !

O flower of song, bloom on, and
make for ever

The world more fair and sweet.

PALINGENESIS.

I LAY upon the headland-height,
and listened

To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,

And watched the waves, that
tossed and fled and glistened,

Until the rolling meadows of ame-
thyst

Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep,
I started ;

For round about me all the sunny
capes

Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in

days departed,
Apparelled in the loveliness which
gleams

On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and
glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate
shore
 Stood lonely as before ;
And the wild-roses of the promon-
tory
Around me shuddered in the wind,
 and shed
 Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the
embers
Of all things their primordial form
exists,
 And cunning alchemists
Could re-create the rose with all its
members
From its own ashes, but without
the bloom,
 Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working,
occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts
once more
 The rose of youth restore ?
What craft of alchemy can bid
defiance
To time and change, and for a
single hour
 Renew this phantom-flower ?

'O, give me back,' I cried, 'the
vanished splendours,
The breath of morn, and the exul-
tant strife,
 When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and
surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the
leap
 Into the unknown deep !'

And the sea answered, with a
lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and
it said,
 'Alas ! thy youth is dead !

It breathes no more, its heart has
no pulsation ;
In the dark places with the dead
of old
 It lies for ever cold !'

Then said I, 'From its consecrated
cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust
again,
 Only to give me pain ;
But, still remembering all the lost
endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks
before,
 And turns to weep no more.'

Into what land of harvests, what
plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage and
the glow
 Of sunsets burning low ;
Beneath what midnight skies, whose
constellations
Light up the spacious avenues be-
tween
 This world and the unseen !

Amid what friendly greetings and
caresses,
What households, though not alien,
yet not mine,
 What bowers of rest divine ;
To what temptations in lone wilder-
nesses,
What famine of the heart, what
pain and loss,
 The bearing of what cross !

I do not know ; nor will I vainly
question
Those pages of the mystic book
which hold
 The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or
suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence
and good heed,
 Until 'The End' I read.

THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD.

BURN, O evening hearth, and
waken

Pleasant visions as of old !
Though the house by winds be
shaken,
Safe I keep this room of gold !

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy
Builds her castles in the air,
Luring me by necromancy
Up the never-ending stair !

But, instead, she builds me bridges
Over many a dark ravine,
Where beneath the gusty ridges
Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,
As I follow the receding
Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring ges-
ture,
Naught avails the cry of pain !
When I touch the flying vesture,
'Tis the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and, leaning
O'er the parapets of cloud,
Watch the mist that intervening
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,
Murmur of bells and voices blend-
ing
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden,
Every tower and town and farm,
And again the land forbidden
Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,
And the nests in hedge and tree ;
At what doors are friendly faces,
In what hearts are thoughts of me.

Through the mist and darkness
sinking,
Blown by wind and beaten by
shower,
Down I fling the thought I'm
thinking,
Down I toss this Alpine flower.



HA WTHORNE.

MAY 23, 1864.

How beautiful it was, that one
bright day
In the long week of rain !
Though all its splendour could not
chase away
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with
apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aerial
looms
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray
old manse,
The historic river flowed :
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed
strange ;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered
seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was
not there,
The one low voice was mute ;
Only an unseen presence filled the
air,
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow,
manse, and stream
Dimly my thought defines ;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hill-top heard with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled
breast,
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from
men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall
the pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah ! who shall lift that wand of
magic power,
And the lost clew regain ?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's
tower
Unfinished must remain !



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And thought how, as the day had
come,

The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along

The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to
day,

A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then from each black accursed
mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head ;
'There is no peace on earth,' I said ;
'For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !'

Then pealed the bells more loud
and deep :
'God is not dead ; nor doth he
sleep !

The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will
to men !'



THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

SEE, the fire is sinking low,
Dusky red the embers glow,
While above them still I cower,
While a moment more I linger,
Though the clock, with lifted finger,
Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune
Learned in some forgotten June
From a school-boy at his play,
When they both were young to-
gether,
Heart of youth and summer weather
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark !
How above there in the dark,
In the midnight and the snow,
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
Like the trumpets of Iskander,
All the noisy chimneys blow !

Every quivering tongue of flame
Seems to murmur some great
name,
Seems to say to me, 'Aspire !'
But the night-wind answers, 'Hollow
low
Are the visions that you follow,
Into darkness sinks your fire !'

Then the flicker of the blaze
Gleams on volumes of old days,
Written by masters of the art,
Loud through whose majestic pages
Rolls the melody of ages,
Throb the harp-strings of the
heart.

And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting and exclaim :
'These are prophets, bards, and
seers ;
In the horoscope of nations,
Like ascendant constellations,
They control the coming years.'

But the night-wind cries : 'Despair !
Those who walk with feet of air
Leave no long-enduring marks ;
At God's forges incandescent
Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks.

'Dust are all the hands that
wrought ;
Books are sepulchres of thought ;
The dead laurels of the dead
Rustle for a moment only,
Like the withered leaves in lonely
Churchyards at some passing
tread.'

Suddenly the flame sinks down ;
Sink the rumours of renown ;
And alone the night-wind drear
Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,—
'Tis the brand of Meleager
Dying on the hearth-stone here !'

And I answer, — 'Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me ?
No endeavour is in vain ;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.



THE BELLS OF LYNN.

HEARD AT NAHANT.

O CURFEW of the setting sun ! O
Bells of Lynn !
O requiem of the dying day ! O Bells
of Lynn !

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-
cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float,
O Bells of Lynn !

Borne on the evening wind across
the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall,
O Bells of Lynn !

The fisherman in his boat, far out
beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore,
O Bells of Lynn !

Over the shining sands the wan-
dering cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O
Bells of Lynn !

The distant lighthouse hears, and
with his flaming signal
Answers you, passing the watch-
word on, O Bells of Lynn !

And down the darkening coast run
the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to
you, O Bells of Lynn !

Till from the shuddering sea, with
your wild incantations,
Ye summon up the spectral moon,
O Bells of Lynn !

And startled at the sight, like the
weird woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O
Bells of Lynn !



KILLED AT THE FORD.

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honour, the tongue of
truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-
call,
Whom all eyes followed with one
consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and
whose pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some
old song :

‘Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point
of his sword.’

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice
was still ;
Something I heard in the darkness
fall,
And for a moment my blood grew
chill ;

I spake in a whisper, as he who
speaks
In a room where some one is lying
dead ;
But he made no answer to what I
said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist
and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;
And I saw by the light of the sur-
geon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-
red !

And I saw in a vision how far and
fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant
North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny
street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased
to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry ;
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off
town,
For one who had passed from cross
to crown,
And the neighbours wondered that
she should die.



GIOTTO'S TOWER.

How many lives, made beautiful
and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-
restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without
complaint
On unknown errands of the Para-
clete,
Wanting the reverence of unshod-
den feet,

Fail of the nimbus which the
artists paint
Around the shining forehead of
the saint,
And are in their completeness
incomplete!
In the old Tuscan town stands
Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming
in stone,—
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builder's perfect and centennial
flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed
alone,
But wanting still the glory of the
spire.



TO-MORROW.

'Tis late at night, and in the realm
of sleep
My little lambs are folded like
the flocks;
From room to room I hear the
wakeful clocks
Challenge the passing hour, like
guards that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and
steep;
Far off I hear the crowing of the
cocks,
And through the opening door
that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of To-
morrow creep.
To-morrow! the mysterious, un-
known guest,
Who cries to me: 'Remember
Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with
the rest.'
And I make answer: 'I am
satisfied;
I dare not ask; I know not what
is best;
God hath already said what shall
betide.'

DIVINA COMMEDIA.

I.

ORT have I seen at some cathedral
door
A labourer, pausing in the dust
and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with
reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on
the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world
retreat;
The loud vociferations of the
street
Become an undistinguishable
roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this
minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not
ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies
away,
While the eternal ages watch and
wait.

II.

How strange the sculptures that
adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose
folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while
canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like
trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross
of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the
gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between
the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor
Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and
brain,

What exultations trampling on
despair,
What tenderness, what tears,
what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul
in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth
and air,
This mediaeval miracle of song !

III.

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturn-
nine !
And strive to make my steps keep
pace with thine.
The air is filled with some un-
known perfume ;
The congregation of the dead make
room
For thee to pass ; the votive
tapers shine ;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's
groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from
tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts
below ;
And then a voice celestial, that
begins
With the pathetic words, ' Al-
though your sins
As scarlet be,' and ends with ' as
the snow.'

IV.

With snow-white veil and gar-
ments as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so
long ago
Filled thy young heart with
passion and the woe
From which thy song and all its
splendours came ;
And while with stern rebuke she
speaks thy name,

The ice about thy heart melts as
the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift
overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in
sobs of shame.
Thou makest full confession ; and
a gleam,
As of the dawn on some dark
forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to
increase ;
Lethe and Eunoe—the remembered
dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring
at last
That perfect pardon which is
perfect peace.

V.

I lift mine eyes, and all the
windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy
men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter
glorified ;
And the great Rose upon its
leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic
roundelays,
With splendour upon splendour
multiplied ;
And Beatrice again at Dante's
side
No more rebukes, but smiles her
words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and
unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of
peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy
Ghost ;
And the melodious bells among
the spires
O'er all the house-tops and
through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the
Host !

VI.

O star of morning and of liberty !
 O bringer of the light, whose
 splendour shines
 Above the darkness of the Apen-
 nines,
 Forerunner of the day that is to
 be !
 The voices of the city and the sea,
 The voices of the mountains and
 the pines,
 Repeat thy song, till the familiar
 lines
 Are footpaths for the thought of
 Italy !
 Thy fame is blown abroad from all
 the heights,
 Through all the nations, and a
 sound is heard,
 As of a mighty wind, and men
 devout,
 Strangers of Rome, and the new
 proselytes,
 In their own language hear thy
 wondrous word,
 And many are amazed and many
 doubt.

NOËL.

ENVOYÉ À M. AGASSIZ, LA VEILLE
 DE NOËL 1864, AVEC UN PANIER
 DE VINS DIVERS.

L'Académie en respect,
 Nonobstant l'incorrection
 À la faveur du sujet,
 Ture-lure,
 N'y fera point de rature ;
 Noël ! ture-lure-lure.
 GUI BARÓZAI.

QUAND les astres de Noël
 Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel,
 Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,
 Chantaient gaîment dans le givre,
 ' Bons amis
 Allons donc chez Agassiz !'

Ces illustres Pèlerins
 D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins,
 Se donnant des airs de prêtre,
 A l'envi se vantaient d'être
 ' Bons amis
 De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz !'

Ceil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,
 Sans reproche et sans pudeur,
 Dans son patois de Bourgogne,
 Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,
 ' Bons amis,
 J'ai dansé chez Agassiz !'

Verzenay le Champenois,
 Bon Français, point New-Yorquois,
 Mais des environs d'Avize,
 Fredonne à mainte reprise,
 ' Bons amis,
 J'ai chanté chez Agassiz !'

A côté marchait un vieux
 Hidalgo, mais non mousseux,
 Dans le temps de Charlemagne
 Fut son père Grand d'Espagne !
 ' Bons amis
 J'ai dîné chez Agassiz !'

Derrière eux un Bordelais,
 Gascon, s'il en fût jamais,
 Parfumé de poésie
 Riait, chantait, plein de vie,
 ' Bons amis,
 J'ai soupé chez Agassiz !'

Avec ce beau cadet roux,
 Bras dessus et bras dessous,
 Mine altière et couleur terne,
 Vint le Sire de Sauterne ;
 ' Bons amis,
 J'ai couché chez Agassiz !'

Mais le dernier de ces preux,
 Était un pauvre Chartreux,
 Qui disait, d'un ton robuste,
 ' Bénédiction sur le juste !
 Bons amis
 Bénissons Père Agassiz !'

Ils arrivent trois à trois,
Montent l'escalier de bois
Clopin-clopant ! quel gendarme
Peut permettre ce vacarme,

Bons amis,
A la porte d'Agassiz !

'Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur ;
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes

Gens de bien et gentilshommes,
Bons amis
De la famille Agassiz !'

Chut, ganaches ! taisez-vous !
C'en est trop de vos glouglous ;
Epargnez aux Philosophes
Vos abominables strophes !

Bons amis,
Respectez mon Agassiz !

Judas Maccabæus.

ACT I.

The Citadel of Antiochus at Jerusalem.

SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS ; JASON.

Antiochus. O Antioch, my
Antioch, my city!
Queen of the East! my solace, my
delight!

The dowry of my sister Cleopatra
When she was wed to Ptolemy,
and now
Won back and made more wonder-
ful by me!

I love thee, and I long to be once
more

Among the players and the dancing
women

Within thy gates, and bathe in the
Orontes,

Thy river and mine. O Jason, my
High-Priest,

For I have made thee so, and thou
art mine,

Hast thou seen Antioch the Beau-
tiful?

Jason. Never, my Lord.

Ant. Then hast
thou never seen

The wonder of the world. This
city of David

Compared with Antioch is but a
village,

And its inhabitants compared with
Greeks

Are mannerless boors.

Jason. They are barbarians,
And mannerless.

Ant. They must be civilised.
They must be made to have more
gods than one ;

And goddesses besides.

Jason. They shall have more.

Ant. They must have hippo-
dromes, and games, and baths,
Stage-plays and festivals, and most
of all

The Dionysia.

Jason. They shall have them all.

Ant. By Heracles ! but I should
like to see

These Hebrews crowned with ivy,
and arrayed

In skins of fawns, with drums and
flutes and thyrsi,

Revel and riot through the solemn
streets

Of their old town. Ha, ha ! It
makes me merry

Only to think of it !—Thou dost
not laugh.

Jason. Yea, I laugh inwardly.

Ant. The new Greek leaven
Works slowly in this Israelitish
dough !

Have I not sacked the Temple,
and on the altar

Set up the statue of Olympian Zeus
To Hellenize it ?

Judas Maccabæus.

Jason. Thou hast done all this.

Ant. As thou wast Joshua once
and now art Jason,
And from a Hebrew hast become
a Greek,
So shall this Hebrew nation be
translated,
Their very natures and their names
be changed,
And all be Hellenized.

Jason. It shall be done.

Ant. Their manners and their
laws and way of living
Shall all be Greek. They shall
unlearn their language,
And learn the lovely speech of
Antioch.

Where hast thou been to-day? Thou
comest late.

Jason. Playing at discus with the
other priests
In the Gymnasium.

Ant. Thou hast done well.
There's nothing better for you lazy
priests

Than discus-playing with the
common people.

Now tell me, Jason, what these
Hebrews call me

When they converse together at
their games.

Jason. Antiochus Epiphanes, my
Lord;

Antiochus the Illustrious.

Ant. O, not that;
That is the public cry; I mean the
name

They give me when they talk among
themselves,

And think that no one listens;
what is that?

Jason. Antiochus Epimanes, my
Lord!

Ant. Antiochus the Mad! Ay,
that is it.

And who hath said it? Who hath
set in motion

That sorry jest?

Jason. The Seven Sons insane
Of a weird woman, like themselves
insane.

Ant. I like their courage, but it
shall not save them.

They shall be made to eat the flesh
of swine,

Or they shall die. Where are they?

Jason. In the dungeons
Beneath this tower.

Ant. There let them stay and
starve,

Till I am ready to make Greeks of
them,

After my fashion.

Jason. They shall stay and starve.
My Lord, the Ambassadors of Sa-
maria

Await thy pleasure.

Ant. Why not my displeasure?
Ambassadors are tedious. They
are men

Who work for their own ends, and
not for mine;

There is no furtherance in them.

Let them go

To Apollonius, my governor

There in Samaria, and not trouble
me.

What do they want?

Jason. Only the royal sanction
To give a name unto a nameless
temple

Upon Mount Gerizim.

Ant. Then bid them enter.
This pleases me, and furthers my
designs.

The occasion is auspicious. Bid
them enter.

SCENE II.—ANTIOCHUS; JASON;
the SAMARITAN AMBASSADORS.

Ant. Approach. Come forward;
stand not at the door

Wagging your long beards, but
demean yourselves

As doth become Ambassadors.

What seek ye?

Judas Maccabæus.

An Ambassador. An audience from the King.

Ant. Speak, and be brief. Waste not the time in useless rhetoric.

Words are not things.

Ambassador (reading). 'To King Antiochus, The God, Epiphanes ; a Memorial From the Sidonians, who live at Sichem.'

Ant. Sidonians ?

Ambassador. Ay, my Lord.

Ant. Go on, go on ! And do not tire thyself and me with bowing !

Ambassador (reading). ' We are a colony of Medes and Persians.'

Ant. No, ye are Jews from one of the Ten Tribes ;

Whether Sidonians or Samaritans, Or Jews of Jewry, matters not to me ; Ye are all Israelites, ye are all Jews. When the Jews prosper, ye claim kindred with them ;

When the Jews suffer, ye are Medes and Persians ;

I know that in the days of Alexander Ye claimed exemption from the annual tribute

In the Sabbatic Year, because, ye said,

Your fields had not been planted in that year.

Ambassador (reading). ' Our fathers, upon certain frequent plagues,

And following an ancient superstition,

Were long accustomed to observe that day

Which by the Israelites is called the Sabbath,

And in a temple on Mount Gerizim Without a name, they offered sacrifice.

Now we, who are Sidonians, beseech thee,

Who art our benefactor and our saviour,

Not to confound us with these wicked Jews,

But to give royal order and injunction

To Apollonius in Samaria,

Thy Governor, and likewise to Nicanor,

Thy procurator, no more to molest us ;

And let our nameless temple now be named

The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius.'

Ant. This shall be done. Full well it pleaseth me

Ye are not Jews, or are no longer Jews,

But Greeks ; if not by birth, yet Greeks by custom.

Your nameless temple shall receive the name

Of Jupiter Hellenius. Ye may go !

SCENE III.—ANTIOCHUS ; JASON.

Ant. My task is easier than I dreamed. These people

Meet me half-way. Jason, didst thou take note

How these Samaritans of Sichem said

They were not Jews ? that they were Medes and Persians,

They were Sidonians, anything but Jews ?

'Tis of good augury. The rest will follow

Till the whole land is Hellenized.

Jason. My Lord, These are Samaritans. The tribe of Judah

Is of a different temper, and the task

Will be more difficult.

Ant. Dost thou gainsay me ?

Jason. I know the stubborn nature of the Jew.

Judas Maccabæus.

Yesterday, Eleazer, an old man,
Being fourscore years and ten, chose
rather death
By torture than to eat the flesh of
swine.

Ant. The life is in the blood,
and the whole nation
Shall bleed to death, or it shall
change its faith !

Jason. Hundreds have fled al-
ready to the mountains
Of Ephraim, where Judas Macca-
bæus

Hath raised the standard of revolt
against thee.

Ant. I will burn down their city,
and will make it

Waste as a wilderness. Its thorough-
fares

Shall be but furrows in a field of
ashes.

It shall be sown with salt as Sodom
is !

This hundred and fifty-third Olym-
piad

Shall have a broad and blood-red
seal upon it,

Stamped with the awful letters of my
name,

Antiochus the God, Epiphanes !—
Where are those Seven Sons ?

Jason. My Lord, they wait
Thy royal pleasure.

Ant. They shall wait no longer !

ACT II.

The Dungeons in the Citadel.

SCENE I.—THE MOTHER *of the*
SEVEN SONS *alone, listening.*

The Mother. Be strong, my heart !
Break not till they are dead,
All, all my Seven Sons ; then burst
asunder,

And let this tortured and tormented
soul

Leap and rush out like water through
the shards

Of earthen vessels broken at a well.
O my dear children, mine in life and
death,

I know not how ye came into my
womb ;

I neither gave you breath, nor gave
you life,

And neither was it I that formed the
members

Of every one of you. But the Creator,
Who made the world, and made
the heavens above us,

Who formed the generation of man-
kind,

And found out the beginning of all
things,

He gave you breath and life, and
will again

Of his own mercy, as ye now regard
Not your own selves, but his eternal
law.

I do not murmur, nay, I thank thee,
God,

That I and mine have not been
deemed unworthy

To suffer for thy sake, and for thy
law,

And for the many sins of Israel.

Hark ! I can hear within the sound
of scourges !

I feel them more than ye do, O my
sons !

But cannot come to you. I, who
was wont

To wake at night at the least cry ye
made,

To whom ye ran at every slightest
hurt,—

I cannot take you now into my lap

Judas Maccabæus.

And soothe your pain, but God will
take you all
Into his pitying arms, and comfort
you,

And give you rest.

A Voice (within). What wouldst
thou ask of us?

Ready are we to die, but we will
never

Transgress the law and customs of
our fathers.

The Mother. It is the voice of
my first-born! O brave
And noble boy! Thou hast the
privilege

Of dying first, as thou wast born the
first.

The same Voice (within). God
looketh on us, and hath comfort
in us;

As Moses in his song of old de-
clared,

He in his servants shall be com-
forted.

The Mother. I knew thou wouldst
not fail! — He speaks no
more,

He is beyond all pain!

Ant. (within). If thou eat not
Thou shalt be tortured throughout
all the members

Of thy whole body. Wilt thou eat
then?

Second Voice (within). No.

The Mother. It is Adaiah's voice.
I tremble for him.

I know his nature, devious as the
wind,

And swift to change, gentle and
yielding always.

Be steadfast, O my son!

The same Voice (within). Thou,
like a fury,

Takest us from this present life, but
God,

Who rules the world, shall raise us
up again

Into life everlasting.

The Mother. God, I thank thee
That thou hast breathed into that
timid heart

Courage to die for thee. O my
Adaiah,

Witness of God! if thou for whom
I feared

Canst thus encounter death, I need
not fear;

The others will not shrink.

Third Voice (within). Behold
these hands

Held out to thee, O King Antiochus,
Not to implore thy mercy, but to
show

That I despise them. He who gave
them to me

Will give them back again.

The Mother. O Avilan,
It is thy voice. For the last time

I hear it;

For the last time on earth, but not
the last.

To death it bids defiance and to
torture.

It sounds to me as from another
world,

And makes the petty miseries of
this

Seem unto me as naught, and less
than naught.

Farewell, my Avilan; nay, I should
say

Welcome, my Avilan; for I am dead
Before thee. I am waiting for the
others.

Why do they linger?

Fourth Voice (within). It is
good, O King,

Being put to death by men, to look
for hope

From God, to be raised up again by
him.

But thou—no resurrection shalt
thou have

To life hereafter.

The Mother. Four! already
four!

Three are still living ; nay, they all
are living,
Half here, half there. Make haste,
Antiochus,
To reunite us ; for the sword that
cleaves
These miserable bodies makes a
door
Through which our souls, impatient
of release,
Rush to each other's arms.

Fifth Voice (within). Thou
hast the power ;
Thou dost what thou wilt. Abide
awhile,

And thou shalt see the power of
God, and how

He will torment thee and thy seed.

The Mother. O hasten ;
Why dost thou pause ? Thou who
hast slain already

So many Hebrew women, and hast
hung

Their murdered infants round their
necks, slay me,

For I too am a woman, and these
boys

Are mine. Make haste to slay us
all,

And hang my lifeless babes about
my neck.

Sixth Voice (within). Think
not, Antiochus, that takest in
hand

To strive against the God of
Israel,

Thou shalt escape unpunished, for
his wrath

Shall overtake thee and thy bloody
house.

The Mother. One more, my
Sirion, and then all is ended.

Having put all to bed, then in my
turn

I will lie down and sleep as sound
as they.

My Sirion, my youngest, best be-
loved !

And those bright golden locks, that
I so oft

Have curled about these fingers,
even now

Are foul with blood and dust, like
a lamb's fleece,

Slain in the shambles.—Not a
sound I hear.

This silence is more terrible to me
Than any sound, than any cry of
pain,

That might escape the lips of one
who dies.

Doth his heart fail him ? Doth he
fall away

In the last hour from God ? O
Sirion, Sirion,

Art thou afraid ? I do not hear thy
voice.

Die as thy brothers died. Thou
must not live !

SCENE II.—THE MOTHER ; ANTI-
OCHUS ; SIRION.

The Mother. Are they all dead ?

Ant. Of all thy Seven Sons
One only lives. Behold them
where they lie ;

How dost thou like this picture ?

The Mother. God in heaven !
Can a man do such deeds, and yet
not die

By the recoil of his own wickedness ?
Ye murdered, bleeding, mutilated
bodies,

That were my children once, and
still are mine,

I cannot watch o'er you as Rizpah
watched

In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of
Saul,

Till water drop upon you out of
heaven

And wash this blood away ! I can-
not mourn

As she, the daughter of Aiah,
mourned the dead,

Judas Maccabæus.

From the beginning of the barley-
harvest
Until the autumn rains, and suffered
not
The birds of air to rest on them by
day,
Nor the wild beasts by night. For
ye have died
A better death, a death so full of life
That I ought rather to rejoice than
mourn.—

Wherefore art thou not dead, O
Sirion?

Wherefore art thou the only living
thing

Among thy brothers dead? Art
thou afraid?

Ant. O woman, I have spared
him for thy sake,

For he is fair to look upon and
comely;

And I have sworn to him by all the
gods

That I would crown his life with
joy and honour,

Heap treasures on him, luxuries,
delights,

Make him my friend and keeper of
my secrets,

If he would turn from your Mosaic
Law

And be as we are; but he will not
listen.

The Mother. My noble Sirion!

Ant. Therefore I beseech thee,
Who art his mother, thou wouldst
speak with him,

And wouldst persuade him. I am
sick of blood.

The Mother. Yea, I will speak
with him and will persuade him.

O Sirion, my son! have pity on me,
On me that bare thee, and that
gave thee suck,

And fed and nourished thee, and
brought thee up

With the dear trouble of a mother's
care

Unto this age. Look on the
heavens above thee,

And on the earth and all that is
therein;

Consider that God made them out
of things

That were not; and that likewise
in this manner

Mankind was made. Then fear not
this tormentor;

But, being worthy of thy brethren,
take

Thy death as they did, that I may
receive thee

Again in mercy with them.

Ant. I am mocked,
Yea, I am laughed to scorn.

Sirion. Whom wait ye for?
Never will I obey the King's com-
mandment,

But the commandment of the
ancient Law,

That was by Moses given unto our
fathers.

And thou, O godless man, that of
all others

Art the most wicked, be not lifted up,
Nor puffed up with uncertain hopes,

uplifting
Thy hand against the servants of
the Lord,

For thou hast not escaped the
righteous judgment

Of the Almighty God, who seeth
all things!

Ant. He is no God of mine; I
fear him not.

Sirion. My brothers, who have
suffered a brief pain,

Are dead; but thou, Antiochus,
shalt suffer

The punishment of pride. I offer
up

My body and my life, beseeching
God

That he would speedily be merciful
Unto our nation, and that thou by
plagues

Judas Maccabæus.

Mysterious and by torments mayest
confess

That he alone is God.

Ant. Ye both shall perish
By torments worse than any that
your God,

Here or hereafter, hath in store for
me.

The Mother. My Sirion, I am
proud of thee!

Ant. Be silent!
Go to thy bed of torture in yon
chamber,

Where lie so many sleepers, heart-
less mother!

Thy footsteps will not wake them,
nor thy voice,

Nor wilt thou hear, amid thy
troubled dreams,

Thy children crying for thee in the
night!

The Mother. O Death, that
stretchest thy white hands to me,
I fear them not, but press them to
my lips,

That are as white as thine; for I
am Death,

Nay, am the Mother of Death,
seeing these sons

All lying lifeless.—Kiss me, Sirion.

ACT III.

The Battlefield of Beth-horon.

SCENE I.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS in
armour before his tent.

Judas. The trumpets sound; the
echoes of the mountains
Answer them, as the Sabbath
morning breaks

Over Beth-horon and its battle-
field,

Where the great captain of the
hosts of God,

A slave brought up in the brick-
fields of Egypt,

O'ercame the Amorites. There
was no day

Like that, before or after it, nor
shall be.

The sun stood still; the hammers
of the hail

Beat on their harness; and the
captains set

Their weary feet upon the necks of
kings,

As I will upon thine, Antiochus,
Thou man of blood!—Behold the

rising sun
Strikes on the golden letters of my

banner,

Be Elohim Yehovah! Who is like
To thee, O Lord, among the gods?
—Alas!

I am not Joshua, I cannot say,
'Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon,
and thou Moon,

In Ajalon!' Nor am I one who
wastes

The fateful time in useless lamenta-
tion;

But one who bears his life upon his
hand

To lose it or to save it, as may best
Serve the designs of Him who
giveth life.

SCENE II.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS;
JEWISH FUGITIVES.

Judas. Who and what are ye,
that with furtive steps
Steal in among our tents?

Fugitives. O Maccabæus,
Outcasts are we, and fugitives as
thou art,
Jews of Jerusalem, that have es-
caped

Judas Maccabæus.

From the polluted city, and from death.

Judas. None can escape from death. Say that ye come To die for Israel, and ye are welcome.

What tidings bring ye?

Fugitives. Tidings of despair. The Temple is laid waste; the precious vessels,

Censers of gold, vials and veils and crowns,

And golden ornaments, and hidden treasures,

Have all been taken from it, and the Gentiles

With revelling and with riot fill its courts,

And dally with harlots in the holy places.

Judas. All this I knew before.

Fugitives. Upon the altar

Are things profane, things by the law forbidden;

Nor can we keep our Sabbaths or our Feasts,

But on the festivals of Dionysus Must walk in their processions,

bearing ivy To crown a drunken god.

Judas. This too I know. But tell me of the Jews. How fare the Jews?

Fugitives. The coming of this mischief hath been sore

And grievous to the people. All the land

Is full of lamentation and of mourning.

The Princes and the Elders weep and wail;

The young men and the maidens are made feeble;

The beauty of the women hath been changed.

Judas. And are there none to die for Israel?

'Tis not enough to mourn. Breast-plate and harness

Are better things than sackcloth. Let the women

Lament for Israel; the men should die.

Fugitives. Both men and women die; old men and young:

Old Eleazer died: and Máhala

With all her Seven Sons.

Judas. Antiochus, At every step thou takest there is left A bloody footprint in the street, by which

The avenging wrath of God will track thee out!

It is enough. Go to the sutler's tents:

Those of you who are men, put on such armour

As ye may find; those of you who are women,

Buckle that armour on; and for a watchword

Whisper, or cry aloud, 'The Help of God.'

SCENE III.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS;
NICANOR.

Nicanor. Hail, Judas Maccabæus!

Judas. Hail!—Who art thou That comest here in this mysterious guise

Into our camp unheralded?

Nic. A herald Sent from Nicanor.

Judas. Heralds come not thus. Armed with thy shirt of mail from head to heel,

Thou glidest like a serpent silently Into my presence. Wherefore dost thou turn

Thy face from me? A herald speaks his errand

With forehead unabashed. Thou art a spy

Sent by Nicanor.

Judas Maccabæus.

Nic. No disguise avails !
Behold my face ; I am Nicanor's self.
Judas. Thou art indeed Nicanor.
I salute thee.

What brings thee hither to this
hostile camp
Thus unattended ?

Nic. Confidence in thee.
Thou hast the nobler virtues of thy
race,

Without the failings that attend
those virtues.

Thou canst be strong, and yet not
tyrannous,

Canst righteous be and not in-
tolerant.

Let there be peace between us.

Judas. What is peace ?
Is it to bow in silence to our
victors ?

Is it to see our cities sacked and
pillaged,

Our people slain, or sold as slaves,
or fleeing

At night-time by the blaze of burn-
ing towns ;

Jerusalem laid waste ; the Holy
Temple

Polluted with strange gods ? Are
these things peace ?

Nic. These are the dire necessi-
ties that wait

On war, whose loud and bloody
enginery

I seek to stay. Let there be peace
between

Antiochus and thee.

Judas. Antiochus ?
What is Antiochus, that he should
prate

Of peace to me, who am a fugi-
tive ?

To-day he shall be lifted up ; to-
morrow

Shall not be found, because he is
returned

Unto his dust ; his thought has
come to nothing.

There is no peace between us, nor
can be,

Until this banner floats upon the
walls

Of our Jerusalem.

Nic. Between that city
And thee there lies a waving wall
of tents,

Held by a host of forty thousand
foot,

And horsemen seven thousand.
What hast thou

To bring against all these ?

Judas. The power of God,
Whose breath shall scatter your
white tents abroad,

As flakes of snow.

Nic. Your Mighty One in
heaven

Will not do battle on the Seventh
Day ;

It is his day of rest.

Judas. Silence, blasphemer.
Go to thy tents.

Nic. Shall it be war or peace ?

Judas. War, war, and only war.
Go to thy tents

That shall be scattered, as by you
were scattered

The torn and trampled pages of
the Law,

Blown through the windy streets.

Nic. Farewell, brave foe !

Judas. Ho, there, my captains !
Have safe-conduct given

Unto Nicanor's herald through the
camp,

And come yourselves to me.—Fare-
well, Nicanor !

SCENE IV.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; CAPTAINS AND SOLDIERS.

Judas. The hour is come. Gather
the host together

For battle. Lo, with trumpets and
with songs

The army of Nicanor comes against
us.

Go forth to meet them, praying in
your hearts,
And fighting with your hands.

Captains. Look forth and see !
The morning sun is shining on their
shields

Of gold and brass ; the mountains
glisten with them,
And shine like lamps. And we
who are so few

And poorly armed, and ready to
faint with fasting,

How shall we fight against this
multitude ?

Judas. The victory of a battle
standeth not

In multitudes, but in the strength
that cometh

From heaven above. The Lord
forbid that I

Should do this thing, and flee away
from them.

Nay, if our hour be come, then let
us die ;

Let us not stain our honour.

Captains. 'Tis the Sabbath.
Wilt thou fight on the Sabbath,
Maccabæus ?

Judas. Ay ; when I fight the
battles of the Lord,

I fight them on his day, as on all
others.

Have ye forgotten certain fugi-
tives

That fled once to these hills, and
hid themselves

In caves ? How their pursuers
camped against them

Upon the Seventh Day, and chal-
lenged them ?

And how they answered not, nor
cast a stone,

Nor stopped the places where they
lay concealed,

But meekly perished with their
wives and children,

Even to the number of a thousand
souls ?

We who are fighting for our laws
and lives

Will not so perish.

Captains. Lead us to the battle !

Judas. And let our watchword
be, 'The Help of God !'

Last night I dreamed a dream ;
and in my vision

Beheld Onias, our High-Priest of
old,

Who holding up his hands prayed
for the Jews.

This done, in the like manner there
appeared

An old man, and exceeding glorious,
With hoary hair, and of a wonderful

And excellent majesty. And Onias
said :

'This is a lover of the Jews, who
prayeth

Much for the people and the Holy
City,—

God's prophet Jeremias.' And the
prophet

Held forth his right hand and gave
unto me

A sword of gold ; and giving it he
said :

'Take thou this holy sword, a gift
from God,

And with it thou shalt wound thine
adversaries.'

Captains. The Lord is with
us !

Judas. Hark ! I hear the
trumpets

Sound from Beth-horon ; from the
battle-field

Of Joshua, where he smote the
Amorites,

Smote the Five Kings of Eglon and
of Jarmuth,

Of Hebron, Lachish, and Jeru-
salem,

As we to-day will smite Nicanor's
hosts

And leave a memory of great deeds
behind us.

Judas Maccabæus.

Captains and Soldiers. The
Help of God!

Judas. *Be Elohim Yehovah!*
Lord, thou didst send thine Angel
in the time
Of Esekias, King of Israel,
And in the armies of Sennacherib
Didst slay a hundred fourscore and
five thousand.

Wherefore, O Lord of heaven, now
also send

Before us a good angel for a fear,
And through the might of thy right
arm let those

Be stricken with terror that have
come this day

Against thy holy people to blas-
pheme!

ACT IV.

The outer Courts of the Temple at Jerusalem.

SCENE I.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS;
CAPTAINS; JEWS.

Judas. Behold, our enemies are
discomfited.
Jerusalem is fallen; and our ban-
ners
Float from her battlements, and o'er
her gates

Nicanor's severed head, a sign of
terror,
Blackens in wind and sun.

Captains. O Maccabæus,
The citadel of Antiochus, wherein
The Mother with her Seven Sons
was murdered,
Is still defiant.

Judas. Wait.

Captains. Its hateful aspect
Insults us with the bitter memories
Of other days.

Judas. Wait; it shall disappear
And vanish as a cloud. First let
us cleanse

The Sanctuary. See, it is become
Waste like a wilderness. Its
golden gates

Wrenched from their hinges and
consumed by fire;

Shrubs growing in its courts as in
a forest;

Upon its altars hideous and strange
idols;

And strewn about its pavement at
my feet

Its Sacred Books, half burned and
painted o'er

With images of heathen gods.

Jews. Woe! woe!
Our beauty and our glory are laid
waste!

The Gentiles have profaned our
holy places!

*(Lamentation and alarm of
trumpets.)*

Judas. This sound of trumpets,
and this lamentation,
The heart-cry of a people toward
the heavens,

Stir me to wrath and vengeance.
Go, my captains;

I hold you back no longer. Batter
down

The citadel of Antiochus, while here
We sweep away his altars and his
gods.

SCENE II.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS;
JASON; JEWS.

Jews. Lurking among the ruins
of the Temple,

Deep in its inner courts, we found
this man,

Clad as High-Priest.

Judas. I ask not who thou art.
I know thy face, writ over with
deceit

As are these tattered volumes of
the Law

Judas Maccabæus.

With heathen images. A priest of
God

Wast thou in other days, but thou
art now

A priest of Satan. Traitor, thou
art Jason.

Jason. I am thy prisoner, Judas
Maccabæus,

And it would ill become me to
conceal

My name or office.

Judas. Over yonder gate
There hangs the head of one who
was a Greek.

What should prevent me now, thou
man of sin,

From hanging at its side the head
of one

Who born a Jew hath made him-
self a Greek?

Jason. Justice prevents thee.

Judas. Justice? Justice?

Thou art stained

With every crime 'gainst which the
Decalogue

Thunders with all its thunder.

Jason. If not Justice,
Then Mercy, her handmaiden.

Judas. When hast thou
At any time, to any man or woman,
Or even to any little child, shown
mercy?

Jason. I have but done what
King Antiochus

Commanded me.

Judas. True, thou hast
been the weapon

With which he struck; but hast
been such a weapon,

So flexible, so fitted to his hand,
It tempted him to strike. So thou
hast urged him

To double wickedness, thine own
and his.

Where is this King? Is he in
Antioch

Among his women still, and from
his windows

Throwing down gold by handfuls,
for the rabble
To scramble for?

Jason. Nay, he is gone from
there,

Gone with an army into the far East.

Judas. And wherefore gone?

Jason. I know not.

For the space

Of forty days almost were horsemen
seen

Running in air, in cloth of gold,
and armed

With lances, like a band of soldiery;
It was a sign of triumph.

Judas. Or of death.

Wherefore art thou not with him?

Jason. I was left

For service in the Temple.

Judas. To pollute it,
And to corrupt the Jews; for there
are men

Whose presence is corruption; to
be with them

Degrades us and deforms the
things we do.

Jason. I never made a boast,
as some men do,

Of my superior virtue, nor denied
The weakness of my nature, that
hath made me

Subservient to the will of other men.

Judas. Upon this day, the five
and twentieth day

Of the month Caslan, was the
Temple here

Profaned by strangers,—by Anti-
ochus

And thee, his instrument. Upon
this day

Shall it be cleansed. Thou, who
didst lend thyself

Unto this profanation, canst not be
A witness of these solemn services.

There can be nothing clean where
thou art present.

The people put to death Callis-
thenes,

Who burned the Temple gates;
and if they find thee
Will surely slay thee. I will spare
thy life
To punish thee the longer. Thou
shalt wander
Among strange nations. Thou,
that hast cast out
So many from their native land,
shalt perish
In a strange land. Thou, that hast
left so many
Unburied, shalt have none to mourn
for thee,
Nor any solemn funerals at all,
Nor sepulchre with thy fathers.
Get thee hence!

*(Music. Procession of Priests and
people, with citherns, harps, and
cymbals. JUDAS MACCABÆUS
puts himself at their head, and
they go into the inner courts.)*

SCENE III.—JASON, alone.

Jason. Through the Gate Beautiful I see them come
With branches and green boughs
and leaves of palm,
And pass into the inner courts.
Alas!
I should be with them, should be
one of them,
But in an evil hour, an hour of
weakness,
That cometh unto all, I fell away
From the old faith, and did not
clutch the new,
Only an outward semblance of
belief;
For the new faith I cannot make
mine own,
Not being born to it. It hath no root
Within me. I am neither Jew nor
Greek,

But stand between them both, a
renegade
To each in turn; having no longer
faith
In gods or men. Then what mys-
terious charm,
What fascination is it chains my
feet,
And keeps me gazing like a curious
child
Into the holy places, where the
priests
Have raised their altar?—Striking
stones together,
They take fire out of them, and
light the lamps
In the great candlestick. They
spread the veils,
And set the loaves of shewbread
on the table.
The incense burns; the well-
remembered odour
Comes wafted unto me, and takes
me back
To other days. I see myself among
them
As I was then; and the old super-
stition
Creeps over me again!—A childish
fancy!—
And hark! they sing with citherns
and with cymbals,
And all the people fall upon their
faces,
Praying and worshipping!—I will
away
Into the East, to meet Antio-
chus
Upon his homeward journey,
crowned with triumph.
Alas! to-day I would give every-
thing
To see a friend's face, or to hear a
voice
That had the slightest tone of
comfort in it!

Judas Maccabæus.

ACT V.

The Mountains of Ecbatana.

SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS; PHILIP;
ATTENDANTS.

Ant. Here let us rest awhile.

Where are we, Philip?

What place is this?

Philip. Ecbatana, my Lord;
And yonder mountain range is the
Orontes.

Ant. The Orontes is my river
at Antioch.

Why did I leave it? Why have I
been tempted

By coverings of gold and shields
and breastplates

To plunder Elymais, and be driven
From out its gates, as by a fiery
blast

Out of a furnace?

Philip. These are fortune's
changes.

Ant. What a defeat it was!

The Persian horsemen

Came like a mighty wind, the wind
Khamáseen,

And melted us away, and scattered
us

As if we were dead leaves, or desert
sand.

Philip. Be comforted, my Lord;
for thou hast lost

But what thou hadst not.

Ant. I, who made the Jews
Skip like the grasshoppers, am
made myself

To skip among these stones.

Philip. Be not discouraged.
Thy realm of Syria remains to thee;
That is not lost nor marred.

Ant. O, where are now
The splendours of my court, my
baths and banquets?

Where are my players and my
dancing women?

Where are my sweet musicians
with their pipes,

That made me merry in the olden
time?

I am a laughing-stock to man and
brute.

The very camels, with their ugly
faces,

Mock me and laugh at me.

Philip. Alas! my Lord,
It is not so. If thou wouldst sleep
awhile,

All would be well.

Ant. Sleep from mine
eyes is gone,

And my heart faileth me for very
care,

Dost thou remember, Philip, the
old fable

Told us when we were boys, in
which the bear

Going for honey overturns the hive,
And is stung blind by bees? I am

that beast,
Stung by the Persian swarms of
Elymais.

Philip. When thou art come
again to Antioch

These thoughts will be as covered
and forgotten

As are the tracks of Pharaoh's
chariot-wheels

In the Egyptian sands.

Ant. Ah! when I come
Again to Antioch! When will that
be?

Alas! alas!

SCENE II.—ANTIOCHUS; PHILIP;
A MESSENGER.

Messenger. May the King live for
ever!

Ant. Who art thou, and whence
comest thou?

Messenger. My Lord,
I am a messenger from Antioch,
Sent here by Lysias.

Judas Maccabæus.

Ant. A strange foreboding
Of something evil overshadows me.
I am no reader of the Jewish Scrip-
tures ;

I know not Hebrew ; but my High-
Priest Jason,

As I remember, told me of a
Prophet

Who saw a little cloud rise from the
sea

Like a man's hand, and soon the
heaven was black

With clouds and rain. Here, Philip,
read ; I cannot ;

I see that cloud. It makes the
letters dim

Before mine eyes.

Philip (reading). 'To King
Antiochus,
The God, Epiphanes.'

Ant. O mockery !
Even Lysias laughs at me ! — Go
on, go on !

Philip (reading). 'We pray thee
hasten thy return. The realm
Is falling from thee. Since thou
hast gone from us

The victories of Judas Maccabæus
Form all our annals. First he over-
threw

Thy forces at Beth-horon, and
passed on,

And took Jerusalem, the Holy City.
And then Emmaus fell ; and then

Beth-sura ;

Ephron and all the towns of Galaad,
And Maccabæus marched to Car-
nion.'

Ant. Enough, enough ! Go call
my chariot-men ;

We will drive forward, forward,
without ceasing,

Until we come to Antioch. My
captains,

My Lysias, Gorgias, Seron, and
Nicanor

Are babes in battle, and this dread-
ful Jew

Will rob me of my kingdom and
my crown.

My elephants shall trample him to
dust ;

I will wipe out his nation, and will
make

Jerusalem a common burying-place,
And every home within its walls a
tomb !

*(Throws up his hands, and sinks
into the arms of attendants,
who lay him upon a bank.)*

Philip. Antiochus ! Antiochus !

Alas,

The King is ill ! What is it, O
my Lord ?

Ant. Nothing. A sudden and
sharp spasm of pain,

As if the lightning struck me, or
the knife

Of an assassin smote me to the
heart.

'Tis passed, even as it came. Let
us set forward.

Philip. See that the chariots be
in readiness ;

We will depart forthwith.

Ant. A moment more.

I cannot stand. I am become at
once

Weak as an infant. Ye will have
to lead me.

Jove, or Jehovah, or whatever name
Thou wouldst be named,—it is

alike to me,—

If I knew how to pray, I would en-
treat

To live a little longer.

Philip. O my Lord,
Thou shalt not die ; we will not let
thee die !

Ant. How canst thou help it,
Philip ? O the pain !

Stab after stab. Thou hast no
shield against

This unseen weapon. God of
Israel.

Judas Maccabæus.

Since all the other gods abandon
me,

Help me. I will release the Holy
City,

Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy
Temple.

Thy people, whom I judged to be
unworthy

To be so much as buried, shall be
equal

Unto the citizens of Antioch.

I will become a Jew, and will
declare

Through all the world that is
inhabited

The power of God !

Philip. He faints. It is like
death.

Bring here the royal litter. We
will bear him

Into the camp, while yet he lives.

Ant. O Philip,

Into what tribulation am I come !

Alas ! I now remember all the
evil

That I have done the Jews ; and
for this cause

These troubles are upon me, and
behold

I perish through great grief in a
strange land.

Philip. Antiochus ! my King !

Ant. Nay, King no longer.

Take thou my royal robes, my
signet-ring,

My crown and sceptre, and deliver
them

Unto my son, Antiochus Eupator ;

And unto the good Jews, my
citizens,

In all my towns, say that their
dying monarch

Wisheth them joy, prosperity, and
health.

I who, puffed up with pride and
arrogance,

Thought all the kingdoms of the
earth mine own,

If I would but outstretch my hand
and take them,

Meet face to face a greater poten-
tate,

King Death—Epiphanes—the Il-
lustrious !

[*Dies.*]

A Handful of Translations.

THE FUGITIVE.

*Tartar Song, from the Prose Version
of Chodzko.*

I.

'HE is gone to the desert land !
I can see the shining mane
Of his horse on the distant plain,
As he rides with his Kossak band !

'Come back, rebellious one !
Let thy proud heart relent ;
Come back to my tall, white tent,
Come back, my only son !

'Thy hand in freedom shall
Cast thy hawks, when morning
breaks,
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

'I will give thee leave to stray
And pasture thy hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

'I will give thee my coat of mail,
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid ;
Will not all this prevail ?'

II.

'This hand no longer shall
Cast my hawks when morning
breaks
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

'I will no longer stray
And pasture my hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

'Though thou give me thy coat of
mail,
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid,
All this cannot prevail.

'What right hast thou, O Khan,
To me, who am mine own,
Who am slave to God alone,
And not to any man ?

'God will appoint the day
When I again shall be
By the blue, shallow sea,
Where the steel-bright sturgeons
play.

'God, who doth care for me,
In the barren wilderness,
On unknown hills, no less
Will my companion be.

'When I wander lonely and lost
In the wind ; when I watch at night
Like a hungry wolf, and am white
And covered with hoar-frost ;

'Yea, wheresoever I be,
In the yellow desert sands,
In mountains or unknown lands
Allah will care for me !'

III.

Then Sobra, the old, old man,—
Three hundred and sixty years
Had he lived in this land of tears,
Bowed down and said, 'O Khan !

'If you bid me, I will speak.
There's no sap in dry grass,
No marrow in dry bones ! Alas,
The mind of old men is weak !

A Handful of Translations.

'I am old, I am very old :
I have seen the primeval man,
I have seen the great Gengis Khan,
Arrayed in his robes of gold.

'What I say to you is the truth ;
And I say to you, O Khan,
Pursue not the star-white man,
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

'Him the Almighty made,
And brought him forth of the light,
At the verge and end of the night,
When men on the mountain
prayed.

'He was born at the break of day,
When abroad the angels walk ;
He hath listened to their talk,
And he knoweth what they say.

'Gifted with Allah's grace,
Like the moon of Ramazan
When it shines in the skies, O
Khan,
Is the light of his beautiful face.

'When first on earth he trod,
The first words that he said
Were these, as he stood and prayed,
There is no God but God !

'And he shall be king of men,
For Allah hath heard his prayer,
And the Archangel in the air,
Gabriel, hath said, Amen !'

THE SIEGE OF KAZAN.

*Tartar Song, from the Prose Ver-
sion of Chodzko.*

BLACK are the moors before Kazan,
And their stagnant waters smell
of blood :
I said in my heart, with horse and
man
I will swim across this shallow
flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,
Like new moons were the shoes
he bare,
Silken trappings hung on his back,
In a talisman on his neck, a
prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are follow-
ing me ;
But when I looked behind, alas !
Not one of all the band could I
see,
All had sunk in the black morass !

Where are our shallow fords ? and
where
The power of Kazan with its
fourfold gates ?
From the prison windows our
maidens fair
Talk of us still through the iron
gates.

We cannot hear them ; for horse
and man
Lie buried deep in the dark abyss !
Ah ! the black day hath come down
on Kazan !
Ah ! was ever a grief like this ?

THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

*Armenian Popular Song, from the
Prose Version of Alishan.*

DOWN from yon distant mountain
height
The brooklet flows through the
village street ;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes washing, there he
stands,
In the water cool and sweet.
Brook, from what mountain dost
thou come ?
O my brooklet cool and sweet !

I come from yon mountain high
and cold,
Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the garden in the vale
Where all night long the nightingale
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the fountain at whose brink
The maid that loves thee comes to
drink,
And whenever she looks therein,
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete.

TO THE STORK.

*Armenian Popular Song, from the
Prose Version of Alishan.*

WELCOME, O Stork! that dost wing
Thy flight from the far-away!
Thou hast brought us the signs of
Spring,
Thou hast made our sad hearts gay.

Descend, O Stork! descend
Upon our roof to rest;
In our ash-tree, O my friend,
My darling, make thy nest.

To thee, O Stork, I complain,
O Stork, to thee I impart
The thousand sorrows, the pain
And aching of my heart.

When thou away didst go,
Away from this tree of ours,
The withering winds did blow,
And dried up all the flowers.

Dark grew the brilliant sky,
Cloudy and dark and drear;
They were breaking the snow on
high,

And winter was drawing near.
From Varaca's rocky wall,
From the rock of Varaca unrolled,
The snow came and covered all,
And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork, our garden with snow
Was hidden away and lost,
And the rose-trees that in it grow
Were withered by snow and frost.



CONSOLATION.

*To M. Duperrier, Gentleman of
Aix in Provence, on the Death of
his Daughter.*

FROM MALHERBE.

WILL then, Duperrier, thy sorrow
be eternal?

And shall the sad discourse
Whispered within thy heart, by
tenderness paternal,
Only augment its force?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into
the tomb descending
By death's frequented ways,
Has it become to thee a labyrinth
never ending,
Where thy lost reason strays?

I know the charms that made her
youth a benediction:
Nor should I be content,
As a censorious friend, to solace
thine affliction
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which
fairest things exposes
To fates the most forlorn;
A rose, she too hath lived as long as
live the roses,
The space of one brief morn.

* * * *

Death has his rigorous laws, un-
paralleled, unfeeling ;
All prayers to him are vain ;
Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf
to our appealing,
He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, only thatch
for cover,
Unto these laws must bend ;
The sentinel that guards the barriers
of the Louvre
Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petu-
lant defiance,
Is never for the best ;
To will what God doth will, that is
the only science
That gives us any rest.

— + —
TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

FROM MALHERBE.

THOU mighty Prince of Church and
State,
Richelieu ! until the hour of death,
Whatever road man chooses, Fate
Still holds him subject to her breath.
Spun of all silks, our days and nights
Have sorrows woven with delights ;
And of this intermingled shade
Our various destiny appears,
Even as one sees the course of years
Of summers and of winters made.

Sometimes the soft, deceitful hours
Let us enjoy the halcyon wave ;
Sometimes impending peril lowers
Beyond the seaman's skill to save.
The Wisdom, infinitely wise,
That gives to human destinies
Their foreordained necessity,
Has made no law more fixed below
Than the alternate ebb and flow
Of Fortune and Adversity.

**THE ANGEL AND THE
CHILD.**

FROM JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER
OF NISMES.

AN angel with a radiant face,
Above a cradle bent to look,
Seemed his own image there to trace,
As in the waters of a brook.

'Dear child ! who me resemblest so,'
It whispered, 'come, O come
with me !

Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee !

'Here none to perfect bliss attain ;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies ;
Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And even the happiest hours
their sighs.

'Fear doth at every portal knock ;
Never a day serene and pure
From the o'ershadowing tempest's
shock
Hath made the morrow's dawn
secure.

'What, then, shall sorrows and
shall fears
Come to disturb so pure a brow ?
And with the bitterness of tears
These eyes of azure troubled
grow ?

'Ah no ! into the fields of space,
Away shalt thou escape with me ;
And Providence will grant thee
grace
Of all the days that were to be.

'Let no one in thy dwelling cower
In sombre vestments draped and
veiled ;
But let them welcome thy last hour
As thy first moments once they
hailed.

'Without a cloud be there each
brow;
There let the grave no shadow
cast;
When one is pure as thou art now
The fairest day is still the last.'

And waving wide his wings of white,
The angel, at these words, had
sped
Towards the eternal realms of
light!—
Poormother! see, thy son is dead!

TO ITALY.

FROM FILICAJA.

ITALY! Italy! thou who 'rt doomed
to wear
The fatal gift of beauty, and
possess
The dower funest of infinite
wretchedness
Written upon thy forehead by
despair;
Ah! would that thou wert stronger,
or less fair,
That they might fear thee more,
or love thee less,
Who in the splendour of thy love-
liness
Seem wasting, yet to mortal
combat dare!
Then from the Alps I should not
see descending
Such torrents of armed men, nor
Gallic horde
Drinking the wave of Po, dis-
tained with gore,
Nor should I see thee girded with
a sword
Not thine, and with the stranger's
arm contending,
Victor or vanquished, slave for
evermore

WANDERER'S NIGHT-
SONGS.

FROM GOETHE.

I.

THOU that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending!
Why this rapture and unrest?
Peace descending
Come, ah, come into my breast!

II.

O'er all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait; soon like these
Thou too shalt rest.

REMORSE.

FROM AUGUST VON PLATEN.

How I started up in the night, in
the night,
Drawn on without rest or re-
prieve!
The streets, with their watchmen,
were lost to my sight,
As I wandered so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the gate with the arch
mediaeval.
The mill-brook rushed from the
rocky height,
I leaned o'er the bridge in my
yearning;
Deep under me watched I the
waves in their flight,
As they glided so light
In the night, in the night,
Yet backward not one was returning.

A Handful of Translations.

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright,
The stars in melodious existence;
And with them the moon, more serenely bedight;—
They sparkled so light
In the night, in the night,
Through the magical, measureless distance.
And upward I gazed in the night,
in the night,
And again on the waves in their fleeting;
Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy days in delight,
Now silence thou light,
In the night, in the night,
The remorse in thy heart that is beating.

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK.

FROM THE SPANISH OF SANTA TERESA.

LET nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

The New-England Tragedies.

I. JOHN ENDICOTT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN ENDICOTT . . .	<i>Governor.</i>
JOHN ENDICOTT . . .	<i>His son.</i>
RICHARD BELLINGHAM . . .	<i>Deputy Governor.</i>
JOHN NORTON . . .	<i>Minister of the Gospel.</i>
EDWARD BUTTER . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>
WALTER MERRY . . .	<i>Tilthng-man.</i>
NICHOLAS UPSALL . . .	<i>An old citizen.</i>
SAMUEL COLE . . .	<i>Landlord of the Three Mariners.</i>
SEMON KEMPTHORN } RALPH GOLDSMITH }	<i>Sea-Captains.</i>
WENLOCK CHRISTISON } EDITH, his daughter }	<i>Quakers.</i>
EDWARD WHARTON }	

Assistants, Halberdiers, Marshal, &c.

The Scene is in Boston in the year 1665.

PROLOGUE.

TO-NIGHT we strive to read, as we
may best,
This city, like an ancient palimpsest;
And bring to light, upon the blotted
page,
The mournful record of an earlier
age,
That, pale and half effaced, lies
hidden away
Beneath the fresher writing of to-day.
Rise, then, O buried city that
hast been;
Rise up, rebuilt in the painted
scene,
And let our curious eyes behold
once more

The pointed gable and the pent-
house door,
The Meeting-house with leaden-
latticed panes,
The narrow thoroughfares, the
crooked lanes!
Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows
of the Past,
Rise from your long-forgotten
graves at last;
Let us behold your faces, let us hear
The words ye uttered in those days
of fear!
Revisit your familiar haunts again—
The scenes of triumph, and the
scenes of pain,
And leave the footprints of your
bleeding feet
Once more upon the pavement of
the street!

John Endicott.

Nor let the Historian blame the
Poet here,
If he perchance misdate the day or
year,
And group events together, by his
art,
That in the Chronicles lie far
apart;
For as the double stars, though
sundered far,
Seem to the naked eye a single star,
So facts of history, at a distance
seen,
Into one common point of light
convene.

'Why touch upon such themes?'
perhaps some friend
May ask, incredulous; 'and to what
good end?

Why drag again into the light of day
The errors of an age long passed
away?'

I answer: 'For the lesson that
they teach;

The tolerance of opinion and of
speech.

Hope, Faith, and Charity remain,—
these three;

And greatest of them all is Charity.'

Let us remember, if these words
be true,

That unto all men Charity is
due;

Give what we ask; and pity, while
we blame,

Lest we become copartners in the
shame,—

Lest we condemn, and yet ourselves
partake,

And persecute the dead for con-
science' sake.

Therefore it is the author seeks
and strives

To represent the dead as in their
lives,

And lets at times his characters
unfold

Their thoughts in their own lan-
guage, strong and bold:

He only asks of you to do the like;

To hear him first, and, if you will,
then strike.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sunday afternoon. The
interior of the Meeting-house.
On the pulpit, an hour-glass;
below, a box for contributions.*
JOHN NORTON *in the pulpit.*
GOVERNOR ENDICOTT *in a
canopied seat, attended by four
halberdiers. The congregation
singing.*

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim
Right royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

*Norton (rising, and turning the
hourglass on the pulpit).* I
heard a great voice from the
temple saying

Unto the Seven Angels, Go your
ways;

Pour out the vials of the wrath of
God

Upon the earth. And the first
Angel went

And poured his vial on the earth;
and straight

There fell a noisome and a grievous
sore

On them which had the birth-mark
of the Beast,

And them which worshipped and
adored his image.

On us hath fallen this grievous
pestilence.

There is a sense of horror in the air ;
And apparitions of things horrible
Are seen by many. From the sky
above us

The stars fall ; and beneath us the
earth quakes !

The sound of drums at midnight in
the air,

The sound of horsemen riding to
and fro,

As if the gates of the invisible world
Were opened, and the dead came
forth to warn us,—

All these are omens of some dire
disaster

Impending over us, and soon to
fall.

Moreover, in the language of the
Prophet,

Death is again come up into our
windows,

To cut off little children from with-
out,

And young men from the streets.
And in the midst

Of all these supernatural threats
and warnings

Doth Heresy uplift its horrid head ;
A vision of Sin more awful and

appalling
Than any phantasm, ghost, or
apparition,

As arguing and portending some
enlargement

Of the mysterious Power of Dark-
ness !

(EDITH, barefooted, and clad in
sackcloth, with her hair hanging
loose upon her shoulders, walks
slowly up the aisle, followed by
WHARTON and other Quakers.
The congregation starts up in
confusion.)

Edith (to Norton, raising her
hand). Peace !

Norton. Anathema maranatha !
The Lord cometh !

Edith. Yea, verily he cometh,
and shall judge

The shepherds of Israel, who do
feed themselves,

And leave their flocks to eat what
they have trodden

Beneath their feet.

Norton. Be silent, babbling
woman !

St. Paul commands all women to
keep silence

Within the churches.

Edith. Yet the women prayed
And prophesied at Corinth in his
day ;

And, among those on whom the
fiery tongues

Of Pentecost descended, some
were women !

Norton. The Elders of the
Churches, by our law,

Alone have power to open the doors
of speech

And silence in the Assembly. I
command you !

Edith. The law of God is greater
than your laws !

Ye build your church with blood,
your town with crime ;

The heads thereof give judgment
for reward ;

The priests thereof teach only for
their hire ;

Your laws condemn the innocent
to death ;

And against this I bear my testi-
mony.

Norton. What testimony ?

Edith. That of the
Holy Spirit,

Which, as your Calvin says, sur-
passeth reason.

Norton. The labourer is worthy
of his hire.

Edith. Yet our great Master
did not teach for hire,

And the Apostles without purse or scrip

Went forth to do his work. Behold this box

Beneath thy pulpit. Is it for the poor?

Thou canst not answer. It is for the Priest;

And against this I bear my testimony.

Norton. Away with all these Heretics and Quakers!

Quakers, forsooth! Because a quaking fell

On Daniel, at beholding of the Vision,

Must ye needs shake and quake? Because Isaiah

Went stripped and barefoot, must ye wail and howl?

Must ye go stripped and naked? must ye make

A wailing like the dragons, and a mourning

As of the owls? Ye verify the adage That Satan is God's ape! Away with them!

(Tumult. The Quakers are driven out with violence, EDITH following slowly. The congregation retires in confusion.)

Thus freely do the Reprobates commit

Such measure of iniquity as fits them

For the intended measure of God's wrath,

And even in violating God's commands

Are they fulfilling the divine decree!

The will of man is but an instrument

Disposed and predetermined to its action

According unto the decree of God, Being as much subordinate thereto

As is the axe unto the hewer's hand!

(He descends from the pulpit, and joins GOVERNOR ENDICOTT, who comes forward to meet him.)

The omens and the wonders of the time,

Famine, and fire, and shipwreck, and disease,

The blast of corn, the death of our young men,

Our sufferings in all precious, pleasant things,

Are manifestations of the wrath divine,

Signs of God's controversy with New England.

These emissaries of the Evil One, These servants and ambassadors

of Satan, Are but commissioned executioners

Of God's vindictive and deserved displeasure.

We must receive them as the Roman Bishop

Once received Attila, saying, I rejoice

You have come safe, whom I esteem to be

The scourge of God, sent to chastise his people.

This very heresy, perchance, may serve

The purposes of God to some good end.

With you I leave it; but do not neglect

The holy tactics of the civil sword. *Endicott.* And what more can be

done? *Norton.* The hand that cut

The Red Cross from the colours of the king

Can cut the red heart from this heresy.

Fear not. All blasphemies immediate

And heresies turbulent must be suppressed

By civil power.

Endicott. But in what way suppressed?

Norton. The Book of Deuteronomy declares
That if thy son, thy daughter, or
thy wife,
Ay, or the friend which is as thine
own soul,
Entice thee secretly, and say to thee,
Let us serve other gods, then shall
thine eye
Not pity him, but thou shalt surely
kill him,
And thine own hand shall be the
first upon him
To slay him.

Endicott. Four already have been
slain;
And others banished upon pain of
death.
But they come back again to meet
their doom,
Bringing the linen for their wind-
ing-sheets.
We must not go too far. In truth,
I shrink
From shedding of more blood. The
people murmur
At our severity.

Norton. Then let them murmur!
Truth is relentless! justice never
wavers;
The greatest firmness is the great-
est mercy;
The noble order of the Magistracy
Cometh immediately from God,
and yet
This noble order of the Magistracy
Is by these Heretics despised and
outraged.

Endicott. To-night they sleep in
prison. If they die,
They cannot say that we have
caused their death.
We do but guard the passage, with
the sword
Pointed towards them; if they
dash upon it,

Their blood will be on their own
heads, not ours.

Norton. Enough, I ask no more.
My predecessor

Coped only with the milder heresies
Of Antinomians and of Anabap-
tists.

He was not born to wrestle with
these fiends.

Chrysostom in his pulpit; Augus-
tine

In disputation; Timothy in his
house!

The lantern of St. Botolph's ceased
to burn

When from the portals of that
church he came

To be a burning and a shining light
Here in the wilderness. And, as
he lay

On his death-bed, he saw me in a
vision

Ride on a snow-white horse into
this town.

His vision was prophetic; thus I
came,

A terror to the impenitent, and
Death

On the pale horse of the Apocalypse
To all the accursed race of Here-
tics! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *A street. On one
side, NICHOLAS UPSALL's house;
on the other, WALTER MERRY's,
with a flock of pigeons on the
roof. UPSALL seated in the porch
of his house.*

Upsall. O day of rest! How
beautiful, how fair,

How welcome to the weary and
the old!

Day of the Lord! and truce to
earthly cares!

Day of the Lord, as all our days
should be!

Ah, why will man by his austeri-
ties

Shut out the blessed sunshine and
the light,
And make of thee a dungeon of
despair !

*Walter Merry (entering, and
looking around him).* All silent
as a graveyard ! No one stir-
ring ;

No footfall in the street, no sound
of voices !

By righteous punishment and per-
severance,

And perseverance in that punish-
ment

At last I've brought this contu-
macious town

To strict observance of the Sabbath
day.

Those wanton gospellers, the
pigeons yonder,

Are now the only Sabbath-breakers
left.

I cannot put them down. As if to
taunt me,

They gather every Sabbath after-
noon

In noisy congregation on my roof,
Billing and cooing. Whir ! take
that, ye Quakers.

*(Throws a stone at the pigeons.
Sees UPSALL.)*

Ah ! Master Nicholas !

Upsall. Good afternoon,
Dear neighbour Walter.

Merry. Master Nicholas,
You have to-day withdrawn your-
self from meeting.

Upsall. Yea, I have chosen rather
to worship God
Sitting in silence here at my own
door.

Merry. Worship the Devil ! You
this day have broken
Three of our strictest laws. First,
by abstaining
From public worship. Secondly,
by walking
Profanely on the Sabbath.

Upsall. Not one step.
I have been sitting still here, seeing
the pigeons

Feed in the street and fly about the
roofs.

Merry. You have been in the
street with other intent
Than going to and from the Meet-
ing-house.

And, thirdly, you are harbouring
Quakers here.

I am amazed !

Upsall. Men sometimes, it is said,
Entertain angels unawares.

Merry. Nice angels !
Angels in broad-brimmed hats and
russet cloaks,
The colour of the Devil's nutting-
bag ! They came

Into the Meeting-house this after-
noon

More in the shape of devils than of
angels ;

The women screamed and fainted ;
and the boys

Made such an uproar in the gallery
I could not keep them quiet.

Upsall. Neighbour Walter,
Your persecution is of no avail.

Merry. 'Tis prosecution, as the
Governor says,

Not persecution.

Upsall. Well, your prosecution ;
Your hangings do no good.

Merry. The reason is,
We do not hang enough. But, mark
my words,

We 'll scour them ; yea, I warrant
ye, we 'll scour them !

And now go in and entertain your
angels,

And don't be seen here in the street
again

Till after sundown ! — There they
are again !

*(Exit UPSALL. MERRY throws
another stone at the pigeons, and
then goes into his house.)*

The New-England Tragedies.

SCENE III. — *A room in UPSALL'S house. Night. EDITH WHARTON, and other Quakers, seated at a table. UPSALL seated near them. Several books on the table.*

Wharton. William and Marmaduke, our martyred brothers,
Sleep in untimely graves, if aught
untimely

Can find place in the providence
of God,

Where nothing comes too early or
too late.

I saw their noble death. They to
the scaffold

Walked hand in hand. Two hundred
armed men

And many horsemen guarded them,
for fear

Of rescue by the crowd, whose
hearts were stirred.

Edith. O holy martyrs !

Wharton. When they
tried to speak,

Their voices by the roll of drums
were drowned.

When they were dead they still
looked fresh and fair,

The terror of death was not upon
their faces.

Our sister Mary, likewise, the meek
woman,

Has passed through martyrdom to
her reward ;

Exclaiming, as they led her to her
death,

'These many days I've been in
Paradise.'

And, when she died, Priest Wilson
threw the hangman

His handkerchief, to cover the pale
face

He dared not look upon.

Edith. As persecuted,
Yet not forsaken ; as unknown, yet

known ;
As dying, and behold we are alive ;

As sorrowful, and yet rejoicing
always ;

As having nothing, yet possessing
all !

Wharton. And Leddra, too, is
dead. But from his prison,
The day before his death, he sent
these words

Unto the little flock of Christ :
'Whatever

May come upon the followers of the
Light,—

Distress, affliction, famine, naked-
ness,

Or perils in the city or the sea,
Or persecution, or even death

itself,—

I am persuaded that God's armour
of Light,

As it is loved and lived in, will pre-
serve you.

Yea, death itself ; through which
you will find entrance

Into the pleasant pastures of the
fold,

Where you shall feed for ever as the
herds

That roam at large in the low valleys
of Achor.

And as the flowing of the ocean fills
Each creek and branch thereof, and

then retires,
Leaving behind a sweet and whole-
some savour ;

So doth the virtue and the life of
God

Flow evermore into the hearts of
those

Whom he hath made partakers of
his nature ;

And, when it but withdraws itself
a little,

Leaves a sweet savour after it, that
many

Can say they are made clean by
every word

That he hath spoken to them in
their silence.'

John Endicott.

Edith (rising, and breaking into a kind of chant). Truly, we do but grope here in the dark,
Near the partition-wall of Life and Death,
At every moment dreading or desiring
To lay our hands upon the unseen door!
Let us, then, labour for an inward stillness,—
An inward stillness and an inward healing;
That perfect silence where the lips and heart
Are still, and we no longer entertain
Our own imperfect thoughts and vain opinions,
But God alone speaks in us, and we wait
In singleness of heart, that we may know
His will, and in the silence of our spirits,
That we may do His will, and do that only!

(A long pause, interrupted by the sound of a drum approaching; then shouts in the street, and a loud knocking at the door.)

Marshal. Within there! Open the door!

Merry. Will no one answer?

Marshal. In the King's name!
Within there!

Merry. Open the door!
Upsall (from the window). It is not barred. Come in. Nothing prevents you.

The poor man's door is ever on the latch.

He needs no bolt nor bar to shut out thieves;

He fears no enemies, and has no friends

Importunate enough to turn the key upon them!

(Enter JOHN ENDICOTT, the MARSHAL, MERRY, and a crowd. Seeing the Quakers silent and unmoved, they pause, awe-struck, ENDICOTT opposite EDITH.)

Marshal. In the King's name do I arrest you all!

Away with them to prison. Master Upsall,

You are again discovered harbouring here

These ranters and disturbers of the peace.

You know the law.

Upsall. I know it, and am ready
To suffer yet again its penalties.

Edith (to Endicott). Why dost thou persecute me, Saul of Tarsus?

ACT II.

SCENE I.—JOHN ENDICOTT'S room. Early morning.

John Endicott. 'Why dost thou persecute me, Saul of Tarsus?'
All night these words were ringing in mine ears!
A sorrowful sweet face; a look that pierced me
With meek reproach; a voice of resignation

That had a life of suffering in its tone;
And that was all! And yet I could not sleep,

Or, when I slept, I dreamed that awful dream!

I stood beneath the elm-tree on the Common

On which the Quakers have been hanged, and heard

A voice, not hers, that cried amid the darkness,

The New-England Tragedies.

'This is Aceldama, the field of blood !

I will have mercy, and not sacrifice !'

(*Opens the window, and looks out.*)

The sun is up already ; and my heart
Sickens and sinks within me when
I think

How many tragedies will be enacted
Before his setting. As the earth rolls
round,

It seems to me a huge Ixion's wheel,
Upon whose whirling spokes we are
bound fast,

And must go with it ! Ah, how
bright the sun

Strikes on the sea and on the masts
of vessels,

That are uplifted in the morning air,
Like crosses of some peaceable
crusade !

It makes me long to sail for lands
unknown,

No matter whither ! Under me,
in shadow,

Gloomy and narrow lies the little
town,

Still sleeping, but to wake and toil
awhile,

Then sleep again. How dismal looks
the prison,

How grim and sombre in the sunless
street,—

The prison where she sleeps, or
wakes and waits

For what I dare not think of,—
death, perhaps !

A word that has been said may be
unsaid :

It is but air. But when a deed is done
It cannot be undone, nor can our
thoughts

Reach out to all the mischiefs that
may follow.

'Tis time for morning prayers. I
will go down.

My father, though severe, is kind
and just ;

And when his heart is tender with
devotion,—

When from his lips have fallen the
words 'Forgive us

As we forgive,'—then will I inter-
cede

For these poor people, and perhaps
may save them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Dock Square. On one side, the tavern of the Three Mariners. In the background, a quaint building with gables ; and, beyond it, wharves and shipping.* CAPTAIN KEMPTHORN and others seated at a table before the door. SAMUEL COLE standing near them.

Kemphthorn. Come, drink about !
Remember Parson Melham,
And bless the man who first in-
vented flip !

(*They drink.*)

Cole. Pray, Master Kemphthorn,
where were you last night ?

Kemphthorn. On board the
Swallow, Simon Kemphthorn,
master,

Up for Barbadoes, and the Wind-
ward Islands.

Cole. The town was in a tumult.
Kemphthorn. And for what ?

Cole. Your Quakers were arrested.
Kemphthorn. How my Quakers ?

Cole. Those you brought in your
vessel from Barbadoes.

They made an uproar in the Meet-
ing-house

Yesterday, and they're now in
prison for it.

I owe you little thanks for bringing
them

To the Three Mariners.

Kemphthorn. They have not
harmed you.

I tell you, Goodman Cole, that
Quaker girl

Is precious as a sea-bream's eye. I
tell you

It was a lucky day when first she set
Her little foot upon the Swallow's
deck,

Bringing good luck, fair winds, and
pleasant weather.

Cole. I am a law-abiding citizen ;
I have a seat in the new Meeting-
house,

A cow-right on the Common ; and,
besides,

Am corporal in the Great Artillery.
I rid me of the vagabonds at once.

Kemphorn. Why should you not
have Quakers at your tavern
If you have fiddlers ?

Cole. Never ! never ! never !
If you want fiddling you must go
elsewhere,

To the Green Dragon and the
Admiral Vernon,

And other such disreputable places.
But the Three Mariners is an
orderly house,

Most orderly, quiet, and respect-
able.

Lord Leigh said he could be as quiet
here

As at the Governor's. And have I
not

King Charles's Twelve Good Rules,
all framed and glazed,

Hanging in my best parlour ?

Kemphorn. Here's a health
To good King Charles. Will you
not drink the King ?

Then drink confusion to old Parson
Palmer.

Cole. And who is Parson Palmer ?
I don't know him.

Kemphorn. He had his cellar
underneath his pulpit,
And so preached o'er his liquor, just
as you do.

(*A drum within.*)

Cole. Here comes the Marshal.
Merry (within). Make room
for the Marshal.

Kemphorn. How pompous and
imposing he appears ;
His great buff doublet bellying like
a mainsail,
And all his streamers fluttering in
the wind.

What holds he in his hand ?

Cole. A Proclamation.

(*Enter the MARSHAL, with a pro-
clamation ; and MERRY, with
a halberd. They are preceded by
a drummer, and followed by the
hangman, with an armful of
books, and a crowd of people,
among whom are UPSALL and
JOHN ENDICOTT. A pile is made
of the books.*)

Merry. Silence the drum ! Good
citizens, attend
To the new laws enacted by the
Court.

Marshal (reads). 'Whereas a
cursed sect of Heretics
Has lately risen, commonly called
Quakers,
Who take upon themselves to be
commissioned
Immediately of God, and further-
more

Infallibly assisted by the Spirit
To write and utter blasphemous
opinions,

Despising Government and the
order of God

In Church and Commonwealth,
and speaking evil

Of Dignities, reproaching and
reviling

The Magistrates and Ministers, and
seeking

To turn the people from their faith,
and thus

Gain proselytes to their pernicious
ways ;—

The New-England Tragedies.

'This is Aceldama, the field of blood!

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(*Opens the window, and looks out.*)

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Sickens and sinks within me when
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reviling

The Magistrates and Ministers, and
seeking

To turn the people from their faith,
and thus

Gain proselytes to their pernicious
ways ;—

The New-England Tragedies.

This Court, considering the premises,
And to prevent like mischief as is wrought
By their means in our land, doth hereby order,
That whatsoever master or commander
Of any ship, bark, pink, or catch shall bring
To any roadstead, harbour, creek, or cove
Within this Jurisdiction any Quakers,
Or other blasphemous Heretics, shall pay
Unto the Treasurer of the Commonwealth
One hundred pounds, and for default thereof
Be put in prison, and continue there
Till the said sum be satisfied and paid.'

Cole. Now, Simon Kempthorn, what say you to that?

Kempthorn. I pray you, Cole, lend me a hundred pound!

Marshal (reads). 'If any one within this Jurisdiction
Shall henceforth entertain, or shall conceal,
Quakers, or other blasphemous Heretics,
Knowing them so to be, every such person
Shall forfeit to the country forty shillings
For each hour's entertainment or concealment,
And shall be sent to prison, as aforesaid,
Until the forfeiture be wholly paid.'

(Murmurs in the crowd.)

Kempthorn. Now, Goodman Cole, I think your turn has come!

Cole. Knowing them so to be!

Kempthorn. At forty shillings
The hour, your fine will be some forty pound!

Cole. Knowing them so to be!
That is the law.

Marshal (reads). 'And it is further ordered and enacted,
If any Quaker or Quakers shall presume

To come henceforth into this Jurisdiction,

Every male Quaker for the first offence

Shall have one ear cut off; and shall be kept

At labour in the Workhouse, till such time

As he be sent away at his own charge.

And for the repetition of the offence
Shall have his other ear cut off, and then

Be branded in the palm of his right hand.

And every woman Quaker shall be whipt

Severely in three towns; and every Quaker,

Or he or she, that shall for a third time

Herein again offend, shall have their tongues

Bored through with a hot iron, and shall be

Sentenced to Banishment on pain of Death.'

(Loud murmurs. The voice of CHRISTISON in the crowd.)

O patience of the Lord! How long, how long,

Ere Thou avenge the blood of Thine Elect?

Merry. Silence, there, silence!
Do not break the peace!

Marshal (reads). 'Every inhabitant of this Jurisdiction
Who shall defend the horrible opinions

Of Quakers, by denying due respect
To equals and superiors, and with-
drawing
From Church Assemblies, and
thereby approving
The abusive and destructive prac-
tices
Of this accursed sect, in opposition
To all the orthodox received opin-
ions
Of godly men, shall be forthwith
committed
Unto close prison for one month ;
and then
Refusing to retract and to reform
The opinions as aforesaid, he shall
be
Sentenced to Banishment on pain
of Death.
By the Court. Edward Rawson,
Secretary.
Now, hangman, do your duty. Burn
those books.

*(Loud murmurs in the crowd. The
pile of books is lighted.)*

Upsall. I testify against these
cruel laws !
Forerunners are they of some judg-
ment on us ;
And, in the love and tenderness I
bear
Unto this town and people, I be-
seech you,
O Magistrates, take heed, lest ye be
found
As fighters against God !

*John Endicott (taking Upsall's
hand).* Upsall, I thank you
For speaking words such as some
younger man,
I or another, should have said before
you.
Such laws as these are cruel and
oppressive ;
A blot on this fair town, and a dis-
grace
To any Christian people.

*Merry (aside, listening behind
them).* Here's sedition !
I never thought that any good would
come
Of this young popinjay, with his long
hair
And his great boots, fit only for the
Russians
Or barbarous Indians, as his father
says !

The Voice. Woe to the bloody
town ! And rightfully
Men call it the Lost Town ! The
blood of Abel
Cries from the ground, and at the
final judgment
The Lord will say, 'Cain, Cain !
where is thy brother ?'

Merry. Silence there in the
crowd !

Upsall (aside). 'Tis Christison !
The Voice. O foolish people, ye
that think to burn
And to consume the truth of God,
I tell you

That every flame is a loud tongue of
fire
To publish it abroad to all the world
Louder than tongues of men !

Kemphorn (springing to his feet).
Well said, my hearty !

There's a brave fellow ! There's a
man of pluck !
A man who's not afraid to say his
say,

Though a whole town's against him.
Rain, rain, rain,
Bones of St. Botolph, and put out
this fire !

*(The drum beats. Exeunt all but
MERRY, KEMPTHORN, and COLE.)*

Merry. And now that matter's
ended, Goodman Cole,
Fetch me a mug of ale, your
strongest ale.

Kemphorn (sitting down). And
me another mug of flip ; and put

The New-England Tragedies.

Two gills of brandy in it. [*Exit Cole.*
Merry. No; no more.

Not a drop more, I say. You've had enough.

Kemphthorn. And who are you, sir?

Merry. I'm a Tithing-man, And Merry is my name.

Kemphthorn. A merry name! I like it; and I'll drink your merry health

Till all is blue.

Merry. And then you will be clapped

Into the stocks, with the red letter D Hung round about your neck for drunkenness.

You're a free-drinker,—yes, and a free-thinker!

Kemphthorn. And you are Andrew Merry, or Merry Andrew.

Merry. My name is Walter Merry, and not Andrew.

Kemphthorn. Andrew or Walter, you're a merry fellow;

I'll swear to that.

Merry. No swearing, let me tell you.

The other day one Shorthose had his tongue

Put into a cleft stick for profane swearing.

(*COLE brings the ale.*)

Kemphthorn. Well, where's my flip? As sure as my name's Kemphthorn—

Merry. Is your name Kemphthorn?

Kemphthorn. That's the name I go by.

Merry. What, Captain Simon Kemphthorn of the Swallow?

Kemphthorn. No other.

Merry (*touching him on the shoulder*). Then you're wanted. I arrest you

In the King's name.

Kemphthorn. And where's your warrant?

Merry (*unfolding a paper, and reading*). Here.

Listen to me. 'Hereby you are required,

In the King's name, to apprehend the body

Of Simon Kemphthorn, mariner, and him

Safely to bring before me, there to answer

All such objections as are laid to him, Touching the Quakers.' Signed, John Endicott.

Kemphthorn. Has it the Governor's seal?

Merry. Ay, here it is.

Kemphthorn. Death's head and crossbones. That's a pirate's flag!

Merry. Beware how you revile the Magistrates;

You may be whipped for that.

Kemphthorn. Then mum's the word.

(*Exeunt MERRY and KEMPTHORN.*)

Cole. There's mischief brewing! Sure, there's mischief brewing!

I feel like Master Josselyn when he found

The hornets' nest, and thought it some strange fruit,

Until the seeds came out, and then he dropped it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the Governor's house. Enter GOVERNOR ENDICOTT and MERRY.*

Endicott. My son, you say?

Merry. Your Worship's eldest son.

Endicott. Speaking against the laws?

Merry. Ay, worshipful sir.

Endicott. And in the public market-place?

Merry. I saw him
With my own eyes, heard him with
my own ears.

Endicott. Impossible!

Merry. He stood
there in the crowd
With Nicholas Upsall, when the
laws were read
To-day against the Quakers, and I
heard him
Denounce and vilipend them as
unjust,
As cruel, wicked, and abominable.

Endicott. Ungrateful son! O
God! thou layest upon me
A burden heavier than I can
bear!

Surely the power of Satan must be
great
Upon the earth, if even the elect
Are thus deceived and fall away
from grace!

Merry. Worshipful sir! I meant
no harm—

Endicott. 'Tis well.
You've done your duty, though
you've done it roughly,
And every word you've uttered since
you came
Has stabbed me to the heart!

Merry. I do beseech
Your Worship's pardon!

Endicott. He whom I
have nurtured
And brought up in the reverence
of the Lord!

The child of all my hopes and my
affections!

He upon whom I leaned as a sure
staff

For my old age! It is God's chas-
tisement

For leaning upon any arm but His!

Merry. Your Worship!—
Endicott. And this comes from
holding parley

With the delusions and deceits of
Satan.

At once, for ever, must they be
crushed out,
Or all the land will reek with
heresy!

Pray, have you any children?

Merry. No, not any.

Endicott. Thank God for that.

He has delivered you

From a great care. Enough; my
private griefs

Too long have kept me from the
public service.

(*Exit MERRY. ENDICOTT seats
himself at the table and arranges
his papers.*)

The hour has come; and I am
eager now

To sit in judgment on these Here-
tics.

(*A knock.*)

Come in. Who is it? (*Not looking
up.*)

John Endicott. It is I.

Endicott (restraining himself).
Sit down!

John Endicott (sitting down). I
come to intercede for these
poor people

Who are in prison, and await their
trial.

Endicott. It is of them I wish to
speak with you.

I have been angry with you, but
'tis passed.

For when I hear your footsteps
come or go,

See in your features your dead
mother's face,

And in your voice detect some tone
of hers,

All anger vanishes, and I re-
member

The days that are no more, and
come no more,

When as a child you sat upon my
knee,

And prattled of your playthings,
and the games

You played among the pear-trees
in the orchard !

John Endicott. O, let the memory
of my noble mother

Plead with you to be mild and
merciful !

For mercy more becomes a Magis-
trate

Than the vindictive wrath which
men call justice !

Endicott. The sin of heresy is a
deadly sin.

'Tis like the falling of the snow,
whose crystals

The traveller plays with, thought-
less of his danger,

Until he sees the air so full of
light

That it is dark ; and blindly stag-
gering onward,

Lost, and bewildered, he sits down
to rest ;

There falls a pleasant drowsiness
upon him,

And what he thinks is sleep, alas !
is death.

John Endicott. And yet who is
there that has never doubted ?

And, doubting and believing, has
not said,

'Lord, I believe ; help thou mine
unbelief' ?

Endicott. In the same way we
trifle with our doubts,

Whose shining shapes are like the
stars descending ;

Until at last, bewildered and dis-
mayed,

Blinded by that which seemed to
give us light,

We sink to sleep, and find that it
is death,— (*rising*)

Death to the soul through all eter-
nity !

Alas that I should see you growing
up

To man's estate, and in the ad-
monition

And nurture of the Law, to find
you now

Pleading for Heretics !

John Endicott (rising). In the
sight of God,

Perhaps all men are Heretics. Who
dares

To say that he alone has found the
truth ?

We cannot always feel and think
and act

As those who go before us. Had
you done so,

You would not now be here.

Endicott. Have
you forgotten

The doom of Heretics, and the fate
of those

Who aid and comfort them ? Have
you forgotten

That in the market-place this very
day

You trampled on the laws ? What
right have you,

An inexperienced and untravell'd
youth,

To sit in judgment here upon the
acts

Of older men and wiser than your-
self,

Thus stirring up sedition in the
streets,

And making me a byword and a
jest ?

John Endicott. Words of an in-
experienced youth like me

Were powerless if the acts of older
men

Went not before them. 'Tis these
laws themselves

Stir up sedition, not my judgment
of them.

Endicott. Take heed, lest I be
called, like Brutus was,

To be the judge of my own son !
Begone !

When you are tired of feeding upon
husks,

John Endicott.

Return again to duty and submission,
But not till then.

John Endicott. I hear and I obey!
[*Exit.*]

Endicott. O happy, happy they
who have no children!

He's gone! I hear the hall door
shut behind him.

It sends a dismal echo through my
heart,

As if for ever it had closed between
us,

And I should look upon his face
no more!

O, this will drag me down into my
grave,—

To that eternal resting-place
wherein

Manlieth down, and riseth not again!

Till the heavens be no more he
shall not wake,

Nor be roused from his sleep; for
Thou dost change

His countenance, and sendest him
away!
[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Court of Assistants.*

ENDICOTT, BELLINGHAM, ATHERTON, and other magistrates.
KEMPTHORN, MERRY, and constables. Afterwards WHARTON, EDITH, and CHRISTISON.

Endicott. Call Captain Simon
Kempthorn.

Merry. Simon Kempthorn,
Come to the bar!

(*KEMPTHORN comes forward.*)

Endicott. You are accused of
bringing

Into this Jurisdiction, from Barbadoes,

Some persons of that sort and sect
of people

Known by the name of Quakers,
and maintaining

Most dangerous and heretical
opinions;

Purposely coming here to propagate

Their heresies and errors; bringing
with them

And spreading sundry books here,
which contain

Their doctrines most corrupt and
blasphemous,

And contrary to the truth professed
among us.

What say you to this charge?

Kempthorn. I do
acknowledge,

Among the passengers on board
the Swallow

Were certain persons saying Thee
and Thou.

They seemed a harmless people,
mostways silent,

Particularly when they said their
prayers.

Endicott. Harmless and silent
as the pestilence!

You'd better have brought the fever
or the plague

Among us in your ship! Therefore,
this Court,

For preservation of the Peace and
Truth,

Hereby commands you speedily to
transport,

Or cause to be transported speedily,
The aforesaid persons hence unto

Barbadoes,
From whence they came; you

paying all the charges
Of their imprisonment.

Kempthorn. Worshipful sir,

The New-England Tragedies.

No ship e'er prospered that has
carried Quakers
Against their will! I knew a vessel
once—

Endicott. And for the more
effectual performance

Hereof you are to give security
In bonds amounting to one hundred
pounds.

On your refusal, you will be com-
mitted

To prison till you do it.

Kemphorn. But you see
I cannot do it. The law, sir, of
Barbadoes

Forbids the landing Quakers on
the island.

Endicott. Then you will be
committed. Who comes next?

Merry. There is another charge
against the Captain.

Endicott. What is it?

Merry. Profane swearing, please
your Worship.

He cursed and swore from Dock
Square to the Court-house.

Endicott. Then let him stand in
the pillory for one hour.

(*Exit KEMPTHORN with constable.*)

Who's next?

Merry. The Quakers.

Endicott. Call them.

Merry. Edward Wharton,
Come to the bar!

Wharton. Yea, even to the
bench.

Endicott. Take off your hat.

Wharton. My hat offendeth not.
If it offendeth any, let him take it;
For I shall not resist.

Endicott. Take off his hat.
Let him be fined ten shillings for
contempt.

(*MERRY takes off WHARTON'S hat.*)

Wharton. What evil have I
done?

Endicott. Your hair's too long;
And in not putting off your hat to us
You've disobeyed and broken that
commandment

Which sayeth 'Honour thy father
and thy mother.'

Wharton. John Endicott, thou
art become too proud;

And lovest him who putteth off the
hat,

And honourest thee by bowing of
the body,

And sayeth 'Worshipful sir!' 'Tis
time for thee

To give such follies over, for thou
mayest

Be drawing very near unto thy
grave.

Endicott. Now, sirrah, leave
your canting. Take the oath.

Wharton. Nay, sirrah me no
sirrahs!

Endicott. Will you swear?

Wharton. Nay, I will not.

Endicott. You made
a great disturbance

And uproar yesterday in the
Meeting-house,

Having your hat on.

Wharton. I made no dis-
turbance;

For peacefully I stood, like other
people.

I spake no words; moved against
none my hand;

But by the hair they haled me out,
and dashed

Their books into my face.

Endicott. You, Edward
Wharton,

On pain of death, depart this Juris-
diction

Within ten days. Such is your
sentence. Go.

Wharton. John Endicott, it had
been well for thee

If this day's doings thou hadst left
undone.

John Endicott.

But, banish me as far as thou hast power,

Beyond the guard and presence of my God

Thou canst not banish me!

Endicott. Depart the Court;
We have no time to listen to your babble.

Who's next? [*Exit WHARTON.*]

Merry. This woman, for the same offence.

(*EDITH comes forward.*)

Endicott. What is your name?

Edith. 'Tis to the world unknown,

But written in the Book of Life.

Endicott. Take heed
It be not written in the Book of Death!

What is it?

Edith. Edith Christison.

Endicott (with eagerness). The daughter

Of Wenlock Christison?

Edith. I am his daughter.

Endicott. Your father hath given us trouble many times.

A bold man and a violent, who sets

At nought the authority of our Church and State,

And is in banishment on pain of death.

Where are you living?

Edith. In the Lord.

Endicott. Make answer
Without evasion. Where?

Edith. My outward being
Is in Barbadoes.

Endicott. Then why come you here?

Edith. I come upon an errand of the Lord.

Endicott. 'Tis not the business of the Lord you're doing;

It is the Devil's. Will you take the oath?

Give her the book.

(*MERRY offers the Book.*)

Edith. You offer me this Book

To swear on; and it saith, 'Swear not at all,

Neither by heaven, because it is God's Throne,

Nor by the earth, because it is his footstool!'

I dare not swear.

Endicott. You dare not? Yet you Quakers

Deny this Book of Holy Writ, the Bible,

To be the Word of God.

Edith (reverentially). Christ is the Word,

The everlasting oath of God. I dare not.

Endicott. You own yourself a Quaker,—do you not?

Edith. I own that in derision and reproach

I am so called.

Endicott. Then you deny the Scripture

To be the rule of life.

Edith. Yea, I believe The Inner Light, and not the

Written Word,

To be the rule of life.

Endicott. And you deny That the Lord's Day is holy.

Edith. Every day Is the Lord's Day. It runs through

all our lives,
As through the pages of the Holy

Bible

'Thus saith the Lord.'

Endicott. You are accused of making

An horrible disturbance, and affrighting

The people in the Meeting-house on Sunday.

What answer make you?

Edith. I do not deny That I was present in your Steeple-house

On the First Day ; but I made no disturbance.

Endicott. Why came you there ?

Edith. Because the Lord commanded.

His word was in my heart, a burning fire

Shut up within me and consuming me,

And I was very weary with forbearing ;

I could not stay.

Endicott. 'Twas not the Lord that sent you ;

As an incarnate devil did you come !

Edith. On the First Day, when, seated in my chamber,

I heard the bells toll, calling you together,

The sound struck at my life, as once at his,

The holy man, our Founder, when he heard

The far-off bells toll in the Vale of Beavor.

It sounded like a market bell to call The folk together, that the Priest might set

His wares to sale. And the Lord said within me,

'Thou must go cry aloud against that Idol,

And all the worshippers thereof.'

I went

Barefooted, clad in sackcloth, and I stood

And listened at the threshold ; and I heard

The praying and the singing and the preaching,

Which were but outward forms, and without power.

Then rose a cry within me, and my heart

Was filled with admonitions and reproofs.

Remembering how the Prophets and Apostles

Denounced the covetous hirelings and diviners,

I entered in, and spake the words the Lord

Commanded me to speak. I could no less.

Endicott. Are you a Prophetess ?

Edith. Is it not written, 'Upon my handmaidens will I pour

out My spirit, and they shall prophesy' ?

Endicott. Enough ;

For out of your own mouth are you condemned !

Need we hear further ?

The Judges. We are satisfied.

Endicott. It is sufficient. Edith Christison,

The sentence of the Court is, that you be

Scourged in three towns, with forty stripes save one,

Then banished upon pain of death !

Edith. Your sentence Is truly no more terrible to me

Than had you blown a feather into the air,

And, as it fell upon me, you had said,

'Take heed it hurt thee not !' God's will be done !

Wenlock Christison (unseen in the crowd). Woe to the city of blood ! The stone shall cry

Out of the wall : the beam from out the timber

Shall answer it ! Woe unto him that buildeth

A town with blood, and stablisheth a city

By his iniquity !

Endicott. Who is it makes Such outcry here ?

Christison (coming forward). I, Wenlock Christison !

Endicott. Banished on pain of death, why come you here ?

Christison. I come to warn you
that you shed no more
The blood of innocent men! It
cries aloud

For vengeance to the Lord!

Endicott. Your life is forfeit
Unto the law; and you shall surely
die,
And shall not live.

Christison. Like unto Eleazer,
Maintaining the excellence of an-
cient years

And the honour of his gray head, I
stand before you;

Like him disdaining all hypocrisy,
Lest, through desire to live a little
longer,

I get a stain to my old age and
name!

Endicott. Being in banishment
on pain of death,
You come now in among us in re-
bellion.

Christison. I come not in among
you in rebellion,
But in obedience to the Lord of
Heaven.

Not in contempt to any Magistrate,
But only in the love I bear your
souls,

As ye shall know hereafter, when
all men

Give an account of deeds done in
the body!

God's righteous judgments ye can
not escape.

One of the Judges. Those who
have gone before you said the
same,

And yet no judgment of the Lord
hath fallen

Upon us.

Christison. He but waiteth till
the measure

Of your iniquities shall be filled up,
And ye have run your race. Then
will his wrath

Descend upon you to the uttermost!

For thy part, Humphrey Atherton,
it hangs

Over thy head already. It shall come
Suddenly, as a thief doth in the
night,

And in the hour when least thou
thinkest of it!

Endicott. We have a law, and by
that law you die.

Christison. I, a free man of Eng-
land and free-born,
Appeal unto the laws of mine own
nation!

Endicott. There's no appeal to
England from this Court!

What! do you think our statutes
are but paper?

Are but dead leaves that rustle in
the wind?

Or litter to be trampled under foot?
What say ye, Judges of the Court,—
what say ye?

Shall this man suffer death? Speak
your opinions.

One of the Judges. I am a mortal
man, and die I must,
And that ere long; and I must then
appear

Before the awful judgment-seat of
Christ,

To give account of deeds done in
the body.

My greatest glory on that day will be
That I have given my vote against
this man.

Christison. If, Thomas Danforth,
thou hast nothing more
To glory in upon that dreadful day
Than blood of innocent people, then
thy glory

Will be turned into shame! The
Lord hath said it!

Another Judge. I cannot give
consent, while other men
Who have been banished upon
pain of death

Are now in their own houses here
among us.

The New-England Tragedies.

Endicott. Ye that will not consent,
make record of it.

I thank my God that I am not afraid
To give my judgment. Wenlock
Christison,

You must be taken back from hence
to prison,

Thence to the place of public execu-
tion,

There to be hanged till you be dead
—dead—dead!

Christison. If ye have power to
take my life from me,—

Which I do question,—God hath
power to raise

The principle of life in other men,
And send them here among you.

There shall be

No peace unto the wicked, saith my
God.

Listen, ye Magistrates, for the Lord
hath said it!

The day ye put his servitors to
death,

That day the Day of your own Visi-
tation,

The Day of Wrath, shall pass
above your heads,

And ye shall be accursed for ever-
more!

(*To EDITH, embracing her.*)

Cheer up, dear heart! they have not
power to harm us

(*Exeunt CHRISTISON and EDITH
guarded. The scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—*A Street. Enter JOHN
ENDICOTT and UPSALL.*

John Endicott. Scourged in three
towns! and yet the busy people
Go up and down the streets on their
affairs

Of business or of pleasure, as if
nothing

Had happened to disturb them or
their thoughts!

When bloody tragedies like this are
acted

The pulse of a nation should stand
still;

The town should be in mourning,
and the people

Speak only in low whispers to each
other.

Upsall. I know this people; and
that underneath

A cold outside there burns a secret
fire

That will find vent, and will not be
put out,

Till every remnant of these bar-
barous laws

Shall be to ashes burned, and blown
away.

John Endicott. Scourged in three
towns! It is incredible

Such things can be! I feel the
blood within me

Fast mounting in rebellion, since in
vain

Have I implored compassion of my
father!

Upsall. You know your father
only as a father;

I know him better as a Magistrate.
He is a man both loving and se-
vere;

A tender heart; a will inflexible.
None ever loved him more than I

have loved him.

He is an upright man and a just man
In all things save the treatment of

the Quakers.

John Endicott. Yet I have found
him cruel and unjust

Even as a father. He has driven me
forth

Into the street; has shut his door
upon me,

With words of bitterness. I am as
homeless

As these poor Quakers are.

John Endicott.

Upsall. Then come with me.
You shall be welcome for your
father's sake,
And the old friendship that has
been between us.
He will relent ere long. A father's
anger
Is like a sword without a handle,
piercing
Both ways alike, and wounding him
that wields it
No less than him that it is pointed at
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Prison. Night.*
EDITH reading the Bible by a lamp.

Edith. 'Blessed are ye when
men shall persecute you,
And shall revile you, and shall say
against you
All manner of evil falsely for my
sake!
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for
great
Is your reward in heaven. For so
the prophets,
Which were before you, have been
persecuted.'

(*Enter JOHN ENDICOTT.*)

John Endicott. Edith!

Edith. Who is it speaketh?

John Endicott. Saul of Tarsus:
As thou didst call me once.

Edith (*coming forward*). Yea, I
remember.

Thou art the Governor's son.

John Endicott. I am ashamed
Thou shouldst remember me.

Edith. Why comest thou
Into this dark guest-chamber in
the night?

What seekest thou?

John Endicott. Forgiveness!

Edith. I forgive
All who have injured me. What
hast thou done?

John Endicott. I have betrayed
thee, thinking that in this
I did God service. Now, in deep
contrition,
I come to rescue thee.

Edith. From what?

John Endicott. From prison.

Edith. I am safe here within
these gloomy walls.

John Endicott. From scourging
in the streets, and in three
towns!

Edith. Remembering who was
scourged for me, I shrink not
Nor shudder at the forty stripes
save one.

John Endicott. Perhaps from
death itself!

Edith. I fear not death,
Knowing who died for me.

John Endicott (*aside*). Sure
some divine

Ambassador is speaking through
those lips
And looking through those eyes! I
cannot answer!

Edith. If all these prison doors
stood opened wide
I would not cross the threshold,—
not one step.

There are invisible bars I cannot
break;

There are invisible doors that shut
me in,

And keep me ever steadfast to my
purpose.

John Endicott. Thou hast the
patience and the faith of Saints!

Edith. Thy Priest hath been
with me this day to save me,
Not only from the death that comes
to all,

But from the second death!

John Endicott. The Pharisee!
My heart revolts against him and
his creed!

Alas! the coat that was without a
seam

The New-England Tragedies.

Is rent asunder by contending
sects ;

Each bears away a portion of the
garment,

Blindly believing that he has the
whole !

Edith. When Death, the Healer,
shall have touched our eyes
With moist clay of the grave, then
shall we see

The truth as we have never yet
beheld it.

But he that overcometh shall not be
Hurt of the second death. Has he
forgotten

The many mansions in our Father's
house ?

John Endicott. There is no pity
in his iron heart !

The hands that now bear stamped
upon their palms

The burning sign of Heresy, here-
after

Shall be uplifted against such
accusers,

And then the imprinted letter and
its meaning

Will not be Heresy, but Holiness !

Edith. Remember thou con-
demnest thine own father !

John Endicott. I have no father !
He has cast me off.

I am as homeless as the wind that
moans

And wanders through the streets.
O, come with me !

Do not delay. Thy God shall be my
God,

And where thou goest I will go.

Edith. I cannot.
Yet will I not deny it, nor conceal
it ;

From the first moment I beheld thy
face

Ifelt a tenderness in my soul towards
thee.

My mind has since been inward to
the Lord,

Waiting his word. It has not yet
been spoken.

John Endicott. I cannot wait.
Trust me. O, come with me !

Edith. In the next room, my
father, an old man,

Sitteth imprisoned and condemned
to death,

Willing to prove his faith by
martyrdom ;

And thinkest thou his daughter
would do less ?

John Endicott. O, life is sweet,
and death is terrible !

Edith. I have too long walked
hand in hand with death

To shudder at that pale familiar
face.

But leave me now. I wish to be
alone.

John Endicott. Not yet. O, let
me stay.

Edith. Urge me no more.

John Endicott. Alas ! good night.
I will not say good-bye !

Edith. Put this temptation under-
neath thy feet.

To him that overcometh shall be
given

The white stone with the new name
written on it,

That no man knows save him that
doth receive it.

And I will give thee a new name,
and call thee

Paul of Damascus and not Saul of
Tarsus.

(*Exit* ENDICOTT. *EDITH* sits down
again to read the Bible.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*King Street, in front of the town-house.* KEMPTHORN *in the pillory.* MERRY, *and a crowd of lookers-on.*

Kemphthorn (sings).

The world is full of care,
Much like unto a bubble ;
Women and care, and care and women,
And women and care and trouble.

Good Master Merry, may I say confound ?

Merry. Ay, that you may.

Kemphthorn. Well, then, with your permission,
Confound the Pillory !

Merry. That's the very thing
The joiner said who made the
Shrewsbury stocks.

He said, Confound the stocks, because they put him

Into his own. He was the first man in them.

Kemphthorn. For swearing, was it ?

Merry. No, it was for charging ;

He charged the town too much ;
and so the town,

To make things square, set him in
his own stocks,

And fined him five pound sterling,—
just enough

To settle his own bill.

Kemphthorn. And served him
right ;

But, Master Merry, is it not eight
bells ?

Merry. Not quite.

Kemphthorn. For, do you see ?
I'm getting tired

Of being perched up aloft here in
this cro' nest

Like the first mate of a whaler, or
a Middy

Mast-headed, looking out for land !
Sail ho !

Here comes a heavy-laden merchantman

With the lee clews eased off, and
running free

Before the wind. A solid man of
Boston.

A comfortable man, with dividends,
And the first salmon, and the first
green peas.

(A gentleman passes.)

He does not even turn his head to
look.

He's gone without a word. Here
comes another

A different kind of craft on a taut
bowline,—

Deacon Giles Firmin the apothecary,

A pious and a ponderous citizen,
Looking as rubicund and round

and splendid
As the great bottle in his own shop
window !

(DEACON FIRMIN passes.)

And here's my host of the Three
Mariners,

My creditor and trusty taverner,
My corporal in the Great Artillery !

He's not a man to pass me without
speaking.

(COLE looks away and passes.)

Don't yaw so ; keep your luff, old
hypocrite !

Respectable, ah yes, respectable,
You, with your seat in the new

Meeting-house,
Your cow-right on the Common !

But who's this ?
I did not know the Mary Ann was
in !

And yet this is my old friend,
Captain Goldsmith,

As sure as I stand in the bilboes here.
Why, Ralph, my boy!

(Enter RALPH GOLDSMITH.)

Goldsmith. Why, Simon, is it you?

Set in the bilboes?

Kemphthorn. Chock-a-block, you see,

And without chafing-gear.

Goldsmith. And what's it for?

Kemphthorn. Ask that starbowline with the boat-hook there— That handsome man.

Merry (bowing). For swearing.

Kemphthorn. In this town They put sea-captains in the stocks for swearing,

And Quakers for not swearing. So look out.

Goldsmith. I pray you set him free; he meant no harm;

'Tis an old habit he picked up afloat.

Merry. Well, as your time is out, you may come down.

The law allows you now to go at large Like Elder Oliver's horse upon the Common.

Kemphthorn. Now, hearties, bear a hand! Let go and haul.

(*KEMPTHORN is set free, and comes forward, shaking GOLDSMITH'S hand.*)

Kemphthorn. Give me your hand, Ralph. Ah, how good it feels!

The hand of an old friend.

Goldsmith. God bless you, Simon!

Kemphthorn. Now let us make a straight wake for the tavern Of the Three Mariners, Samuel Cole commander;

Where we can take our ease, and see the shipping, And talk about old times.

Goldsmith. First I must pay My duty to the Governor, and take him

His letters and despatches. Come with me.

Kemphthorn. I'd rather not. I saw him yesterday.

Goldsmith. Then wait for me at the Three Nuns and Comb.

Kemphthorn. I thank you. That's too near to the town pump.

I will go with you to the Governor's, And wait outside there, sailing off and on;

If I am wanted, you can hoist a signal.

Merry. Shall I go with you and point out the way?

Goldsmith. O no, I thank you. I am not a stranger

Here in your crooked little town.

Merry. How now, sir; Do you abuse our town? [*Exit.*]

Goldsmith. O, no offence.

Kemphthorn. Ralph, I am under bonds for a hundred pound.

Goldsmith. Hard lines. What for?

Kemphthorn. To take some Quakers back

I brought here from Barbadoes in the Swallow.

And how to do it I don't clearly see, For one of them is banished, and another

Is sentenced to be hanged! What shall I do?

Goldsmith. Just slip your hawser on some cloudy night;

Sheer off, and pay it with the top-sail, Simon! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Street in front of the prison. In the background a gateway and several flights of steps leading up terraces to the GOVERNOR'S house. A pump on one side of the street. JOHN ENDICOTT, MERRY, UPSALL, and others. A drum beats.*

John Endicott. O shame, shame, shame!

Merry. Yes, it would be a shame
But for the damnable sin of
Heresy!

John Endicott. A woman
scourged and dragged about
our streets!

Merry. Well, Roxbury and
Dorchester must take
Their share of shame. She will be
whipped in each!

Three towns, and forty stripes
save one; that makes

Thirteen in each.

John Endicott. And are we
Jews or Christians?
See where she comes, amid a
gaping crowd!

And she a child. O, pitiful! pitiful!
There's blood upon her clothes, her
hands, her feet!

(*Enter MARSHAL and a drummer;
EDITH, stripped to the waist,
followed by the hangman with a
scourge, and a noisy crowd.*)

Edith. Here let me rest one
moment. I am tired.

Will some one give me water?

Merry. At his peril.
Upsall. Alas! that I should
live to see this day!

A Woman. Did I forsake my
father and my mother
And come here to New England to
see this?

Edith. I am athirst. Will no
one give me water?

John Endicott (*making his way
through the crowd with water*).
In the Lord's name!

Edith (*drinking*). In his name
I receive it!

Sweet as the water of Samaria's
well

This water tastes. I thank thee.
Is it thou?

I was afraid thou hadst deserted
me.

John Endicott. Never will I
desert thee, nor deny thee.
Be comforted.

Merry. O Master Endicott,
Be careful what you say.

John Endicott. Peace, idle
babbler!

Merry. You'll rue these words!

John Endicott. Art thou
not better now?

Edith. They've struck me as
with roses.

John Endicott. Ah, these
wounds!

These bloody garments!

Edith. It is granted me
To seal my testimony with my blood.

John Endicott. O blood-red seal
of man's vindictive wrath!
O roses of the garden of the Lord!
I, of the household of Iscariot,
I have betrayed in thee my Lord
and Master!

(*WENLOCK CHRISTISON appears
above, at the window of the
prison, stretching out his hands
through the bars.*)

Christison. Be of good courage,
O my child! my child!

Blessed art thou when men shall
persecute thee!

Fear not their faces, saith the Lord,
fear not,

For I am with thee to deliver thee.

A Citizen. Who is it crying
from the prison yonder?

Merry. It is old Wenlock
Christison.

Christison. Remember
Him who was scourged, and
mocked, and crucified!

I see his messengers attending thee.
Be steadfast, O, be steadfast to the
end!

Edith (*with exultation*). I can-
not reach thee with these arms,
O father!

But closely in my soul do I embrace thee
And hold thee. In thy dungeon
and thy death
I will be with thee, and will comfort thee!

Marshal. Come, put an end to this. Let the drum beat.

(*The drum beats. Exeunt all but JOHN ENDICOTT, UPSALL, and MERRY.*)

Christison. Dear child, farewell!
Never shall I behold
Thy face again with these bleared eyes of flesh;
And never wast thou fairer, lovelier, dearer
Than now, when scourged and bleeding, and insulted
For the truth's sake. O pitiless, pitiless town!
The wrath of God hangs over thee;
and the day
Is near at hand when thou shalt be abandoned
To desolation and the breeding of nettles.
The bitter and the cormorant shall lodge
Upon thine upper lintels, and their voice
Sing in thy windows. Yea, thus saith the Lord!

John Endicott. Awake! awake!
ye sleepers, ere too late,
And wipe these bloody statutes from your books! [*Exit.*]

Merry. Take heed; the walls have ears!

Upsall. At last, the heart
Of every honest man must speak or break!

(*Enter GOVERNOR ENDICOTT with his halberdiers.*)

Endicott. What is this stir and tumult in the street?

Merry. Worshipful sir, the whipping of a girl,
And her old father howling from the prison.

Endicott (*to his halberdiers*). Go on.

Christison. Antiochus! Antiochus!

O thou that slayest the Maccabees!
The Lord

Shall smite thee with incurable disease,

And no man shall endure to carry thee!

Merry. Peace, old blasphemer!

Christison. I both

feel and see

The presence and the waft of death go forth

Against thee, and already thou dost look

Like one that's dead!

Merry (*pointing*). And there is your own son,

Worshipful sir, abetting this sedition.

Endicott. Arrest him. Do not spare him.

Merry (*aside*). His own child!
There is some special providence takes care

That none shall be too happy in this world!

His own first-born!

Endicott. O Absalom, my son!

(*Exeunt; the GOVERNOR, with his halberdiers, ascending the steps of his house.*)

SCENE III.—*The Governor's private room. Papers upon the table.* ENDICOTT and BELLINGHAM.

Endicott. There is a ship from England has come in,
Bringing despatches and much news from home.

His Majesty was at the Abbey
crowned ;
And when the coronation was complete

There passed a mighty tempest
o'er the city,
Portentous with great thunderings
and lightnings.

Bellingham. After his father's,
if I well remember,

There was an earthquake, that
foreboded evil.

Endicott. Ten of the Regicides
have been put to death !
The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton,
and Bradshaw

Have been dragged from their
graves, and publicly
Hanged in their shrouds at Tyburn.

Bellingham. Horrible !

Endicott. Thus the old tyranny
revives again !

Its arm is long enough to reach us
here,

As you will see. For, more insulting still

Than flaunting in our faces dead
men's shrouds,

Here is the King's Mandamus,
taking from us,

From this day forth, all power to
punish Quakers.

Bellingham. That takes from us
all power ; we are but puppets,
And can no longer execute our
laws.

Endicott. His Majesty begins
with pleasant words,
' Trusty and well-beloved, we greet
you well ' ;

Then with a ruthless hand he strips
from me

All that which makes me what I
am ; as if

From some old general in the field,
grown gray

In service, scarred with many
wounds,

Just at the hour of victory, he
should strip

His badge of office and his well-
gained honours,

And thrust him back into the ranks
again.

*(Opens the Mandamus, and hands
it to BELLINGHAM ; and, while
he is reading, ENDICOTT walks
up and down the room.)*

Here read it for yourself ; you see
his words

Are pleasant words—considerate—
not reproachful—

Nothing could be more gentle—or
more royal ;

But then the meaning underneath
the words,

Mark that. He says all people
known as Quakers

Among us, now condemned to
suffer death

Or any corporal punishment what-
ever,

Who are imprisoned, or may be
obnoxious

To the like condemnation, shall be
sent

Forthwith to England, to be dealt
with there

In such wise as shall be agreeable
Unto the English law and their
demerits.

Is it not so ?

*Bellingham (returning the pa-
per).* Ay, so the paper says.

Endicott. It means we shall no
longer rule the Province ;

It means farewell to law and liberty,
Authority, respect for Magis-
trates,

The peace and welfare of the
Commonwealth.

If all the knaves upon this con-
tinent

Can make appeal to England, and
so thwart

The ends of truth and justice by
 delay,
 Our power is gone for ever. We
 are nothing
 But ciphers, valueless save when
 we follow
 Some unit; and our unit is the
 King!
 'Tis he that gives us value.
Bellingham. I confess
 Such seems to be the meaning of
 this paper.
 But being the King's Mandamus,
 signed and sealed,
 We must obey, or we are in rebel-
 lion.
Endicott. I tell you, Richard
 Bellingham,—I tell you,
 That this is the beginning of a
 struggle
 Of which no mortal can foresee the
 end.
 I shall not live to fight the battle
 for you,
 I am a man disgraced in every
 way;
 This order takes from me my self-
 respect
 And the respect of others. 'Tis my
 doom,
 Yes, my death-warrant, but must
 be obeyed!
 Take it, and see that it is exe-
 cuted
 So far as this, that all be set at
 large;
 But see that none of them be sent
 to England
 To bear false witness, and to spread
 reports
 That might be prejudicial to our-
 selves. [*Exit BELLINGHAM.*]
 There's a dull pain keeps knock-
 ing at my heart,
 Dolefully saying, 'Set thy house in
 order,
 For thou shalt surely die, and shalt
 not live!'

For me the shadow on the dial-
 plate
 Goeth not back, but on into the
 dark! [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The street. A crowd,
 reading a placard on the door of
 the Meeting-house.* NICHOLAS
 UPSALL among them. *Enter*
 JOHN NORTON.

Norton. What is this gathering
 here?

Upsall. One William Brand,
 An old man like ourselves, and
 weak in body,
 Has been so cruelly tortured in his
 prison,
 The people are excited, and they
 threaten

To tear the prison down.

Norton. What has been done?

Upsall. He has been put in irons,
 with his neck
 And heels tied close together, and
 so left

From five in the morning until nine
 at night.

Norton. What more was done?

Upsall. He has
 been kept five days
 In prison without food, and cruelly
 beaten,

So that his limbs were cold, his
 senses stopped.

Norton. What more?

Upsall. And is this
 not enough?

Norton. Now hear me.
 This William Brand of yours has
 tried to beat

Our Gospel Ordinances black and
 blue;

And, if he has been beaten in like
 manner,

It is but justice, and I will appear
 In his behalf that did so. I suppose
 That he refused to work.

Upsall. He was too weak.
How could an old man work, when
he was starving?

Norton. And what is this placard?

Upsall. The Magistrates,
To appease the people and prevent
a tumult,
Have put up these placards through-
out the town,
Declaring that the jailer shall be
dealt with
Impartially and sternly by the
Court.

Norton (tearing down the placard). Down with this weak
and cowardly concession,
This flag of truce with Satan and
with Sin!

I fling it in his face! I trample it
Under my feet? It is his cunning
craft,

The masterpiece of his diplomacy,
To cry and plead for boundless
toleration.

But toleration is the first-born child
Of all abominations and deceits.

There is no room in Christ's trium-
phant army

For tolerationists. And if an Angel
Preach any other gospel unto you
Than that ye have received, God's
malediction

Descend upon him! Let him be
accursed! *[Exit.]*

Upsall. Now, go thy ways, John

Norton! go thy ways,
Thou Orthodox Evangelist, as men
call thee!

But even now there cometh out of
England,

Like an o'ertaking and accusing
conscience,

An outraged man, to call thee to
account

For the unrighteous murder of his
son! *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—*The Wilderness.*

Enter EDITH.

Edith. How beautiful are these
autumnal woods!

The wilderness doth blossom like
the rose,
And change into a garden of the
Lord!

How silent everywhere! Alone
and lost

Here in the forest, there comes
over me

An inward awfulness. I recall the
words

Of the Apostle Paul: 'In journey-
ings often,

Often in perils in the wilderness,
In weariness, in painfulness, in

watchings,
In hunger and thirst, in cold and

nakedness;'

And I forget my weariness and pain,
My watchings, and my hunger and
my thirst.

The Lord hath said that he will
seek his flock

In cloudy and dark days, and they
shall dwell

Securely in the wilderness, and
sleep

Safe in the woods! Whichever way
I turn,

I come back with my face towards
the town.

Dimly I see it, and the sea beyond it.
O cruel town! I know what waits

me there,
And yet I must go back; for ever

louder
I hear the inward calling of the

Spirit,
And must obey the voice. O woods,
that wear

Your golden crown of martyrdom,
bloodstained,

From you I learn a lesson of sub-
mission,

The New-England Tragedies.

And am obedient even unto death,
If God so wills it. [*Exit.*]

John Endicott (within). Edith!
Edith! Edith!

(*He enters.*)

It is in vain! I call, she answers not!
I follow, but I find no trace of her!
Blood! blood! The leaves above me
and around me

Are red with blood! The pathways
of the forest,

The clouds that canopy the setting
sun,

And even the little river in the
meadows,

Are stained with it! Where'er I
look, I see it!

Away, thou horrible vision! Leave
me! leave me!

Alas! yon winding stream, that
gropes its way

Through mist and shadow, doubling
on itself,

At length will find, by the unerring
law

Of nature, what it seeks. O soul of
man,

Groping through mist and shadow,
and recoiling

Back on thyself, are, too, thy devious
ways

Subject to law? and when thou
seemest to wander

The farthest from thy goal, art thou
still drawing

Nearer and nearer to it, till at length
Thou findest, like the river, what

thou seekest?

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Daybreak. Street in
front of UPSALL'S house. A light
in the window. Enter JOHN
ENDICOTT.*

John Endicott. O silent, sombre,
and deserted streets,

To me ye're peopled with a sad
procession,

And echo only to the voice of sor-
row!

O houses full of peacefulness and
sleep,

Far better were it to awake no more
Than wake to look upon such scenes
again!

There is a light in Master Upsall's
window.

The good man is already risen, for
sleep

Deserts the couches of the old.

(*Knocks at UPSALL'S door.*)

Upsall (at the window). Who's
there?

John Endicott. Am I so changed
you do not know my voice?

Upsall. I know you. Have you
heard what things have hap-
pened?

John Endicott. I have heard
nothing.

Upsall. Stay; I will come down.

John Endicott. I am afraid some
dreadful news awaits me!

I do not dare to ask, yet am im-
patient

To know the worst. O, I am very
weary

With waiting and with watching
and pursuing!

(*Enter UPSALL.*)

Upsall. Thank God, you have
come back! I've much to tell
you.

Where have you been?

John Endicott. You know that
I was seized,

Fined, and released again. You know that Edith After her scourging in three towns, was banished

Into the wilderness, into the land That is not sown; and there I followed her,

But found her not. Where is she? *Upsall.* She is here.

John Endicott. O, do not speak that word, for it means death!

Upsall. No, it means life. She sleeps in yonder chamber.

Listen to me. When news of Leddra's death

Reached England, Edward Burroughs, having boldly

Got access to the presence of the King,

Told him there was a vein of innocent blood

Opened in his dominions here, which threatened

To overrun them all. The King replied,

'But I will stop that vein!' and he forthwith

Sent his Mandamus to our Magistrates,

That they proceed no further in this business.

So all are pardoned, and all set at large.

John Endicott. Thank God! This is a victory for truth!

Our thoughts are free. They cannot be shut up

In prison walls, nor put to death on scaffolds!

Upsall. Come in; the morning air blows sharp and cold

Through the damp streets.

John Endicott. It is the dawn of day

That chases the old darkness from our sky,

And fills the land with liberty and light. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The parlour of the Three Mariners. Enter KEMPTHORN.*

Kemphthorn. A dull life this,—a dull life anyway!

Ready for sea; the cargo all aboard,

Cleared for Barbadoes, and a fair wind blowing

From nor'-nor'-west; and I, an idle lubber,

Laid neck and heels by that confounded bond!

I said to Ralph, says I, 'What's to be done?'

Says he: 'Just slip your hawser in the night;

Sheer off, and pay it with the top-sail, Simon.'

But that won't do; because, you see, the owners

Somehow or other are mixed up with it.

Here are King Charles's Twelve Good Rules, that Cole

Thinks as important as the Rule of Three. (*Reads.*)

'Make no comparisons; make no long meals.'

Those are good rules and golden for a landlord

To hang in his best parlour, framed and glazed!

'Maintain no ill opinions; urge no healths.'

I drink the King's, whatever he may say,

And, as to ill opinions, that depends. Now of Ralph Goldsmith I've a

good opinion,

And of the bilboes I've an ill opinion;

And both of these opinions I'll maintain

As long as there's a shot left in the locker.

(*Enter EDWARD BUTTER with an ear-trumpet.*)

The New-England Tragedies.

Butter. Good morning, Captain Kempthorn.

Kempthorn. Sir, to you. You've the advantage of me. I don't know you.

What may I call your name?

Butter. That's not your name?

Kempthorn. Yes, that's my name. What's yours?

Butter. My name is Butter. I am the treasurer of the Commonwealth.

Kempthorn. Will you be seated?

Butter. What say? Who's conceited?

Kempthorn. Will you sit down?

Butter. O, thank you.

Kempthorn. Spread yourself upon this chair, sweet Butter.

Butter (*sitting down*). A fine morning.

Kempthorn. Nothing's the matter with it that I know of.

I have seen better, and I have seen worse.

The wind's nor'-west. That's fair for them that sail.

Butter. You need not speak so loud; I understand you.

You sail to-day.

Kempthorn. No, I don't sail to-day.

So, be it fair or foul, it matters not. Say, will you smoke? There's choice tobacco here.

Butter. No, thank you. It's against the law to smoke.

Kempthorn. Then, will you drink? There's good ale at this inn.

Butter. No, thank you. It's against the law to drink.

Kempthorn. Well, almost everything's against the law

In this good town. Give a wide berth to one thing,

You're sure to fetch up soon on something else.

Butter. And so you sail to-day for dear Old England.

I am not one of those who think a sup

Of this New England air is better worth

Than a whole draught of our Old England's ale.

Kempthorn. Nor I. Give me the ale and keep the air.

But, as I said, I do not sail to-day.

Butter. Ah yes; you sail to-day.

Kempthorn. I'm under bonds To take some Quakers back to the Barbadoes;

And one of them is banished, and another

Is sentenced to be hanged.

Butter. No, all are pardoned, All are set free, by order of the Court;

But some of them would fain return to England.

You must not take them. Upon that condition

Your bond is cancelled.

Kempthorn. Ah, the wind has shifted!

I pray you, do you speak officially?

Butter. I always speak officially. To prove it.

Here is the bond.

(*Rising, and giving a paper.*)

Kempthorn. And here's my hand upon it.

And, look you, when I say I'll do a thing

The thing is done. Am I now free to go?

Butter. What say?

Kempthorn. I say, confound the tedious man

With his strange speaking-trumpet!

Can I go?

Butter. You're free to go, by order of the Court.

Your servant, sir. *[Exit.]*

Kemphorn (shouting from the window). Swallow, ahoy! Hallo!

If ever a man was happy to leave Boston,
That man is Simon Kemphorn
of the Swallow!

(*Re-enter BUTTER.*)

Butter. Pray, did you call?

Kemphorn. Call? Yes, I hailed the Swallow.

Butter. That's not my name.

My name is Edward Butter.

You need not speak so loud.

Kemphorn (shaking hands).

Good-bye! Good-bye!

Butter. Your servant, sir.

Kemphorn. And yours a thousand times! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—GOVERNOR ENDICOTT'S *private room.* *An open window.* ENDICOTT *seated in an arm-chair.* BELLINGHAM *standing near.*

Endicott. O lost, O loved! wilt thou return no more?

O loved and lost, and loved the more when lost!

How many men are dragged into their graves

By their rebellious children! I now feel

The agony of a father's breaking heart

In David's cry, 'O Absalom, my son!'

Bellingham. Can you not turn your thoughts a little while

To public matters? There are papers here

That need attention.

Endicott. Trouble me no more!

My business now is with another world.

Ah, Richard Bellingham! I greatly fear

That in my righteous zeal I have been led

To doing many things which left undone

My mind would now be easier. Did I dream it,

Or has some person told me, that John Norton

Is dead?

Bellingham. You have not dreamed it. He is dead,

And gone to his reward. It was no dream.

Endicott. Then it was very sudden; for I saw him

Standing where you now stand not long ago.

Bellingham. By his own fireside, in the afternoon

A faintness and a giddiness came o'er him;

And, leaning on the chimney-piece, he cried,

'The hand of God is on me!' and fell dead.

Endicott. And did not some one say, or have I dreamed it,

That Humphrey Atherton is dead?

Bellingham. Alas!

He is gone, and by a death as sudden,

Returning home one evening, at the place

Where usually the Quakers have been scourged,

His horse took fright, and threw him to the ground,

So that his brains were dashed about the street.

Endicott. I am not superstitious, Bellingham,

And yet I tremble lest it may have been

A judgment on him.

Bellingham. So the people think.

The New-England Tragedies.

They say his horse saw standing in
the way
The ghost of William Leddra, and
was frightened.
And furthermore, brave Richard
Davenport,
The captain of the Castle, in the
storm

Has been struck dead by lightning.

Endicott. Speak
no more,

For as I listen to your voice it seems
As if the Seven Thunders uttered
their voices

And the dead bodies lay about the
streets

Of the disconsolate city! *Belling-*
ham,

I did not put those wretched men
to death.

I did but guard the passage with
the sword

Pointed towards them, and they
rushed upon it!

Yet now I would that I had taken
no part

In all that bloody work.

Bellingham. The guilt of it
Be on their heads, not ours.

Endicott. Are all set free?

Bellingham. All are at large.

Endicott. And none have
been sent back

To England to malign us with the
King?

Bellingham. The ship that brought
them sails this very hour,

But carries no one back.

(A distant cannon.)

Endicott. What is that gun?

Bellingham. Her parting signal.

Through the window there,
Look, you can see her sails, above
the roofs,

Dropping below the Castle, outward
bound.

Endicott. O white, white, white!

Would that my soul had wings
As spotless as those shining sails to
fly with!

Now lay this cushion straight. I
thank you. Hark!

I thought I heard the hall door
open and shut!

I thought I heard the footsteps of
my boy!

Bellingham. It was the wind.

There's no one in the passage.

Endicott. O Absalom, my son!

I feel the world

Sinking beneath me, sinking, sink-
ing, sinking!

Death knocks! I go to meet him!
Welcome, Death!

*(Rises, and sinks back dead; his
head falling aside upon his
shoulder.)*

Bellingham. O ghastly sight!

Like one who has been hanged!

Endicott! *Endicott!* He makes
no answer!

(Raises ENDICOTT'S head.)

He breathes no more! How bright
this signet-ring

Glitters upon his hand, where he
has worn it

Through such long years of trouble,
as if Death

Had given him this memento of
affection,

And whispered in his ear, 'Re-
member me!'

How placid and how quiet is his
face,

Now that the struggle and the strife
are ended!

Only the acrid spirit of the times
Corroded this true steel. O, rest
in peace,

Courageous heart! For ever rest in
peace!

II. GILES COREY OF THE SALEM FARMS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GILES COREY	<i>Farmer.</i>
JOHN HATHORNE	<i>Magistrate.</i>
COTTON MATHER.	<i>Minister of the Gospel.</i>
JONATHAN WALCOT	<i>A youth.</i>
RICHARD GARDNER	<i>Sea-Captain.</i>
JOHN GLOYD	<i>Corey's hired man.</i>
MARTHA	<i>Wife of Giles Corey.</i>
TITUBA	<i>An Indian woman.</i>
MARY WALCOT	<i>One of the Afflicted.</i>

The Scene is in Salem in the year 1692.

PROLOGUE.

DELUSIONS of the days that once
have been,
Witchcraft and wonders of the
world unseen,
Phantoms of air, and necromantic
arts
That crushed the weak and awed
the stoutest hearts,—
These are our theme to-night; and
vaguely here,
Through the dim mists that crowd
the atmosphere,
We draw the outlines of weird
figures cast
In shadow on the background of
the Past.

Who would believe that in the
quiet town
Of Salem, and amid the woods that
crown
The neighbouring hillsides, and
the sunny farms
That fold it safe in their paternal
arms,—
Who would believe that in those
peaceful streets,
Where the great elms shut out the
summer heats,
Where quiet reigns, and breathes
through brain and breast

The benediction of unbroken rest,—
Who would believe such deeds could
find a place
As these whose tragic history we
retrace?

'Twas but a village then: the
goodman ploughed
His ample acres under sun or cloud;
The goodwife at her doorstep sat
and spun,
And gossiped with her neighbours
in the sun;
The only men of dignity and state
Were then the Minister and the
Magistrate,
Who ruled their little realm with
iron rod,
Less in the love than in the fear of
God;
And who believed devoutly in the
Powers
Of Darkness, working in this world
of ours,
In spells of Witchcraft, incantations
dread,
And shrouded apparitions of the
dead.

Upon the simple folk 'with fire
and flame,'
Saith the old Chronicle, 'the Devil
came;

The New-England Tragedies.

Scattering his firebrands and his
poisonous darts,
To set on fire of Hell all tongues and
hearts!
And 'tis no wonder; for, with all his
host,
There most he rages where he
hateth most,
And is most hated; so on us he brings
All these stupendous and portentous
things!

Something of this our scene to-
night will show;

And ye who listen to the Tale of
Woe,
Be not too swift in casting the first
stone,
Nor think New England bears the
guilt alone.
This sudden burst of wickedness
and crime
Was but the common madness of
the time,
When in all lands, that lie within
the sound
Of Sabbath bells, a Witch was
burned or drowned.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The woods near Salem
Village. Enter TITUBA, with a
basket of herbs.*

Tituba. Here's monk's-hood,
that breeds fever in the
blood;
And deadly nightshade, that makes
men see ghosts;
And henbane, that will shake them
with convulsions;
And meadow-saffron and black
hellebore,
That rack the nerves, and puff the
skin with dropsy;
And bitter-sweet, and briony, and
eye-bright,
That cause eruptions, nosebleed,
rheumatisms;
I know them, and the places where
they hide
In field and meadow; and I know
their secrets,
And gather them because they give
me power
Over all men and women. Armed
with these,
I, Tituba, an Indian and a slave,
Am stronger than the captain with
his sword,
Am richer than the merchant with
his money,

Am wiser than the scholar with his
books,
Mightier than Ministers and Magis-
trates,
With all the fear and reverence that
attend them!
For I can fill their bones with aches
and pains,
Can make them cough with asthma,
shake with palsy,
Can make their daughters see and
talk with ghosts;
Or fall into delirium and convulsions.
I have the Evil Eye, the Evil Hand;
A touch from me, and they are
weak with pain;
A look from me, and they consume
and die.
The death of cattle and the blight
of corn,
The shipwreck, the tornado, and
the fire,—
These are my doings, and they know
it not.
Thus I work vengeance on mine
enemies,
Who, while they call me slave, are
slaves to me!

(*Exit TITUBA. Enter MATHER,
booted and spurred, with a
riding-whip in his hand.*)

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Mather. Methinks that I have
come by paths unknown
Into the land and atmosphere of
Witches;

For, meditating as I journeyed on,
Lo! I have lost my way! If I re-
member

Rightly, it is Scribonius the learned
That tells the story of a man who,
praying

For one that was possessed by Evil
Spirits,

Was struck by Evil Spirits in the face;
I, journeying to circumvent the
Witches,

Surely by Witches have been led
astray.

I am persuaded there are few affairs
In which the Devil doth not inter-
fere.

We cannot undertake a journey even,
But Satan will be there to meddle
with it

By hindering or by furthering. He
hath led me

Into this thicket, struck me in the face
With branches of the trees, and so
entangled

The fetlocks of my horse with vines
and brambles,

That I must needs dismount, and
search on foot

For the lost pathway leading to the
village.

(Re-enter TITUBA.)

What shape is this? What mon-
strous apparition,

Exceeding fierce, that none may
pass that way?

Tell me, good woman, if you are a
woman—

Tituba. I am a woman, but I am
not good.

I am a Witch!

Mather. Then tell me, Witch
and woman,

For you must know the pathways
through this wood,

Where lieth Salem Village!

Tituba. Reverend sir,
The village is near by. I'm going
there

With these few herbs. I'll lead you.
Follow me.

Mather. First say, who are you?

I am loath to follow

A stranger in this wilderness, for fear
Of being misled, and left in some
morass.

Who are you?

Tituba. I am Tituba the Witch,
Wife of John Indian.

Mather. You are Tituba?
I know you then. You have re-
nounced the Devil,
And have become a penitent con-
fessor.

The Lord be praised! Go on, I'll
follow you.

Wait only till I fetch my horse, that
stands

Tethered among the trees, not far
from here.

Tituba. Let me get up behind
you, reverend sir.

Mather. The Lord forbid! What
would the people think,

If they should see the Reverend
Cotton Mather

Ride into Salem with a Witch be-
hind him?

The Lord forbid!

Tituba. I do not need a horse;
I can ride through the air upon a
stick;

Above the tree-tops and above the
houses,

And no one see me, no one over-
take me! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A room at JUSTICE
HATHORNE'S. A clock in the
corner. Enter HATHORNE and
MATHER.

Hathorne. You are welcome, reve-
rend sir, thrice welcome here

Beneath my humble roof.

Mather. I thank your Worship.

Hathorne. Pray you be seated.

You must be fatigued

With your long ride through unfrequented woods.

(*They sit down.*)

Mather. You know the purport of my visit here,—

To be advised by you, and counsel with you,

And with the Reverend Clergy of the village,

Touching these witchcrafts that so much afflict you ;

And see with mine own eyes the wonders told

Of spectres and the shadows of the dead,

That come back from their graves to speak with men.

Hathorne. Some men there are, I have known such, who think

That the two worlds—the seen and the unseen,

The world of matter and the world of spirit—

Are like the hemispheres upon our maps,

And touch each other only at a point.

But these two worlds are not divided thus,

Save for the purposes of common speech.

They form one globe, in which the parted seas

All flow together and are intermingled,

While the great continents remain distinct.

Mather. I doubt it not. The spiritual world

Lies all about us, and its avenues are open to the unseen feet of phantoms

That come and go, and we perceive them not

Save by their influence, or when at times

A most mysterious Providence permits them

To manifest themselves to mortal eyes.

Hathorne. You, who are always welcome here among us,

Are doubly welcome now. We need your wisdom,

Your learning in these things, to be our guide.

The Devil hath come down in wrath upon us,

And ravages the land with all his hosts.

Mather. The Unclean Spirit said, 'My name is Legion!'

Multitudes in the Valley of Destruction!

But when our fervent, well-directed prayers,

Which are the great artillery of Heaven,

Are brought into the field, I see them scattered

And driven like Autumn leaves before the wind.

Hathorne. You, as a Minister of God, can meet them

With spiritual weapons ; but, alas ! I, as a Magistrate, must combat them

With weapons from the armoury of the flesh.

Mather. These wonders of the world invisible,—

These spectral shapes that haunt our habitations,—

The multiplied and manifold afflictions

With which the aged and the dying saints

Have their death prefaced and their age imbittered,—

Are but prophetic trumpets that proclaim

The Second Coming of our Lord on earth.

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

The evening wolves will be much
more abroad
When we are near the evening of
the world.

Hathorne. When you shall see,
as I have hourly seen,
The sorceries and the witchcrafts
that torment us,
See children tortured by invisible
spirits,
And wasted and consumed by
powers unseen,
You will confess the half has not
been told you.

Mather. It must be so. The
death-pangs of the Devil
Will make him more a Devil than
before,
And Nebuchadnezzar's furnace will
be heated
Seven times more hot before its
putting out.

Hathorne. Advise me, reverend
sir. I look to you
For counsel and for guidance in
this matter.

What further shall we do?

Mather. Remember this,
That as a sparrow falls not to the
ground

Without the will of God, so not a
Devil

Can come down from the air with-
out his leave.

We must inquire.

Hathorne. Dear sir, we have
inquired;
Sifted the matter thoroughly,
through and through,
And then resifted it.

Mather. If God permits
These Evil Spirits from the unseen
regions

To visit us with surprising infor-
mations,

We must inquire what cause there
is for this,

But not receive the testimony borne

By spectres as conclusive proof of
guilt

In the accused.

Hathorne. Upon such evidence
We do not rest our case. The ways
are many

In which the guilty do betray them-
selves.

Mather. Be careful. Carry the
knife with such exactness,
That on one side no innocent blood
be shed

By too excessive zeal, and, on the
other,

No shelter given to any work of
darkness.

Hathorne. For one, I do not
fear excess of zeal.

What do we gain by parleying with
the Devil?

You reason, but you hesitate to act!
Ah, reverend sir! believe me, in
such cases

The only safety is in acting promptly.
'Tis not the part of wisdom to delay
In things where not to do is still to do
A deed more fatal than the deed
we shrink from.

You are a man of books and medi-
tation,

But I am one who acts.

Mather. God give us wisdom
In the directing of this thorny
business,

And guide us, lest New England
should become

Of an unsavoury and sulphurous
odour

In the opinion of the world abroad!

(*The clock strikes.*)

I never hear the striking of a clock
Without a warning and an ad-
monition

That time is on the wing, and we
must quicken

Our tardy pace in journeying
Heavenward,

As Israel did in journeying
Canaanward!

(*They rise.*)

Hathorne. Then let us make
all haste; and I will show you
In what disguises and what fearful
shapes
The Unclean Spirits haunt this
neighbourhood,
And you will pardon my excess of
zeal.

Mather. Ah, poor New England!
He who hurricanoed
The house of Job is making now on
thee
One last assault, more deadly and
more snarled
With unintelligible circumstances
Than any thou hast hitherto en-
countered! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in WALCOT'S
house. MARY WALCOT seated
in an arm-chair. TITUBA with
a mirror.*

Mary. Tell me another story,
Tituba.
A drowsiness is stealing over me
Which is not sleep; for, though I
close mine eyes,
I am awake, and in another world.
Dim faces of the dead and of the
absent
Come floating up before me,—
floating, fading,
And disappearing.

Tituba. Look into this glass.
What see you?

Mary. Nothing but a golden
vapour,
Yes, something more. An island,
with the sea
Breaking all round it, like a bloom-
ing hedge.
What land is this?

Tituba. It is San Salvador,
Where Tituba was born. What
see you now?

Mary. A man all black and fierce.

Tituba. That is my father.
He was an Obi man, and taught me
magic,
Taught me the use of herbs and
images.

What is he doing?

Mary. Holding in his hand
A waxen figure. He is melting it
Slowly before a fire.

Tituba. And now what see you?

Mary. A woman lying on a bed
of leaves,
Wasted and worn away. Ah, she
is dying!

Tituba. That is the way the Obi
men destroy
The people they dislike! That is
the way

Some one is wasting and consum-
ing you.

Mary. You terrify me, Tituba!
O, save me

From those who make me pine and
waste away!

Who are they? Tell me.

Tituba. That I do not know,
But you will see them. They will
come to you.

Mary. No, do not let them come!
I cannot bear it!

I am too weak to bear it! I am
dying.

(*Falls into a trance.*)

Tituba. Hark! there is some
one coming!

(*Enter HATHORNE, MATHER, and
WALCOT.*)

Walcot. There she lies,
Wasted and worn by devilish in-
cantations!

O my poor sister!

Mather. Is she always thus?

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms

Walcot. Nay, she is sometimes tortured by convulsions.

Mather. Poor child! How thin she is! How wan and wasted!

Hathorne. Observe her. She is troubled in her sleep.

Mather. Some fearful vision haunts her.

Hathorne. You now see With your own eyes, and touch with your own hands, The mysteries of this Witchcraft.

Mather. One would need The hands of Briareus and the eyes of Argus To see and touch them all.

Hathorne. You now have entered The realm of ghosts and phantoms —the vast realm

Of the unknown and the invisible, Through whose wide-open gates there blows a wind

From the dark valley of the shadow of Death,

That freezes us with horror.

Mary (starting). Take her hence! Take her away from me. I see her there!

She's coming to torment me!

Walcot (taking her hand). O my sister!

What frightens you? She neither hears nor sees me.

She's in a trance.

Mary. Do you not see her there?

Tituba. My child, who is it?

Mary. Ah, I do not know. I cannot see her face.

Tituba. How is she clad?

Mary. She wears a crimson bodice. In her hand She holds an image, and is pinching it

Between her fingers. Ah, she tortures me!

I see her face now. It is Goodwife Bishop!

Why does she torture me? I never harmed her!

And now she strikes me with an iron rod!

O, I am beaten!

Mather. This is wonderful! I can see nothing! Is this apparition

Visibly there, and yet we cannot see it?

Hathorne. It is. The spectre is invisible

Unto our grosser senses, but she sees it.

Mary. Look! look! there is another clad in gray!

She holds a spindle in her hand and threatens

To stab me with it! It is Goodwife Corey!

Keep her away! Now she is coming at me!

O mercy! mercy!

Walcot (thrusting with his sword). There is nothing there!

Mather (to Hathorne). Do you see anything?

Hathorne. The laws that govern

The spiritual world prevent our seeing

Things palpable and visible to her. These spectres are to us as if they

were not.

Mark her, she wakes.

(*TITUBA touches her, and she awakes.*)

Mary. Who are these gentlemen?

Walcot. They are our friends.

Dear Mary are you better?

Mary. Weak, very weak.

(*Taking a spindle from her lap, and holding it up.*)

How came this spindle here?

The New-England Tragedies.

Tituba. You wrenched it from
the hand of Goodwife Corey
When she rushed at you.

Hathorne. Mark that,
reverend sir!

Mather. It is most marvellous,
most inexplicable!

Tituba (*picking up a bit of gray
cloth from the floor*). And
here, too is a bit of her gray
dress,

That the sword cut away.

Mather. Beholding this,
It were indeed by far more credu-
lous

To be incredulous than to believe.
None but a Sadducee, who doubts
of all

Pertaining to the spiritual world,
Could doubt such manifest and
damning proofs!

Hathorne. Are you convinced?

Mather (*to Mary*). Dear child,
be comforted!

Only by prayer and fasting can you
drive

These Unclean Spirits from you.
An old man

Gives you his blessing. God be
with you, Mary!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—GILES COREY'S *Farm*.
Morning. Enter COREY with a
horseshoe and a hammer.

Corey. The Lord hath prospered
me. The rising sun
Shines on my Hundred Acres and
my woods
As if he loved them. On a morn
like this
I can forgive mine enemies, and
thank God
For all his goodness unto me and
mine.
My orchard groans with russets
and pearmaines;
My ripening corn shines golden in
the sun;
My barns are crammed with hay,
my cattle thrive;
The birds sing blithely on the trees
around me!
And blither than the birds my
heart within me,
But Satan still goes up and down
the earth;
And to protect this house from his
assaults,
And keep the powers of darkness
from my door,

This horseshoe will I nail upon the
threshold.

(*Nails down the horseshoe.*)

There, ye night-hags and witches
that torment

The neighbourhood, ye shall not
enter here!—

What is the matter in the field?—

John Gloyd!

The cattle are all running to the
woods!—

John Gloyd! Where is the man?

(*Enter JOHN GLOYD.*)

Look here!

What ails the cattle? Are they all
bewitched?

They run like mad.

Gloyd. They have been
overlooked.

Corey. The Evil Eye is on them
sure enough.

Call all the men. Be quick. Go
after them!

(*Exit GLOYD and enter MARTHA.*)

Martha. What is amiss?

Corey. The cattle
are bewitched.

They are broken loose and making
for the woods.

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Martha. Why will you harbour such delusions, Giles?

Bewitched? Well, then it was John Gloyd bewitched them;

I saw him even now take down the bars

And turn them loose! They're only frolicsome.

Corey. The rascal!

Martha. I was standing in the road,

Talking with Goodwife Proctor, and I saw him.

Corey. With Proctor's wife? And what says Goodwife Proctor?

Martha. Sad things indeed; the saddest you can hear

Of Bridget Bishop. She's cried out upon!

Corey. Poor soul! I've known her forty year or more.

She was the widow Wasselby; and then

She married Oliver, and Bishop next.

She's had three husbands. I remember well

My games of shovel-board at Bishop's tavern

In the old merry days, and she so gay With her red paragon bodice and her ribbons!

Ah, Bridget Bishop always was a Witch!

Martha. They'll little help her now,—her caps and ribbons And her red paragon bodice, and her plumes,

With which she flaunted in the Meeting-house!

When next she goes there it will be for trial.

Corey. When will that be?

Martha. This very day at ten.

Corey. Then get you ready. We will go and see it.

Come; you shall ride behind me on the pillion.

Martha. Not I. You know I do not like such things.

I wonder you should. I do not believe

In Witches nor in Witchcraft.

Corey. Well, I do.

There's a strange fascination in it all That draws me on and on. I know not why.

Martha. What do we know of spirits good or ill,

Or of their power to help us or to harm us?

Corey. Surely what's in the Bible must be true.

Did not an Evil Spirit come on Saul?

Did not the Witch of Endor bring the ghost

Of Samuel from his grave? The Bible says so.

Martha. That happened very long ago.

Corey. With God

There is no long ago.

Martha. There is with us.

Corey. And Mary Magdalene had seven devils,

And he who dwelt among the tombs a legion!

Martha. God's power is infinite. I do not doubt it.

If in his providence he once permitted

Such things to be among the Israelites,

It does not follow he permits them now,

And among us who are not Israelites.

But we will not dispute about it, Giles.

Go to the village, if you think it best,

And leave me here; I'll go about my work. [*Exit into the house.*]

Corey. And I will go and saddle the gray mare.

The last word always. That is woman's nature.

If an old man will marry a young wife
He must make up his mind to many things.

It's putting new cloth into an old garment,

When the strain comes, it is the old gives way.

(*Goes to the door.*)

O Martha! I forgot to tell you something.

I've had a letter from a friend of mine,

A certain Richard Gardner of Nantucket,

Master and owner of a whaling-vessel;

He writes that he is coming down to see us.

I hope you'll like him.

Martha. I will do my best.

Corey. That's a good woman.

Now I will be gone.

I've not seen Gardner for this twenty year;

But there is something of the sea about him,—

Something so open, generous, large, and strong,

It makes me love him better than a brother. [*Exit.*]

(*MARTHA comes to the door.*)

Martha. O these old friends and cronies of my husband,

These captains from Nantucket and the Cape,

That come and turn my house into a tavern

With their carousing! Still there's something frank

In these seafaring men that makes me like them.

Why, here's a horseshoe nailed upon the doorstep!

Giles has done this to keep away the Witches.

I hope this Richard Gardner will bring with him

A gale of good sound common-sense, to blow

The fog of these delusions from his brain!

Corey (within). Ho! Martha! Martha!

(*Enter COREY.*)

Have you seen my saddle?

Martha. I saw it yesterday.

Corey. Where did you see it?

Martha. On a gray mare, that somebody was riding

Along the village road.

Corey. Who was it? Tell me.

Martha. Some one who should have stayed at home.

Corey (restraining himself). I see! Don't vex me, Martha. Tell me where it is.

Martha. I've hidden it away.

Corey. Go fetch it me.

Martha. Go find it.

Corey. No, I'll ride down to the village

Bare-back; and when the people stare and say,

'Giles Corey, where's your saddle?'

I will answer,

'A witch has stolen it.' How shall you like that?

Martha. I shall not like it.

Corey. Then go fetch the saddle. [*Exit MARTHA.*]

If an old man will marry a young wife,
Why then—why then—why then—
he must spell Baker¹!

(*Enter MARTHA with the saddle, which she throws down.*)

Martha. There! There's the saddle.

¹ A local expression for doing anything difficult. In the old spelling-books, Baker was the first word of two syllables, and when a child came to it he thought he had a hard task before him.

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Corey. Take it up.

Martha. I won't!

Corey. Then let it lie there. I'll ride to the village,
And say you are a Witch.

Martha. No, not that, Giles.
(*She takes up the saddle.*)

Corey. Now come with me, and saddle the gray mare
With your own hands; and you shall see me ride
Along the village road as is becoming
Giles Corey of the Salem Farms,
your husband! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Green in front of the Meeting-house in Salem Village. People coming and going.*
Enter GILES COREY.

Corey. A melancholy end! Who would have thought
That Bridget Bishop e'er would come to this?

Accused, convicted, and condemned to death
For Witchcraft! And so good a woman too!

A Farmer. Good morrow, neighbour Corey.

Corey (*not hearing him*). Who is safe?

How do I know but under my own roof

I too may harbour Witches, and some Devil

Be plotting and contriving against me?

Farmer. He does not hear.
Good morrow, neighbour Corey!

Corey. Good morrow.

Farmer. Have you seen John Proctor lately?

Corey. No, I have not.

Farmer. Then do not see him, Corey.

Corey. Why should I not?

Farmer. Because he's angry with you.
So keep out of his way. Avoid a quarrel.

Corey. Why does he seek to fix a quarrel on me?

Farmer. He says you burned his house.

Corey. I burn his house?
If he says that, John Proctor is a liar!

The night his house was burned I was in bed,
And I can prove it! Why, we are old friends!

He could not say that of me.

Farmer. He did say it.
I heard him say it.

Corey. Then he shall unsay it.

Farmer. He said you did it out of spite to him
For taking part against you in the quarrel

You had with your John Gloyd about his wages.

He says you murdered Goodell; that you trampled

Upon his body till he breathed no more.

And so beware of him; that's my advice! [*Exit.*]

Corey. By Heaven! this is too much! I'll seek him out,
And make him eat his words, or strangle him.

I'll not be slandered at a time like this

When every word is made an accusation,

When every whisper kills, and every man

Walks with a halter round his neck!

(*Enter GLOYD in haste.*)

What now?

Gloyd. I came to look for you.
The cattle—

Corey. Well,
What of them? Have you found
them?

Gloyd. They are dead.
I followed them through the woods,
across the meadows;
Then they all leaped into the
Ipswich River,
And swam across, but could not
climb the bank,
And so were drowned.

Corey. You are to blame
for this;
For you took down the bars, and
let them loose.

Gloyd. That I deny. They broke
the fences down.

You know they were bewitched.
Corey. Ah, my poor cattle!
The Evil Eye was on them; that
is true.

Day of disaster! Most unlucky day!
Why did I leave my ploughing and
my reaping
To plough and reap this Sodom
and Gomorrah?

O, I could drown myself for sheer
vexation! [Exit.

Gloyd. He's going for his cattle.
He won't find them.

By this time they have drifted out
to sea.

They will not break his fences any
more,

Though they may break his heart.
And what care I? [Exit.

SCENE III.—COREY'S Kitchen. A
table with supper. MARTHA
knitting.

Martha. He's come at last. I
hear him in the passage.
Something has gone amiss with him
to-day;

I know it by his step, and by the
sound

The door made as he shut it. He
is angry.

(Enter COREY with his riding-
whip. As he speaks, he takes off
his hat and gloves, and throws
them down violently.)

Corey. I say if Satan ever entered
man

He's in John Proctor.

Martha. Giles, what is the
matter?

You frighten me.

Corey. I say if any man
Can have a devil in him, then that
man

Is Proctor,—is John Proctor, and
no other!

Martha. Why, what has he been
doing?

Corey. Everything!
What do you think I heard there
in the village?

Martha. I'm sure I cannot guess.
What did you hear?

Corey. He says I burned his
house!

Martha. Does he say that?

Corey. He says I burned his
house. I was in bed

And fast asleep that night and I
can prove it.

Martha. If he says that, I think
the Father of Lies

Is surely in the man.

Corey. He does say that,
And that I did it to wreak vengeance
on him

For taking sides against me in the
quarrel

I had with that John Gloyd about
his wages.

And God knows that I never bore
him malice

For that, as I have told him twenty
times!

Martha. It is John Gloyd has
stirred him up to this.

I do not like that Gloyd. I think
him crafty,

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Not to be trusted, sullen, and untruthful.

Come, have your supper. You are tired and hungry.

Corey. I'm angry, and not hungry.

Martha. Do eat something. You'll be the better for it.

Corey (sitting down). I'm not hungry.

Martha. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

Corey. It has gone down upon it, and will rise

To-morrow, and go down again upon it.

They have trumped up against me the old story

Of causing Goodell's death by trampling on him.

Martha. O, that is false. I know it to be false.

Corey. He has been dead these fourteen years or more.

Why can't they let him rest? Why must they drag him

Out of his grave to give me a bad name?

I did not kill him. In his bed he died,

As most men die, because his hour had come.

I have wronged no man. Why should Proctor say

Such things about me? I will not forgive him

Till he confesses he has slandered me.

Then, I've more trouble. All my cattle gone.

Martha. They will come back again.

Corey. Not in this world. Did I not tell you they were overlooked?

They ran down through the woods, into the meadows,

And tried to swim the river, and were drowned.

It is a heavy loss.

Martha. I'm sorry for it.

Corey. All my dear oxen dead.

I loved them, Martha, Next to yourself. I liked to look at them,

And watch the breath come out of their wide nostrils,

And see their patient eyes. Somehow I thought

It gave me strength only to look at them.

And how they strained their necks against the yoke

If I but spoke, or touched them with the goad!

They were my friends; and when Gloyd came and told me

They were all drowned, I could have drowned myself

From sheer vexation; and I said as much

To Gloyd and others.

Martha. Do not trust John Gloyd

With anything you would not have repeated.

Corey. As I came through the woods this afternoon,

Impatient at my loss, and much perplexed

With all that I had heard there in the village,

The yellow leaves lit up the trees about me,

Like an enchanted palace, and I wished

I knew enough of magic or of Witchcraft

To change them into gold. Then suddenly

A tree shook down some crimson leaves upon me

Like drops of blood, and in the path before me

Stood Tituba the Indian, the old crone.

Martha. Were you not frightened?

The New-England Tragedies.

Corey. No, I do not think I know the meaning of that word.

Why frightened?

I am not one of those who think the Lord

Is waiting till he catches them some day

In the back yard alone! What should I fear?

She started from the bushes by the path,

And had a basket full of herbs and roots

For some witch-broth or other,—the old hag!

Martha. She has been here to-day.

Corey. With hand outstretched She said: 'Giles Corey, will you sign the Book?'

'Avaunt!' I cried: 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'

At which she laughed and left me. But a voice

Was whispering in my ear continually:

'Self-murder is no crime. The life of man

Is his, to keep it or to throw away!'

Martha. 'Twas a temptation of the Evil One!

Giles, Giles! why will you harbour these dark thoughts?

Corey (rising). I am too tired to talk. I'll go to bed.

Martha. First tell me something about Bridget Bishop.

How did she look? You saw her? You were there?

Corey. I'll tell you that to-morrow, not to-night.

I'll go to bed.

Martha. First let us pray together.

Corey. I cannot pray to-night.

Martha. Say the Lord's Prayer, And that will comfort you.

Corey. I cannot say, 'As we forgive those that have sinned against us,'

When I do not forgive them.

Martha (kneeling on the hearth). God forgive you!

Corey. I will not make believe! I say, to-night

There's something thwarts me when I wish to pray,

And thrusts into my mind, instead of prayers,

Hate and revenge, and things that are not prayers.

Something of my old self,—my old, bad life,—

And the old Adam in me, rises up, And will not let me pray. I am

afraid
The Devil hinders me. You know

I say
Just what I think, and nothing more

nor less,
And, when I pray, my heart is in

my prayer.
I cannot say one thing and mean

another.
If I can't pray, I will not make

believe!
(*Exit COREY. MARTHA continues kneeling.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—GILES COREY'S Kitchen.

Morning. COREY and MARTHA sitting at the breakfast-table.

Corey (rising). Well, now I've told you all I saw and heard

Of Bridget Bishop; and I must be gone.

Martha. Don't go into the village, Giles, to-day.

Last night you came back tired and out of humour.

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Corey. Say, angry; say, right angry. I was never in a more devilish temper in my life.

All things went wrong with me.

Martha. You were much vexed; So don't go to the village.

Corey (going). No, I won't, I won't go near it. We are going to mow

The Ipswich meadows for the after-math,

The crop of sedge and rowens.

Martha. Stay a moment. I want to tell you what I dreamed last night.

Do you believe in dreams?

Corey. Why, yes and no. When they come true, then I believe in them;

When they come false, I don't believe in them.

But let me hear. What did you dream about?

Martha. I dreamed that you and I were both in prison;

That we had fetters on our hands and feet;

That we were taken before the Magistrates,

And tried for Witchcraft, and condemned to death!

I wished to pray; they would not let me pray;

You tried to comfort me, and they forbade it.

But the most dreadful thing in all my dream

Was that they made you testify against me!

And then there came a kind of mist between us;

I could not see you; and I woke in terror.

I never was more thankful in my life

Than when I found you sleeping at my side!

Corey (with tenderness). It was our talk last night that made you dream.

I'm sorry for it. I'll control myself Another time, and keep my temper down!

I do not like such dreams.—Remember, Martha,

I'm going to mow the Ipswich River meadows;

If Gardner comes, you'll tell him where to find me. [*Exit.*]

Martha. So this delusion grows from bad to worse.

First, a forsaken and forlorn old woman,

Ragged and wretched, and without a friend;

Then something higher. Now it's Bridget Bishop;

God only knows whose turn it will be next;

The Magistrates are blind, the people mad!

If they would only seize the Afflicted Children,

And put them in the Workhouse, where they should be,

There'd be an end of all this wickedness. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A street in Salem Village. Enter MATHER and HATHORNE.*

Mather. Yet one thing troubles me.

Hathorne. And what is that?

Mather. May not the Devil take the outward shape

Of innocent persons? Are we not in danger,

Perhaps, of punishing some who are not guilty?

Hathorne. As I have said, we do not trust alone

To spectral evidence.

Mather. And then again,

If any shall be put to death for
Witchcraft,
We do but kill the body, not the
soul.

The Unclean Spirits that possessed
them once

Live still, to enter into other bodies.
What have we gained? Surely,
there's nothing gained.

Hathorne. Doth not the Scrip-
ture say, 'Thou shalt not suffer
A Witch to live'?

Mather. The Scripture sayeth it,
But speaketh to the Jews; and we
are Christians.

What say the laws of England?

Hathorne. They make Witchcraft
Felony without the benefit of Clergy.
Witches are burned in England.

You have read—
For you read all things, not a book
escapes you—

The famous Demonology of King
James?

Mather. A curious volume. I
remember also

The plot of the Two Hundred, with
one Fian,

The Registrar of the Devil, at their
head,

To drown his Majesty on his return
From Denmark; how they sailed in
sieves or riddles

Unto North Berwick Kirk in Lo-
thian,

And, landing there, danced hand in
hand, and sang,

'Goodwife, go ye before! goodwife,
go ye!

If ye'll not go before, goodwife, let
me!'

While Geilis Duncan played the
Witches' Reel

Upon a jews-harp.

Hathorne. Then you know
full well

The English law, and that in Eng-
land Witches,

When lawfully convicted and at-
tainted,

Are put to death.

Mather. When lawfully convicted:
That is the point.

Hathorne. You heard the evidence
Produced before us yesterday at the
trial

Of Bridget Bishop.

Mather. One of the Afflicted,
I know, bore witness to the appar-
ition

Of ghosts unto the spectre of this
Bishop,

Saying, 'You murdered us!' of the
truth whereof

There was in matter of fact too
much suspicion.

Hathorne. And when she cast
her eyes on the Afflicted,

They were struck down; and this
in such a manner

There could be no collusion in the
business.

And when the accused but laid her
hand upon them,

As they lay in their swoons, they
straight revived,

Although they stirred not when the
others touched them.

Mather. What most convinced
me of the woman's guilt

Was finding hidden in her cellar wall
Those poppets made of rags, with
headless pins

Stuck into them point outwards,
and whereof

She could not give a reasonable
account.

Hathorne. When you shall read
the testimony given

Before the Court in all the other
cases,

I am persuaded you will find the
proof

No less conclusive than it was in this.
Come, then, with me, and I will
tax your patience

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

With reading of the documents so far
As may convince you that these
sorcerers
Are lawfully convicted and at-
tainted.
Like doubting Thomas, you shall
lay your hand
Upon these wounds, and you will
doubt no more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in COREY'S house. MARTHA and two Deacons of the church.*

Martha. Be seated. I am glad to see you here.

I know what you are come for.
You are come

To question me, and learn from my
own lips

If I have any dealings with the Devil;
In short, if I'm a Witch.

Deacon (sitting down). Such is
our purpose.

How could you know beforehand
why we came?

Martha. 'Twas only a surmise.

Deacon. We came to ask you,
You being with us in church cove-
nant,

What part you have, if any, in these
matters.

Martha. And I make answer, No
part whatsoever.

I am a farmer's wife, a working
woman;

You see my spinning-wheel, you see
my loom,

You know the duties of a farmer's
wife,

And are not ignorant that my life
among you

Has been without reproach until
this day.

Is it not true?

Deacon. So much we're bound
to own;

And say it frankly, and without
reserve.

Martha. I've heard the idle tales
that are abroad;

I've heard it whispered that I am
a Witch;

I cannot help it. I do not believe
In any Witchcraft. It is a delusion.

Deacon. How can you say that it
is a delusion,

When all our learned and good
men believe it?—

Our Ministers and worshipful
Magistrates?

Martha. Their eyes are blinded,
and see not the truth.

Perhaps one day they will be open
to it.

Deacon. You answer boldly. The
Afflicted Children

Say you appeared to them.

Martha. And did they say
What clothes I came in?

Deacon. No, they could
not tell.

They said that you foresaw our
visit here,

And blinded them, so that they
could not see

The clothes you wore.

Martha. The cunning,
crafty girls!

I say to you, in all sincerity,

I never have appeared to any one
In my own person. If the Devil

takes

My shape to hurt these children, or
afflict them,

I am not guilty of it. And I say
It's all a mere delusion of the senses.

Deacon. I greatly fear that you
will find too late

It is not so.

Martha (rising). They do accuse
me falsely.

It is delusion, or it is deceit.

There is a story in the ancient
Scriptures

<p>Which much I wonder comes not to your minds. Let me repeat it to you. <i>Deacon.</i> We will hear it. <i>Martha.</i> It came to pass that Naboth had a vineyard Hard by the palace of the King called Ahab. And Ahab, King of Israel, spake to Naboth, And said to him, Give unto me thy vineyard, That I may have it for a garden of herbs, And I will give a better vineyard for it, Or, if it seemeth good to thee, its worth In money. And then Naboth said to Ahab, The Lord forbid it me that I should give The inheritance of my fathers unto thee. And Ahab came into his house displeased And heavy at the words which Naboth spake, And laid him down upon his bed, and turned His face away; and he would eat no bread. And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, came And said to him, Why is thy spirit sad? And he said unto her, Because I spake To Naboth, to the Jezreelite, and said, Give me thy vineyard; and he answered, saying, I will not give my vineyard unto thee. And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, said, Dost thou not rule the realm of Israel? Arise, eat bread, and let thy heart be merry;</p>	<p>I will give Naboth's vineyard unto thee. So she wrote letters in King Ahab's name, And sealed them with his seal, and sent the letters Unto the elders that were in his city Dwelling with Naboth, and unto the nobles; And in the letters wrote, Proclaim a fast; And set this Naboth high among the people, And set two men, the sons of Belial, Before him, to bear witness and to say, Thou didst blaspheme against God and the King; And carry him out and stone him, that he die! And the elders and the nobles of the city Did even as Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, Had sent to them and written in the letters. And then it came to pass, when Ahab heard Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose to go Down unto Naboth's vineyard, and to take Possession of it. And the word of God Came to Elijah, saying to him, Arise, Go down to meet the King of Israel In Naboth's vineyard, whither he hath gone To take possession. Thou shalt speak to him, Saying, Thus saith the Lord! What! hast thou killed And also taken possession? In the place Wherein the dogs have licked the blood of Naboth</p>
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Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Shall the dogs lick thy blood,—ay,
even thine!

*(Both of the Deacons start from
their seats.)*

And Ahab then, the King of Israel,
Said, Hast thou found me, O mine
enemy?

Elijah the Prophet answered, I
have found thee!

So will it be with those who have
stirred up

The sons of Belial here to bear
false witness

And swear away the lives of inno-
cent people;

Their enemy will find them out at
last,

The Prophet's voice will thunder, I
have found thee! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*Meadows on Ipswich
River. COREY and his men
mowing; COREY in advance.*

Corey. Well done, my men. You
see, I lead the field!

I'm an old man, but I can swing a
scythe

Better than most of you, though
you be younger.

(Hangs his scythe upon a tree.)

Gloyd (aside to the others). How
strong he is! It's supernatural.
No man so old as he is has such
strength.

The Devil helps him!

Corey (wiping his forehead).
Now we'll rest awhile,

And take our nooning. What's the
matter with you?

You are not angry with me,—are
you, Gloyd?

Come, come, we will not quarrel.
Let's be friends.

It's an old story, that the Raven
said,

'Read the Third of Colossians and
fifteenth.'

Gloyd. You're handier at the
scythe, but I can beat you

At wrestling.

Corey. Well, perhaps so. I
don't know,

I never wrestled with you. Why,
you're vexed!

Come, come, don't bear a grudge.
Gloyd. You are afraid.

Corey. What should I be afraid
of? All bear witness

The challenge comes from him.
Now, then, my man.

*(They wrestle, and GLOYD is
thrown.)*

One of the Men. That's a fair
fall.

Another. 'Twas nothing but a
foil!

Others. You've hurt him!

Corey (helping GLOYD rise). No;
this meadow-land is soft.

You're not hurt,—are you, Gloyd?
Gloyd (rising). No, not

much hurt!

Corey. Well, then, shake hands;
and there's an end of it.

How do you like that Cornish hug,
my lad?

And now we'll see what's in our
basket here.

Gloyd (aside). The Devil and all
his imps are in that man!

The clutch of his ten fingers burns
like fire!

*Corey (reverentially taking off
his hat).* God bless the food
he hath provided for us,
And make us thankful for it, for
Christ's sake!

*(He lifts up a keg of cider, and
drinks from it.)*

Gloyd. Do you see that? Don't
tell me it's not Witchcraft.

Two of us could not lift that cask
as he does !

(COREY puts down the keg, and
opens a basket. A voice is heard
calling.)

Voice. Ho ! Corey, Corey !

Corey. What is that ? I surely
Heard some one calling me by
name !

Voice. Giles Corey !

(Enter a boy, running and out of
breath.)

Boy. Is Master Corey here ?

Corey. Yes, here I am.

Boy. O Master Corey !

Corey. Well ?

Boy. Your wife—your wife—

Corey. What's happened to my
wife ?

Boy. She's sent to prison !

Corey. The dream ! the dream !

O God, be merciful !

Boy. She sent me here to tell you.

Corey (putting on his jacket).

Where's my horse ?

Don't stand there staring, fellows.

Where's my horse ?

[Exit COREY.]

Gloyd. Under the trees there.

Run, old man, run, run !

You've got some one to wrestle
with you now

Who'll trip your heels up, with your
Cornish hug.

If there's a Devil, he has got you
now.

Ah, there he goes ! His horse is
snorting fire !

One of the Men. John Gloyd,
don't talk so ! It's a shame to
talk so !

He's a good master, though you
quarrel with him.

Gloyd. If hard work and low
wages make good masters,
Then he is one. But I think other-
wise.

Come, let us have our dinner and
be merry,

And talk about the old man and
the Witches.

I know some stories that will make
you laugh.

(They sit down on the grass and eat.)

Now there are Goody Cloyse and
Goody Good,

Who have not got a decent tooth
between them,

And yet these children—the Af-
flicted Children—

Say that they bite them, and show
marks of teeth

Upon their arms !

One of the Men. That makes the
wonder greater.

That's Witchcraft. Why, if they
had teeth like yours,

'Twould be no wonder if the girls
were bitten !

Gloyd. And then those ghosts
that come out of their graves

And cry, 'You murdered us ! you
murdered us !'

One of the Men. And all those
Apparitions that stick pins

Into the flesh of the Afflicted Chil-
dren !

Gloyd. O those Afflicted Chil-
dren ! they know well

Where the pins come from. I can
tell you that.

And there's old Corey, he has got
a horseshoe

Nailed on his doorstep to keep off
the Witches,

And all the same his wife has gone
to prison.

One of the Men. O, she's no
Witch. I'll swear that Good-
wife Corey

Never did harm to any living crea-
ture.

She's a good woman, if there ever
was one.

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Gloyd. Well, we shall see. As for that Bridget Bishop, She has been tried before; some years ago
A negro testified he saw her shape
Sitting upon the rafters in a barn,
And holding in its hand an egg; and while
He went to fetch his pitchfork, she had vanished.
And now be quiet, will you? I am tired,
And want to sleep here on the grass a little.
(*They stretch themselves on the grass.*)

One of the Men. There may be Witches riding through the air
Over our heads on broomsticks at this moment,
Bound for some Satan's Sabbath in the woods
To be baptized.
Gloyd. I wish they'd take you with them,
And hold you under water, head and ears,
Till you were drowned; and that would stop your talking,
If nothing else will. Let me sleep, I say.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Green in front of the village Meeting-house. An excited crowd gathering. Enter JOHN GLOYD.*

A Farmer. Who will be tried to-day?

A Second. I do not know.
Here is John Gloyd. Ask him; he knows.

Farmer. John Gloyd,
Whose turn is it to-day?

Gloyd. It's Goodwife Corey's.

Farmer. Giles Corey's wife?

Gloyd. The same.

She is not mine.

It will go hard with her with all her praying.

The hypocrite! She's always on her knees;

But she prays to the Devil when she prays.

Let us go in.

(*A trumpet blows.*)

Farmer. Here come the Magistrates.

Second Farmer. Who's the tall man in front?

Gloyd. O, that is Hathorne, A Justice of the Court, and Quarter-master
In the Three County Troop. He'll sift the matter.
That's Corwin with him; and the man in black
Is Cotton Mather, Minister of Boston.

(*Enter HATHORNE and other Magistrates on horseback, followed by the Sheriff, constables, and attendants on foot. The Magistrates dismount, and enter the Meeting-house, with the rest.*)

Farmer. The Meeting-house is full. I never saw
So great a crowd before.

Gloyd. No matter. Come.
We shall find room enough by elbowing

Our way among them. Put your shoulder to it.

Farmer. There were not half so many at the trial
Of Goodwife Bishop.

The New-England Tragedies.

Gloyd. Keep close after me,
I'll find a place for you. They'll
want me there.
I am a friend of Corey's, as you
know,
And he can't do without me just at
present. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Meeting-house. MATHER and the Magistrates seated in front of the pulpit. Before them a raised platform. MARTHA in chains. COREY near her. MARY WALCOT in a chair. A crowd of spectators, among them GLOYD. Confusion and murmurs during the scene.*

Hathorne. Call Martha Corey.

Martha. I am here.

Hathorne. Come forward.

(*She ascends the platform.*)

The Jurors of our Sovereign Lord
and Lady
The King and Queen, here present,
do accuse you
Of having on the tenth of June last
past,
And divers other times before and
after,
Wickedly used and practised cer-
tain arts
Called Witchcrafts, Sorceries, and
Incantations,
Against one Mary Walcot, single
woman,
Of Salem Village; by which wicked
arts
The aforesaid Mary Walcot was
tormented,
Tortured, afflicted, pined, con-
sumed, and wasted,
Against the peace of our Sovereign
Lord and Lady
The King and Queen, as well as of
the Statute
Made and provided in that case.
What say you?

Martha. Before I answer give
me leave to pray.

Hathorne. We have not sent for
you, nor are we here,
To hear you pray, but to examine you
In whatsoever is alleged against you.
Why do you hurt this person?

Martha. I do not.
I am not guilty of the charge against
me.

Mary. Avoid, she-devil! You
torment me now!
Avoid, avoid, Witch?

Martha. I am innocent.
I never had to do with any witch-
craft

Since I was born. I am a gospel
woman.

Mary. You are a Gospel Witch!

Martha (*clasping her hands*).
Ah me! ah me! O, give me

leave to pray!

Mary (*stretching out her hands*).
She hurts me now.

See, she has pinched my hands!

Hathorne. Who
made these marks

Upon her hands?

Martha. I do not know. I stand
Apart from her. I did not touch
her hands.

Hathorne. Who hurt her then?

Martha. I know not.

Hathorne. Do you think
She is bewitched?

Martha. Indeed I do not think so.
I am no Witch, and have no faith
in Witches.

Hathorne. Then answer me:
When certain persons came
To see you yesterday, how did you
know

Beforehand why they came?

Martha. I had had speech,
The children said I hurt them, and
I thought

These people came to question me
about it.

Biles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Hathorne. How did you know
the children had been told
To note the clothes you wore?

Martha. My husband told me
What others said about it.

Hathorne. Goodman Corey,
Say, did you tell her?

Corey. I must speak the truth;
I did not tell her. It was some one
else.

Hathorne. Did you not say your
husband told you so?
How dare you tell a lie in this as-
sembly?

Who told you of the clothes? Con-
fess the truth.

(*MARTHA bites her lips, and is
silent.*)

You bite your lips, but do not an-
swer me!

Mary. Ah, she is biting me!
Avoid, avoid!

Hathorne. You said your hus-
band told you.

Martha. Yes, he told me
The children said I troubled them.

Hathorne. Then tell me,
Why do you trouble them?

Martha. I have denied it.

Mary. She threatened me; stab-
bed at me with her spindle;
And, when my brother thrust her
with his sword,
He tore her gown, and cut a piece
away.

Here are they both, the spindle and
the cloth.

(*Shows them.*)

Hathorne. And there are persons
here who know the truth
Of what has now been said. What
answer make you?

Martha. I make no answer.
Give me leave to pray.

Hathorne. Whom would you
pray to?

Martha. To my God and Father.

Hathorne. Who is your God and
Father?

Martha. The Almighty!

Hathorne. Doth he you pray to
say that he is God?

It is the Prince of Darkness, and
not God.

Mary. There is a dark shape
whispering in her ear.

Hathorne. What does he say to
you?

Martha. I see no shape.

Hathorne. Did you not hear it
whisper?

Martha. I heard nothing.

Mary. What torture! Ah, what
agony I suffer!

(*Falls into a swoon.*)

Hathorne. You see this woman
cannot stand before you.

If you would look for mercy, you
must look

In God's way, by confession of your
guilt.

Why does your spectre haunt and
hurt this person?

Martha. I do not know. He
who appeared of old

In Samuel's shape, a saint and
glorified,

May come in whatsoever shape he
chooses.

I cannot help it. I am sick at
heart!

Corey. O Martha, Martha; let
me hold your hand.

Hathorne. No; stand aside, old
man.

Mary (starting up). Look there!
Look there!

I see a little bird, a yellow bird,
Perched on her finger; and it pecks
at me.

Ah, it will tear mine eyes out!

Martha. I see nothing.

Hathorne. 'Tis the Familiar
Spirit that attends her.

Mary. Now it has flown away.
It sits up there
Upon the rafters. It is gone; is
vanished.
Martha. Giles, wipe these tears
of anger from mine eyes.
Wipe the sweat from my forehead.
I am faint.
(*She leans against the railing.*)
Mary. O, she is crushing me
with all her weight!
Hathorne. Did you not carry
once the Devil's Book
To this young woman?
Martha. Never.
Hathorne. Have you signed it,
Or touched it?
Martha. No; I never saw it.
Hathorne. Did you not scourge
her with an iron rod?
Martha. No, I did not. If any
Evil Spirit
Has taken my shape to do these
evil deeds,
I cannot help it. I am innocent.
Hathorne. Did you not say the
Magistrates were blind?
That you would open their eyes?
Martha (*with a scornful laugh*).
Yes, I said that;
If you call me a sorceress, you are
blind!
If you accuse the innocent, you are
blind!
Can the innocent be guilty?
Hathorne. Did you not
On one occasion hide your hus-
band's saddle
To hinder him from coming to the
Sessions?
Martha. I thought it was a folly
in a farmer
To waste his time pursuing such
illusions.
Hathorne. What was the bird
that this young woman saw
Just now upon your hand?
Martha. I know no bird.

Hathorne. Have you not dealt
with a Familiar Spirit?
Martha. No, never, never!
Hathorne. What then
was the Book
You showed to this young woman,
and besought her
To write in it?
Martha. Where should I have
a book?
I showed her none, nor have none.
Mary. The next Sabbath
Is the Communion-day, but Martha
Corey
Will not be there!
Martha. Ah, you are all
against me.
What can I do or say?
Hathorne. You can confess.
Martha. No, I cannot, for I am
innocent.
Hathorne. We have the proof of
many witnesses
That you are guilty.
Martha. Give me leave to speak.
Will you condemn me on such evi-
dence,—
You who have known me for so
many years?
Will you condemn me in this house
of God,
Where I so long have worshipped
with you all?
Where I have eaten the bread and
drunk the wine
So many times at our Lord's Table
with you?
Bear witness, you that hear me;
you all know
That I have led a blameless life
among you,
That never any whisper of suspicion
Was breathed against me till this
accusation.
And shall this count for nothing?
Will you take
My life away from me, because this
girl,

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Who is distraught, and not in her right mind,
Accuses me of things I blush to name?

Hathorne. What! is it not enough? Would you hear more?

Giles Corey!

Corey. I am here.

Hathorne. Come forward, then.

(COREY ascends the platform.)

Is it not true, that on a certain night
You were impeded strangely in your prayers?

That something hindered you? and that you left

This woman here, your wife, kneeling alone

Upon the hearth?

Corey. Yes; I cannot deny it.

Hathorne. Did you not say the Devil hindered you?

Corey. I think I said some words to that effect.

Hathorne. Is it not true, that fourteen head of cattle,

To you belonging, broke from their enclosure

And leaped into the river, and were drowned?

Corey. It is most true.

Hathorne. And did you not then say

That they were overlooked?

Corey. So much I said.

I see; they're drawing round me closer, closer,

A net I cannot break, cannot escape from! (*Aside.*)

Hathorne. Who did these things?

Corey. I do not know who did them.

Hathorne. Then I will tell you.

It is some one near you:

You see her now; this woman, your own wife.

Corey. I call the heavens to witness, it is false!

She never harmed me, never hindered me

In anything but what I should not do.

And I bear witness in the sight of heaven,

And in God's house here, that I never knew her

As otherwise than patient, brave, and true,

Faithful, forgiving, full of charity, A virtuous and industrious and good wife!

Hathorne. Tut, tut, man; do not rant so in your speech;

You are a witness, not an advocate! Here, Sheriff, take this woman back

to prison.

Martha. O Giles, this day you've sworn away my life!

Mary. Go, go and join the Witches at the door.

Do you not hear the drum? Do you not see them?

Go quick. They're waiting for you. You are late.

(Exit MARTHA; COREY following.)

Corey. The dream! the dream! the dream!

Hathorne. What does he say? Giles Corey, go not hence. You are yourself

Accused of Witchcraft and of Sorcery

By many witnesses. Say, are you guilty?

Corey. I know my death is fore-ordained by you,—

Mine and my wife's. Therefore I will not answer.

(During the rest of the scene he remains silent.)

Hathorne. Do you refuse to plead?—'twere better for you To make confession, or to plead Not Guilty.—

The New-England Tragedies.

Do you not hear me?—Answer, are you guilty?

Do you not know a heavier doom awaits you,

If you refuse to plead, than if found guilty?

Where is John Gloyd?

Gloyd (coming forward). Here am I.

Hathorne. Tell the Court;

Have you not seen the supernatural power

Of this old man? Have you not seen him do

Strange feats of strength?

Gloyd. I've seen him lead the field,

On a hot day, in mowing, and against

Us younger men; and I have wrestled with him.

He threw me like a feather. I have seen him

Lift up a barrel with his single hands, Which two strong men could

hardly lift together,

And, holding it above his head, drink from it.

Hathorne. That is enough; we need not question further.

What answer do you make to this, Giles Corey?

Mary. See there! See there!

Hathorne. What is it?

I see nothing.

Mary. Look! look! It is the ghost of Robert Goodell,

Whom fifteen years ago this man did murder

By stamping on his body! In his shroud

He comes here to bear witness to the crime!

(The crowd shrinks back from COREY in horror.)

Hathorne. Ghosts of the dead and voices of the living

Bear witness to your guilt, and you must die!

It might have been an easier death. Your doom

Will be on your own head, and not on ours.

Twice more will you be questioned of these things;

Twice more have room to plead or to confess.

If you are contumacious to the Court,

And if, when questioned, you refuse to answer,

Then by the Statute you will be condemned

To the *peine forte et dure*! To have your body

Pressed by great weights until you shall be dead!

And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!

ACT V.

SCENE I.—COREY'S Farm, as in Act II, Scene I. Enter RICHARD GARDNER, looking round him.

Gardner. Here stands the house as I remember it,

The four tall poplar-trees before the door;

The house, the barn, the orchard, and the well,

With its moss-covered bucket and its trough;

The garden, with its hedge of currant-bushes;

The woods, the harvest-fields; and, far beyond,

The pleasant landscape stretching to the sea.

But everything is silent and deserted!

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

No bleat of flocks, no bellowing of herds,
No sound of flails, that should be beating now;
Nor man nor beast astir. What can this mean?

(Knocks at the door.)

What ho! Giles Corey! Hillo-ho! Giles Corey!—

No answer but the echo from the barn,

And the ill-omened cawing of the crow,

That yonder wings his flight across the fields,

As if he scented carrion in the air.

(Enter TITUBA with a basket.)

What woman's this, that, like an apparition,

Haunts this deserted homestead in broad day?

Woman, who are you?

Tituba. I am Tituba.
I am John Indian's wife. I am a Witch.

Gardner. What are you doing here?

Tituba. I'm gathering herbs,—
Cinquefoil, and saxifrage, and pennyroyal.

Gardner (looking at the herbs).
This is not cinquefoil, it is deadly nightshade!

This is not saxifrage, but hellebore!

This is not pennyroyal, it is henbane!

Do you come here to poison these good people?

Tituba. I get these for the Doctor in the village.

Beware of Tituba. I pinch the children;

Make little poppets and stick pins in them,

And then the children cry out they are pricked.

The Black Dog came to me, and said, 'Serve me!'

I was afraid. He made me hurt the children.

Gardner. Poor soul! She's crazed, with all these Devil's doings.

Tituba. Will you, sir, sign the Book?

Gardner. No, I'll not sign it. Where's Giles Corey? Do you know Giles Corey?

Tituba. He's safe enough. He's down there in the prison.

Gardner. Corey in prison? What is he accused of?

Tituba. Giles Corey and Martha Corey are in prison
Down there in Salem Village. Both are Witches.

She came to me and whispered, 'Kill the children!'

Both signed the Book!

Gardner. Begone, you imp of darkness!

You Devil's dam!

Tituba. Beware of Tituba!
[Exit.]

Gardner. How often out at sea on stormy nights,

When the waves thundered round me, and the wind

Bellowed, and beat the canvas, and my ship

Clove through the solid darkness, like a wedge,

I've thought of him upon his pleasant farm,

Living in quiet with his thrifty housewife,

And envied him, and wished his fate were mine!

And now I find him shipwrecked utterly

Drifting upon this sea of sorceries,

And lost, perhaps, beyond all aid of man!

SCENE II.—*The Prison.* GILES
COREY *at a table, on which are
some papers.*

Corey. Now I have done with
earth and all its cares ;
I give my worldly goods to my dear
children ;
My body I bequeath to my tor-
mentors,
And my immortal soul to Him who
made it.
O God ! who in thy wisdom dost
afflict me
With an affliction greater than most
men
Have ever yet endured or shall en-
dure,
Suffer me not in this last bitter hour
For any pains of death to fall from
thee !

(MARTHA *is heard singing.*)

Arise, O righteous Lord !
And disappoint my foes ;
They are but thine avenging sword,
Whose wounds are swift to close.

Corey. Hark, hark ! it is her
voice ! She is not dead !
She lives ! I am not utterly for-
saken !

(MARTHA, *singing.*)

By thine abounding grace
And mercies multiplied,
I shall awake, and see thy face ;
I shall be satisfied.

(COREY *hides his face in his hands.*
Enter the JAILER, followed by
RICHARD GARDNER.)

Jailer. Here's a seafaring man,
one Richard Gardner,
A friend of yours, who asks to
speak with you.

(COREY *rises. They embrace.*)

Corey. I'm glad to see you ; ay,
right glad to see you.

Gardner. And I most sorely
grieved to see you thus.

Corey. Of all the friends I had in
happier days,
You are the first, ay, and the only
one

That comes to seek me out in my
disgrace !

And you but come in time to say
farewell.

They've dug my grave already in
the field.

I thank you. There is something
in your presence,

I know not what it is, that gives me
strength.

Perhaps it is the bearing of the
man

Familiar with all dangers of the
deep,

Familiar with the cries of drowning
men,

With fire, and wreck, and foundering
ships at sea !

Gardner. Ah, I have never known
a wreck like yours !

Would I could save you !

Corey. Do not speak of that.
It is too late. I am resolved to
die.

Gardner. Why would you die who
have so much to live for ?—

Your daughters, and—

Corey. You cannot say the word.
My daughters have gone from me.
They are married ;

They have their homes, their
thoughts, apart from me ;

I will not say their hearts,—that
were too cruel.

What would you have me do ?

Gardner. Confess and live.

Corey. That's what they said who
came here yesterday
To lay a heavy weight upon my
conscience

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.

Bytelling me that I was driven forth
As an unworthy member of their
church.

Gardner. It is an awful death.

Corey. 'Tis but to drown,
And have the weight of all the seas
upon you.

Gardner. Say something; say
enough to fend off death
Till this tornado of fanaticism
Blows itself out. Let me come in
between you

And your severer self, with my plain
sense;

Do not be obstinate.

Corey. I will not plead.
If I deny, I am condemned already,
In courts where ghosts appear as
witnesses,

And swear men's lives away. If I
confess,

Then I confess a lie, to buy a life
Which is not life, but only death in
life.

I will not bear false witness against
any,

Not even against myself, whom I
count least.

Gardner (aside). Ah, what a
noble character is this!

Corey. I pray you, do not urge me
to do that

You would not do yourself. I have
already

The bitter taste of death upon my
lips;

I feel the pressure of the heavy
weight

That will crush out my life within
this hour;

But if a word could save me, and
that word

Were not the Truth; nay, if it did
but swerve

A hair's-breadth from the Truth, I
would not say it!

Gardner (aside). How mean I
seem beside a man like this!

Corey. As for my wife, my Martha
and my Martyr,—

Whose virtues, like the stars, un-
seen by day,

Though numberless, do but await
the dark

To manifest themselves unto all
eyes,—

She who first won me from my evil
ways,

And taught me how to live by her
example,

By her example teaches me to die,
And leads me onward to the better
life!

Sheriff (without). Giles Corey!
Come! The hour has struck!

Corey. I come!

Here is my body; ye may torture
it,

But the immortal soul ye cannot
crush! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A Street in the
Village.* Enter GLOYD and
others.

Gloyd. Quick, or we shall be
late!

A Man. That's not the way.
Come here; come up this lane.

Gloyd. I wonder now
If the old man will die, and will not
speak?

He's obstinate enough and tough
enough

For anything on earth.

(*A bell tolls.*)

Hark! What is that?

A Man. The passing bell. He's
dead!

Gloyd. We are too late.

[Exeunt in haste.]

The New-England Tragedies.

SCENE IV.—*A field near the graveyard. GILES COREY lying dead, with a great stone on his breast. The Sheriff at his head, RICHARD GARDNER at his feet. A crowd behind. The bell tolling. Enter HATHORNE and MATHER.*

Hathorne. This is the Potter's Field. Behold the fate
Of those who deal in Witchcrafts,
and, when questioned,
Refuse to plead their guilt or innocence,
And stubbornly drag death upon
themselves.

Mather. O sight most horrible!
In a land like this,

Spangled with Churches Evangelical,
Inwrapped in our salvations, must
we seek
In mouldering statute-books of
English Courts
Some old forgotten law, to do such
deeds?
Those who lie buried in the Potter's
Field
Will rise again, as surely as our-
selves
That sleep in honoured graves with
epitaphs;
And this poor man, whom we have
made a victim,
Hereafter will be counted as a
martyr!

St. John.

SAINT JOHN *wandering over the face of the earth.*

St. John. The Ages come and go,
The Centuries pass as Years ;
My hair is white as the snow,
My feet are weary and slow,
The earth is wet with my tears !
The kingdoms crumble, and fall
Apart, like a ruined wall,
Or a bank that is undermined
By a river's ceaseless flow,
And leave no trace behind !
The world itself is old ;
The portals of Time unfold
On hinges of iron, that grate
And groan with the rust and the
weight,
Like the hinges of a gate
That hath fallen to decay ;
But the evil doth not cease ;
There is war instead of peace,
Instead of love there is hate ;
And still I must wander and wait,
Still I must watch and pray,
Not forgetting in whose sight,
A thousand years in their flight
Are as a single day.

The life of man is a gleam
Of light, that comes and goes
Like the course of the Holy Stream,
The cityless river, that flows
From fountains no one knows,
Through the Lake of Galilee,
Through forests and level lands,
Over rocks, and shallows, and sands
Of a wilderness wild and vast,
Till it findeth its rest at last
In the desolate Dead Sea !
But alas ! alas for me,
Not yet this rest shall be !

What, then ! doth Charity fail ?
Is Faith of no avail ?
Is Hope blown out like a light
By a gust of wind in the night ?

The clashing of creeds, and the strife
Of the many beliefs, that in vain
Perplex man's heart and brain,
Are nought but the rustle of leaves,
When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the Tree of Life,
And they subside again !
And I remember still

The words, and from whom they
came,

Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will !

And Him evermore I behold
Walking in Galilee,
Through the cornfield's waving
gold,

In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.
He toucheth the sightless eyes ;
Before him the demons flee ;
To the dead he sayeth : Arise !
To the living : Follow me !
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be !
From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men ;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen ;
Bewildered in its search,
Bewildered with the cry :
Lo, here ! lo, there, the Church !
Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the Great Master taught,
And that remaineth still :
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will !

The Divine Tragedy.

INTROITUS.

*The ANGEL bearing the PROPHET
HABAKKUK through the air.*

Prophet. Why dost thou bear me
aloft,

O Angel of God, on thy pinions
O'er realms and dominions?

Softly I float as a cloud
In air, for thy right hand upholds
me,

Thy garment enfolds me!

Angel. Lo! as I passed on my
way

In the harvest-field I beheld thee
When no man compelled thee,
Bearing with thine own hands
This food to the famishing reapers;
A flock without keepers!
The fragrant sheaves of the wheat
Made the air above them sweet;
Sweeter and more divine
Was the scent of the scattered grain,
That the reaper's hand let fall
To be gathered again
By the hand of the gleaner!
Sweetest, divinest of all,
Was the humble deed of thine,
And the meekness of thy demeanour!

Prophet. Angel of Light,
I cannot gainsay thee,
I can but obey thee!

Angel. Beautiful was it in the
Lord's sight,
To behold his Prophet
Feeding those that toil,
The tillers of the soil.
But why should the reapers eat of it

And not the Prophet of Zion
In the den of the lion?

The Prophet should feed the
Prophet!

Therefore I thee have uplifted,
And bear thee aloft by the hair
Of thy head, like a cloud that is
drifted

Through the vast unknown of the
air!

Five days hath the Prophet been
lying

In Babylon, in the den
Of the lions, death-defying,
Defying hunger and thirst;
But the worst

Is the mockery of men!
Alas! how full of fear
Is the fate of Prophet and Seer!
For evermore, for evermore,
It shall be as it hath been here-
tofore;

The age in which they live
Will not forgive
The splendour of the everlasting
light,

That makes their foreheads bright,
Nor the sublime
Forerunning of their time!

Prophet. O tell me, for thou
knowest,

Wherefore, and by what grace,
Have I, who am least and lowest,
Been chosen to this place,
To this exalted part?

Angel. Because thou art
The Struggler; and from thy youth
Thy humble and patient life

Hath been a strife
And battle for the Truth ;
Nor hast thou paused nor halted,
Nor ever in thy pride
Turned from the poor aside,
But with deed and word and pen
Hast served thy fellow-men ;
Therefore art thou exalted !

Prophet. By thine arrow's light
Thou goest onward through the
night,

And by the clear
Sheen of thy glittering spear !
When will our journey end ?

Angel. Lo, it is ended !

Yon silver gleam
Is the Euphrates stream.

Let us descend
Into the city splendid,
Into the City of Gold !

Prophet. Behold !
As if the stars had fallen from their
places

Into the firmament below,
The streets, the gardens, and the
vacant spaces

With light are all aglow ;
And hark !

As we draw near,
What sound is it I hear
Ascending through the dark ?

Angel. The tumultuous noise of
the nations,

Their rejoicings and lamentations,
The pleadings of their prayer,
The groans of their despair,
The cry of their imprecations,
Their wrath, their love, their hate.

Prophet. Surely the world doth
wait

The coming of its Redeemer !

Angel. Awake from thy sleep,
O dreamer !

The hour is near, though late ;
Awake ! write the vision sublime,
The vision, that is for a time,
Though it tarry, wait ; it is nigh ;
In the end it will speak and not lie.

THE FIRST PASSOVER.

I.

VOX CLAMANTIS.

John the Baptist. Repent ! re-
pent ! repent !
For the kingdom of God is at hand,
And all the land
Full of the knowledge of the Lord
shall be

As the waters cover the sea,
And encircle the continent !

Repent ! repent ! repent !
For lo, the hour appointed,
The hour so long foretold
By the Prophets of old,
Of the coming of the Anointed,
The Messiah, the Paraclete,
The Desire of the Nations, is nigh !
He shall not strive nor cry,
Nor his voice be heard in the street ;
Nor the bruised reed shall he break,
Nor quench the smoking flax ;
And many of them that sleep
In the dust of earth shall awake,
On that great and terrible day,
And the wicked shall wail and weep,
And be blown like a smoke away,
And be melted away like wax.
Repent ! repent ! repent !

O Priest, and Pharisee,
Who hath warned you to flee
From the wrath that is to be ?
From the coming anguish and ire ?
The axe is laid at the root
Of the trees, and every tree
That bringeth not forth good fruit
Is hewn down and cast into the fire !

Ye Scribes, why come ye hither ?
In the hour that is uncertain,
In the day of anguish and trouble,
He that stretcheth the heavens as
a curtain
And spreadeth them out as a tent,
Shall blow upon you, and ye shall
wither,

And the whirlwind shall take you
away as stubble !

Repent ! repent ! repent !

Priest. Who art thou, O man
of prayer !

In raiment of camel's hair,
Begirt with leathern thong,
That here in the wilderness,
With a cry as of one in distress,
Preachest unto this throng ?
Art thou the Christ ?

John. Priest of Jerusalem,
In meekness and humbleness,
I deny not, I confess
I am not the Christ !

Priest. What shall we say unto
them

That sent us here ? Reveal
Thy name, and nought conceal !
Art thou Elias ?

John. No !

Priest. Art thou that Prophet, then,
Of lamentation and woe,
Who, as a symbol and sign
Of impending wrath divine
Upon unbelieving men,
Shattered the vessel of clay
In the Valley of Slaughter ?

John. Nay.

I am not he thou namest !

Priest. Who art thou, and what
is the word

That here thou proclaimest ?

John. I am the voice of one
Crying in the wilderness alone :
Prepare ye the way of the Lord ;
Make his paths straight
In the land that is desolate !

Priest. If thou be not the Christ,
Nor yet Elias, nor he
That, in sign of the things to be,
Shattered the vessel of clay
In the Valley of Slaughter,
Then declare unto us, and say
By what authority now
Baptizest thou ?

John. I indeed baptize you with
water

Unto repentance ; but He,
That cometh after me,
Is mightier than I and higher ;
The latchet of whose shoes
I am not worthy to unloose ;
He shall baptize you with fire,
And with the Holy Ghost !
Whose fan is in his hand ;
He will purge to the uttermost
His floor, and garner his wheat,
But will burn the chaff in the brand
And fire of unquenchable heat !
Repent ! repent ! repent !

II.

MOUNT QUARANTANIA.

I.

Lucifer. Not in the lightning's
flash, nor in the thunder,
Not in the tempest, nor the cloudy
storm,

Will I array my form ;
But part invisible these boughs
asunder,
And move and murmur, as the wind
upheaves

And whispers in the leaves.

Not as a terror and a desolation,
Not in my natural shape, inspiring
fear

And dread, will I appear ;
But in soft tones of sweetness and
persuasion,

A sound as of the fall of mountain
streams,

Or voices heard in dreams.

He sitteth there in silence, worn
and wasted
With famine, and uplifts his hollow
eyes

To the un pitying skies ;
For forty days and nights he hath
not tasted

Of food or drink, his parted lips are
pale,

Surely his strength must fail.

The First Passover.

Wherefore dost thou in penitential fasting
Waste and consume the beauty of thy youth?
Ah, if thou be in truth
The Son of the Unnamed, the Everlasting,
Command these stones beneath thy feet to be
Changed into bread for thee!

Christus. 'Tis written: Man shall not live by bread alone,
But by each word that from God's mouth proceedeth!

II.

Lucifer. Too weak, alas! too weak is the temptation
For one whose soul to nobler things aspires
Than sensual desires!
Ah, could I, by some sudden aberration,
Lead and delude to suicidal death
This Christ of Nazareth!
Unto the holy Temple on Moriah,
With its resplendent domes, and manifold
Bright pinnacles of gold,
Where they await thy coming, O Messiah!
Lo, I have brought thee! Let thy glory here
Be manifest and clear.

Reveal thyself by royal act and gesture,
Descending with the bright triumphant host
Of all the highestmost
Archangels, and about thee as a vesture
The shining clouds, and all thy splendours show
Unto the world below!
Cast thyself down, it is the hour appointed;

And God hath given his angels charge and care
To keep thee and upbear
Upon their hands his only Son, the Anointed,
Lest he should dash his foot against a stone
And die, and be unknown.
Christus. 'Tis written: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God!

III.

Lucifer. I cannot thus delude him to perdition!
But one temptation still remains untried,
The trial of his pride,
The thirst of power, the fever of ambition!
Surely by these a humble peasant's son
At last may be undone!
Above the yawning chasms and deep abysses,
Across the headlong torrents, I have brought
Thy footsteps, swift as thought;
And from the highest of these precipices,
The Kingdoms of the world thine eyes behold,
Like a great map unrolled.
From far-off Lebanon, with cedars crested,
To where the waters of the Asphalt Lake
On its white pebbles break,
And the vast desert, silent, sand-invested,
These kingdoms are all mine, and thine shall be,
If thou wilt worship me!
Christus. Get thee behind me, Satan! thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God; Him only shalt thou serve!

The Divine Tragedy.

Angels Ministrant. The sun goes
down ; the evening shadows
lengthen,
The fever and the struggle of the day
Abate and pass away ;
Thine Angels Ministrant, we come
to strengthen
And comfort thee, and crown thee
with the palm,
The silence and the calm.

III.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA.

The Musicians. Rise up, my love,
my fair one,
Rise up, and come away,
For lo ! the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is
come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard
in our land.

The Bridegroom. Sweetly the
minstrels sing the Song of
Songs !
My heart runs forward with it, and
I say :

O set me as a seal upon thine heart,
And set me as a seal upon thine arm ;
For love is strong as life, and strong
as death,
And cruel as the grave is jealousy !

The Musicians. I sleep, but my
heart awaketh ;
'Tis the voice of my beloved
Who knocketh, saying : Open to me,
My sister, my love, my dove,
For my head is filled with dew,
My locks with the drops of the
night !

The Bride. Ah yes, I sleep, and
yet my heart awaketh,
It is the voice of my beloved who
knocks.

The Bridegroom. O beautiful as
Rebecca at the fountain,

O beautiful as Ruth among the
sheaves !

O fairest among women ! O unde-
filed !

Thou art all fair, my love, there's
no spot in thee !

The Musicians. My beloved is
white and ruddy,
The chiefest among ten thousand ;
His locks are black as a raven,
His eyes are the eyes of doves,
Of doves by the rivers of water,
His lips are like unto lilies,
Dropping with sweet-smelling
myrrh.

Architriclinus. Who is that
youth, with the dark azure eyes,
And hair, in colour like unto the
wine,
Parted upon his forehead, and behind
Falling in flowing locks ?

Paranymphus. The Nazarene
Who preacheth to the poor in field
and village
The coming of God's Kingdom.

Architriclinus. How serene
His aspect is ! manly yet womanly.

Paranymphus. Most beautiful
among the sons of men !
Oft known to weep, but never known
to laugh.

Architriclinus. And tell me, she
with eyes of olive tint,
And skin as fair as wheat, and pale
brown hair,

The woman at his side ?

Paranymphus. His mother,
Mary.

Architriclinus. And the tall
figure standing close beside
them,

Clad all in white, with face and
beard like ashes,
As if he were Elias, the White Wit-
ness,

Come from his cave on Carmel to
foretell

The end of all things ?

Paranymphus. That is
Manahem
 The Essenian, he who dwells among
 the palms
 Near the Dead Sea.
Architriclinus. He who fore-
 told to Herod
 He should one day be King?
Paranymphus. The same.
Architriclinus. Then why
 Doth he come here to sadden with
 his presence
 Our marriage feast, belonging to a
 sect
 Haters of women, and that taste not
 wine?
The Musicians. My undefiled is
 but one,
 The only one of her mother,
 The choice of her that bare her;
 The daughters saw her and blessed
 her;
 The queens and the concubines
 praised her,
 Saying: Lo! who is this
 That looketh forth as the morning?
Manahem (aside). The Ruler of
 the Feast is gazing at me,
 As if he asked, why is that old man
 here
 Among the revellers? And thou,
 the Anointed!
 Why art thou here? I see as in a
 vision
 A figure clothed in purple, crowned
 with thorns;
 I see a cross uplifted in the dark-
 ness,
 And hear a cry of agony, that shall
 echo
 For ever and for ever through the
 world!
Architriclinus. Give us more
 wine. These goblets are all
 empty.
Mary (to Christus). They have
 no wine!
Christus. O woman, what have I

To do with thee? Mine hour is
 not yet come.
Mary (to the servants). What-
 ever he shall say to you, that do.
Christus. Fill up these pots with
 water.
The Musicians. Come, my be-
 loved,
 Let us go forth into the field,
 Let us lodge in the villages;
 Let us get up early to the vineyards,
 Let us see if the vine flourish,
 Whether the tender grape appear,
 And the pomegranates bud forth.
Christus. Draw out now,
 And bear unto the Ruler of the Feast.
Manahem (aside). O thou
 brought up among the Esse-
 nians,
 Nurtured in abstinence, taste not
 the wine!
 It is the poison of dragons from
 the vineyards
 Of Sodom, and the taste of death
 is in it.
*Architriclinus (to the Bride-
 groom).* All men set forth good
 wine at the beginning,
 And when men have well drunk,
 that which is worse;
 But thou hast kept the good wine
 until now.
Manahem (aside). The things
 that have been and shall be no
 more,
 The things that are, and that here-
 after shall be,
 The things that might have been,
 and yet were not,
 The fading twilight of great joys
 departed,
 The daybreak of great truths as yet
 unrisen,
 The intuition and the expectation
 Of something, which, when come,
 is not the same,
 But only like its forecast in men's
 dreams,

The Divine Tragedy.

The longing, the delay, and the
delight,
Sweeter for the delay ; youth, hope,
love, death,
And disappointment which is also
death,
All these make up the sum of human
life ;
A dream within a dream, a wind at
night
Howling across the desert in
despair,
Seeking for something lost it cannot
find.
Fate or foreseeing, or whatever
name
Men call it, matters not ; what is
to be
Hath been forewritten in the
thought divine
From the beginning. None can
hide from it,
But it will find him out ; nor run
from it,
But it o'ertaketh him ! The Lord
hath said it.
*The Bridegroom (to the Bride, on
the balcony).* When Abra-
ham went with Sarah into
Egypt,
The land was all illumined with her
beauty ;
But thou dost make the very night
itself
Brighter than day ! Behold, in glad
procession,
Crowding the threshold of the sky
above us,
The stars come forth to meet thee
with their lamps ;
And the soft winds, the ambassadors
of flowers,
From neighbouring gardens and
from fields unseen,
Come laden with odours unto thee,
my Queen !
The Musicians. Awake, O north-
wind,

And come, thou wind of the South,
Blow, blow upon my garden,
That the spices thereof may flow
out.

IV.

IN THE CORNFIELDS.

Philip. Onward through leagues
of sun-illumined corn,
As if through parted seas, the
pathway runs,
And crowned with sunshine as the
Prince of Peace
Walks the beloved Master, leading
us,
As Moses led our fathers in old
times
Out of the land of bondage ! We
have found
Him of whom Moses and the
Prophets wrote,
Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of
Joseph.
Nathanael. Can any good come
out of Nazareth ?
Can this be the Messiah ?
Philip. Come and see.
Nathanael. The summer sun
grows hot ; I am an hungred.
How cheerily the Sabbath-breaking
quail
Pipes in the corn, and bids us to his
Feast
Of Wheat Sheaves ! How the
bearded, ripening ears
Toss in the roofless temple of the
air ;
As if the unseen hand of some High
Priest
Waved them before Mount Tabor
as an altar !
It were no harm, if we should pluck
and eat.
Philip. How wonderful it is to
walk abroad
With the Good Master ! Since the
miracle

The First Passover.

He wrought at Cana, at the marriage feast,
His fame hath gone abroad through all the land,
And when we come to Nazareth, thou shalt see
How his own people will receive their Prophet,
And hail him as Messiah ! See, he turns
And looks at thee.

Christus. Behold an Israelite
In whom there is no guile.

Nathanael. Whence knowest thou me ?

Christus. Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast
Under the fig-tree, I beheld thee.

Nathanael. Rabbi,
Thou art the Son of God, thou art the King
Of Israel !

Christus. Because I said I saw thee
Under the fig-tree, before Philip called thee,
Believest thou ? Thou shalt see greater things.
Hereafter thou shalt see the heavens unclosed,
And angels of God ascending and descending
Upon the Son of Man !

Pharisees (passing). Hail, Rabbi !

Christus. Hail !

Pharisees. Behold how thy disciples do a thing
Which is not lawful on the Sabbath day,
And thou forbiddest them not !
Christus. Have ye not read
What David did when he an hungred was,
And all they that were with him ?
How he entered
Into the house of God, and ate the shew-bread,

Which was not lawful saving for the priests ?

Have ye not read, how on the Sabbath days

The priests profane the Sabbath in the Temple,

And yet are blameless ? But I say to you,

One in this place is greater than the Temple !

And had ye known the meaning of the words,

I will have mercy and not sacrifice,
The guiltless ye would not condemn. The Sabbath

Was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

(Passes on with the disciples.)

Pharisees. This is, alas ! some poor demoniac

Wandering about the fields, and uttering

His unintelligible blasphemies
Among the common people, who receive

As prophecies the words they comprehend not !

Deluded folk ! The incomprehensible

Alone excites their wonder. There is none

So visionary, or so void of sense,
But he will find a crowd to follow him !

V.

NAZARETH.

Christus (reading in the synagogue). The Spirit of the Lord
God is upon me.

He hath anointed me to preach good tidings

Unto the poor ; to heal the broken-hearted ;

To comfort those that mourn, and to throw open

The Divine Tragedy.

The prison doors of captives, and
proclaim
The Year Acceptable of the Lord
our God !

(He closes the book and sits down.)

A Pharisee. Who is this youth?
He hath taken the Teacher's
seat !

Will he instruct the Elders ?

A Priest. Fifty years
Have I been Priest here in the
Synagogue,
And never have I seen so young
a man

Sit in the Teacher's seat !

Christus. Behold, to-day
This scripture is fulfilled. One is
appointed

And hath been sent to them that
mourn in Zion,

To give them beauty for ashes, and
the oil

Of joy for mourning ! They shall
build again

The old waste places ; and again
raise up

The former desolations, and repair
The cities that are wasted ! As a
bridegroom

Decketh himself with ornaments,
as a bride

Adorneth herself with jewels, so the
Lord

Hath clothed me with the robe of
righteousness.

A Priest. He speaketh the Prophet's
words ; but with an air
As if himself had been foreshadowed
in them !

Christus. For Zion's sake I will
not hold my peace,
And for Jerusalem's sake I will not
rest

Until its righteousness be as a
brightness,

And its salvation as a lamp that
burneth !

Thou shalt be called no longer the
Forsaken,

Nor any more thy land, the Desolate,
The Lord hath sworn, by his right
hand hath sworn,

And by his arm of strength : I will
no more

Give to thine enemies thy corn as
meat ;

The sons of strangers shall not drink
thy wine.

Go through, go through the gates !
Prepare a way

Unto the people ! Gather out the
stones !

Lift up a standard for the people !

A Priest. Ah !
These are seditious words !

Christus. And they
shall call them

The holy people ; the redeemed of
God !

And thou, Jerusalem, shalt be called
Sought out,

A city not forsaken !

A Pharisee. Is not this
The carpenter Joseph's son ? Is not
his mother

Called Mary ? and his brethren and
his sisters

Are they not with us ? Doth he make
himself

To be a Prophet ?

Christus. No man is a Prophet
In his own country, and among his
kin.

In his own house no Prophet is
accepted.

I say to you, in the land of Israel
Were many widows in Elijah's day,
When for three years and more
the heavens were shut,

And a great famine was throughout
the land ;

But unto no one was Elijah sent
Save to Sarepta, to a city of Sidon,
And to a woman there that was a
widow.

The First Passover.

And many lepers were there in the land

Of Israel, in the time of Eliseus
The Prophet, and yet none of them
was cleansed,

Save Naaman the Syrian !

A Priest. Say no more !
Thou comest here into our syna-
gogue

And speakest to the Elders and the
Priests,

As if the very mantle of Elijah
Had fallen upon thee ! Art thou not
ashamed ?

A Pharisee. We want no Pro-
phets here ! Let him be driven
From Synagogue and city ! Let
him go

And prophesy to the Samaritans !

An Elder. The world is changed.
We elders are as nothing !

We are but yesterdays, that have
no part

Or portion in to-day ! Dry leaves
that rustle,

That make a little sound, and then
are dust !

A Pharisee. A carpenter's appren-
tice ! a mechanic,

Whom we have seen at work here
in the town

Day after day ; a stripling without
learning,

Shall he pretend to unfold the Word
of God

To men grown old in study of the
Law !

(CHRISTUS *is thrust out.*)

VI.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

PETER and ANDREW, *mending their
nets.*

Peter. Never was such a marvel-
lous draught of fishes
Heard of in Galilee ! The market-
places

Both of Bethsaida and Capernaum
Are full of them ! Yet we had toiled
all night

And taken nothing, when the Master
said :

Launch out into the deep, and cast
your nets ;

And doing this, we caught such
multitudes

Our nets like spiders' webs were
snapped asunder,

And with the draught we filled two
ships so full

That they began to sink. Then I
knelt down

Amazed, and said : O Lord, depart
from me,

I am a sinful man. And he made
answer :

Simon, fear not ; henceforth thou
shalt catch men !

What was the meaning of those
words ?

Andrew. I know not.
But here is Philip, come from

Nazareth.

He hath been with the Master. Tell
us, Philip,

What tidings dost thou bring ?

Philip. Most wonderful !
As we drew near to Nain, out of
the gate

Upon a bier was carried the dead
body

Of a young man, his mother's only
son,

And she a widow, who with lamen-
tation

Bewailed her loss, and the much
people with her ;

And when the Master saw her he
was filled

With pity ; and he said to her : Weep
not !

And came and touched the bier,
and they that bare it

Stood still ; and then he said : Young
man, arise !

The Divine Tragedy.

And he that had been dead sat up,
and soon

Began to speak ; and he delivered
him

Unto his mother ; and there came
a fear

On all the people, and they glorified

The Lord, and said, rejoicing : A
great Prophet

Is risen up among us ! and the Lord
Hath visited his people !

Peter. A great Prophet ?
Ay, greater than a Prophet : greater
even

Than John the Baptist !

Philip. Yet the Nazarenes
Rejected him.

Peter. The Nazarenes are dogs !
As natural brute beasts, they growl
at things

They do not understand ; and they
shall perish,

Utterly perish in their own corruption.

The Nazarenes are dogs !

Philip. They drave him forth
Out of their Synagogue, out of their
city,

And would have cast him down a
precipice,

But passing through the midst of
them he vanished

Out of their hands.

Peter. Wells are they
without water,

Clouds carried with a tempest, unto
whom

The mist of darkness is reserved
for ever !

Philip. Behold, he cometh. There
is one man with him

I am amazed to see !

Andrew. What man is that ?

Philip. Judas Iscariot ; he that
cometh last

Girt with a leathern apron. No one
knoweth

His history ; but the rumour of him is
He had an unclean spirit in his
youth.

It hath not left him yet.

Christus (passing). Come unto
me,

All ye that labour and are heavy
laden,

And I will give you rest ! Come
unto me,

And take my yoke upon you and
learn of me,

For I am meek, and I am lowly in
heart,

And ye shall all find rest unto your
souls !

Philip. O there is something in
that voice that reaches

The innermost recesses of my spirit !
I feel that it might say unto the
blind :

Receive your sight ! and straight-
way they would see !

I feel that it might say unto the dead,
Arise ! and they would hear it and

obey !

Behold, he beckons to us !

Christus (to Peter and Andrew).
Follow me !

Peter. Master, I will leave all and
follow thee.

VII.

THE DEMONIAK OF GADARA.

A Gadarene. He hath escaped,
hath plucked his chains asunder,
And broken his fetters ; always
night and day

Is in the mountains here, and in
the tombs,

Crying aloud, and cutting himself
with stones,

Exceeding fierce, so that no man
can tame him !

*The Demoniak (from above,
unseen).* O Aschmedai ! O
Aschmedai, have pity !

A Gadarene. Listen! It is his voice! Go warn the people
Just landing from the lake!

The Demoniac. O Aschmedai!
Thou angel of the bottomless pit,
have pity!

It was enough to hurl King Solomon,
On whom be peace! two hundred
leagues away

Into the country, and to make him
scullion

In the kitchen of the King of
Maschkemen!

Why dost thou hurl me here among
these rocks,

And cut me with these stones?

A Gadarene. He raves and
mutters

He knows not what.

*The Demoniac (appearing from
a tomb among the rocks).* The
wild cock Tarnegal

Singeth to me, and bids me to the
banquet,

Where all the Jews shall come; for
they have slain

Behemoth the great ox, who daily
cropped

A thousand hills for food, and at
a draught

Drank up the river Jordan, and
have slain

The huge Leviathan, and stretched
his skin

Upon the high walls of Jerusalem,
And made them shine from one

end of the world

Unto the other; and the fowl
Barjuchne,

Whose outspread wings eclipse the
sun, and make

Midnight at noon o'er all the
continents!

And we shall drink the wine of
Paradise

From Adam's cellars.

A Gadarene. O, thou unclean
spirit!

*The Demoniac (hurling down a
stone).* This is the wonderful
Barjuchne's egg,

That fell out of her nest, and broke
to pieces,

And swept away three hundred
cedar-trees,

And threescore villages!—Rabbi
Eliezer,

How thou didst sin there in that
seaport town,

When thou hadst carried safe thy
chest of silver

Over the seven rivers for her sake!
I too have sinned beyond the reach

of pardon.

Ye hills and mountains, pray for
mercy on me!

Ye stars and planets, pray for
mercy on me!

Ye sun and moon, O pray for mercy
on me!

(CHRISTUS and his disciples pass.)

A Gadarene. There is a man
here of Decapolis,

Who hath an unclean spirit; so
that none

Can pass this way. He lives among
the tombs

Up there upon the cliffs, and hurls
down stones

On those who pass beneath.

Christus. Come out of him,
Thou unclean spirit!

The Demoniac. What have I to do
With thee, thou Son of God? Do
not torment us.

Christus. What is thy name?

Demoniac. Legion; for
we are many.

Cain, the first murderer; and the
King Belshazzar,

And Evil Merodach of Babylon,
And Admatha, the death-cloud,

prince of Persia;
And Aschmedai, the angel of the

pit,

The Divine Tragedy.

And many other devils. We are Legion.

Send us not forth beyond Decapolis;
Command us not to go into the deep!

There is a herd of swine here in the pastures,—

Let us go into them.

Christus. Come out of him,
Thou unclean spirit!

A Gadarene. See, how stupefied,
How motionless he stands! He cries no more;

He seems bewildered and in silence stares

As one who, walking in his sleep, awakes

And knows not where he is, and looks about him,

And at his nakedness, and is ashamed.

The Demoniac. Why am I here alone among the tombs?

What have they done to me, that I am naked?

Ah, woe is me!

Christus. Go home unto thy friends

And tell them how great things the Lord hath done

For thee, and how he had compassion on thee!

A Swineherd (running). The herds! the herds! O most unlucky day!

They were all feeding quiet in the sun,

When suddenly they started, and grew savage

As the wild boars of Tabor, and together

Rushed down a precipice into the sea!

They are all drowned!

Peter. Thus righteously are punished

The apostate Jews, that eat the flesh of swine,

And broth of such abominable things!

Greeks of Gadara. We sacrifice a sow unto Demeter

At the beginning of harvest, and another

To Dionysus at the vintage-time.

Therefore we prize our herds of swine, and count them

Not as unclean, but as things consecrate

To the immortal gods. O great magician,

Depart out of our coasts; let us alone,—

We are afraid of thee!

Peter. Let us depart;

For they that sanctify and purify Themselves in gardens, eating flesh

of swine, And the abomination, and the mouse,

Shall be consumed together, saith the Lord!

VIII.

TALITHA CUMI.

Jairus (at the feet of Christus).

O Master! I entreat thee! I implore thee!

My daughter lieth at the point of death;

I pray thee come and lay thy hands upon her,

And she shall live!

Christus. Who was it touched my garments?

Simon Peter. Thou seest the multitude that throng and press thee,

And sayest thou: Who touched me? 'Twas not I.

Christus. Some one hath touched my garments; I perceive

That virtue is gone out of me.

A Woman. O Master! Forgive me! For I said within myself,

If I so much as touch his garment's
hem,
I shall be whole.

Christus. Be of good comfort,
daughter!

Thy faith hath made thee whole.
Depart in peace.

A Messenger from the house.

Why troublest thou the
Master? Hearest thou not
The flute-players, and the voices of
the women

Singing their lamentation? She is
dead!

The Minstrels and Mourners.

We have girded ourselves with
sackcloth!

We have covered our heads with
ashes!

For our young men die, and our
maidens

Swoon in the streets of the city;
And into their mother's bosom

They pour out their souls likewater!

Christus (going in). Give place.

Why make ye this ado, and
weep?

She is not dead, but sleepeth.

The Mother (from within). Cruel
death!

To take away from me this tender
blossom!

To take away my dove, my lamb,
my darling?

The Minstrels and Mourners.

He hath led me and brought
into darkness,

Like the dead of old in dark places!

He hath bent his bow, and hath set
me

Apart as a mark for his arrow!

He hath covered himself with a cloud
That our prayer should not pass

through and reach him!

The Crowd. He stands beside

her bed! He takes her hand!

Listen, he speaks to her!

Christus (within). Maiden, arise!

The Crowd. See, she obeys his
voice! She stirs! She lives!
Her mother holds her folded in her
arms!

O miracle of miracles! O marvel!

IX.

THE TOWER OF MAGDALA.

Mary Magdalene. Companion-
less, unsatisfied, forlorn,

I sit here in this lonely tower, and
look

Upon the lake below me, and the
hills

That swoon with heat, and see as
in a vision

All my past life unroll itself before
me.

The princes and the merchants
come to me,

Merchants of Tyre and Princes of
Damascus,

And pass, and disappear, and are
no more;

But leave behind their merchandise
and jewels,

Their perfumes, and their gold,
and their disgust.

I loathe them, and the very memory
of them

Is unto me as thought of food to one
Cloyed with the luscious figs of

Dalmanutha!

What if hereafter, in the long here-
after

Of endless joy or pain, or joy in pain,
It were my punishment to be with

them

Grown hideous and decrepit in their
sins,

And hear them say: Thou that
hast brought us here,

Be unto us as thou hast been of old!

I look upon this raiment that I wear,

These silks, and these embroid-
eries, and they seem

The Divine Tragedy.

Only as cerements wrapped about
my limbs!
I look upon these rings thick set
with pearls
And emerald and amethyst and
jasper,
And they are burning coals upon
my flesh!
This serpent on my wrist becomes
alive!
Away, thou viper! and away, ye
garlands
Whose odours bring the swift re-
membrance back
Of the unhallowed revels in these
chambers!
But yesterday,—and yet it seems to
me
Something remote, like a pathetic
song
Sung long ago by minstrels in the
street,—
But yesterday, as from this tower I
gazed,
Over the olive and the walnut
trees,
Upon the lake and the white ships,
and wondered
Whither and whence they steered,
and who was in them,
A fisher's boat drew near the land-
ing-place
Under the oleanders, and the
people
Came up from it, and passed be-
neath the tower,
Close under me. In front of them,
as leader,
Walked one of royal aspect, clothed
in white,
Who lifted up his eyes, and looked
at me,
And all at once the air seemed
filled and living
With a mysterious power, that
streamed from him,
And overflowed me with an atmo-
sphere

Of light and love. As one entranced
I stood,
And when I woke again, lo! he
was gone,
So that I said: Perhaps it is a dream.
But from that very hour the seven
demons
That had their habitation in this
body
Which men call beautiful, departed
from me!

This morning, when the first gleam
of the dawn
Made Lebanon a glory in the air,
And all below was darkness, I beheld
An angel, or a spirit glorified,
With wind-tossed garments walk-
ing on the lake.
The face I could not see, but I
distinguished
The attitude and gesture, and I
knew
'Twas he that healed me. And the
gusty wind
Brought to mine ears a voice,
which seemed to say:
Be of good cheer! 'Tis I! Be not
afraid!
And from the darkness, scarcely
heard, the answer:
If it be thou, bid me come unto thee
Upon the water! And the voice
said: Come!
And then I heard a cry of fear:
Lord, save me!
As of a drowning man. And then
the voice:
Why didst thou doubt, O thou of
little faith!
At this all vanished, and the wind
was hushed,
And the great sun came up above
the hills,
And the swift-flying vapours hid
themselves
In caverns among the rocks! O, I
must find him

And followhim, and be with him for ever!

Thou box of alabaster, in whose walls
The souls of flowers lie pent, the
precious balm

And spikenard of Arabian farms,
the spirits

Of aromatic herbs, ethereal natures
Nursed by the sun and dew, not all
unworthy

To bathe his consecrated feet,
whose step

Makes every threshold holy that he
crosses;

Let us go forth upon our pilgrimage,
Thou and I only! Let us search for
him

Until we find him, and pour out our
souls

Before his feet, till all that's left of us
Shall be the broken caskets, that
once held us!

X.

THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE
PHARISEE.

A Guest (at table). Are ye de-
ceived? Have any of the Rulers
Believed on him? or do they know
indeed

This man to be the very Christ?
Howbeit

We know whence this man is, but
when the Christ

Shall come, none knoweth whence
he is.

Christus. Whereunto shall I
liken, then, the men

Of this generation? and what are
they like?

They are like children sitting in the
markets,

And calling unto one another, say-
ing:

We have piped unto you, and ye
have not danced;

We have mourned unto you, and
ye have not wept!

This say I unto you, for John the
Baptist

Came neither eating bread nor
drinking wine;

Ye say he hath a devil. The Son of
Man

Eating and drinking cometh, and
ye say:

Behold a gluttonous man, and a
wine-bibber;

Behold a friend of publicans and
sinners!

A Guest (aside to Simon). Who
is that woman yonder, gliding in
So silently behind him?

Simon. It is Mary,
Who dwelleth in the Tower of
Magdala.

The Guest. See, how she kneels
there weeping, and her tears
Fall on his feet; and her long
golden hair

Waves to and fro and wipes them
dry again.

And now she kisses them, and from
a box

Of alabaster is anointing them
With precious ointment, filling all
the house

With its sweet odour!

Simon (aside). O, this man,
forsooth,

Were he indeed a Prophet, would
have known

Who and what manner of woman
this may be

That toucheth him! would know
she is a sinner!

Christus. Simon, somewhat have
I to say to thee.

Simon. Master, say on.

Christus. A certain creditor
Had once two debtors; and the
one of them

Owed him five hundred pence; the
other, fifty.

They having nought to pay withal,
he frankly
Forgave them both. Now tell me
which of them
Will love him most?

Simon. He, I suppose, to whom
He most forgave.

Christus. Yea, thou hast
rightly judged.

Seest thou this woman? When
thine house I entered,
Thou gavest me no water for my feet,
But she hath washed them with her
tears, and wiped them
With her own hair! Thou gavest
me no kiss;

This woman hath not ceased, since
I came in,

To kiss my feet! My head with oil
didst thou

Anoint not; but this woman hath
anointed

My feet with ointment. Hence I
say to thee,

Her sins, which have been many,
are forgiven,

For she loved much.

The Guests. O, who, then, is
this man

That pardoneth also sins without
atonement?

Christus. Woman, thy faith hath
saved thee! Go in peace!



THE SECOND PASSOVER.

I.

BEFORE THE GATES OF MACHÆRUS.

Manahem. Welcome, O wilder-
ness, and welcome night
And solitude, and ye swift-flying
stars
That drift with golden sands the
barren heavens,

Welcome once more! The Angels
of the Wind

Hasten across the desert to receive
me;

And sweeter than men's voices are
to me

The voices of these solitudes; the
sound

Of unseen rivulets, and the far-off cry
Of bitterns in the reeds of water-
pools.

And lo! above me, like the Pro-
phet's arrow

Shot from the eastern window, high
in air

The clamorous cranes go singing
through the night.

O ye mysterious pilgrims in the air,
Would I had wings that I might
follow you!

I look forth from these mountains,
and behold

The omnipotent and omnipresent
night,

Mysterious as the future and the fate
That hangs o'er all men's lives! I
see beneath me

The desert stretching to the Dead
Sea shore,

And westward, faint and far away,
the glimmer

Of torches on Mount Olivet, an-
nouncing

The rising of the Moon of Passover.
Like a great cross it seems, on
which suspended,

With head bowed down in agony,
I see

A human figure! Hide, O merci-
ful heaven,

The awful apparition from my sight!

And thou, Machærus, lifting high
and black

Thy dreadful walls against the
rising moon,

Haunted by demons and by appar-
itions

The Second Passover.

Lilith, and Jezerhara, and Bedar-
gon,
How grim thou showest in the un-
certain light,
A palace and a prison, where King
Herod
Feasts with Herodias, while the
Baptist John
Fasts, and consumes his unavailing
life!
And in thy court-yard grows the
untithed rue,
Huge as the olives of Gethsemane,
And ancient as the terebinth of
Hebron,
Coeval with the world. Would
that its leaves
Medicinal could purge thee of the
demons
That now possess thee, and the
cunning fox
That burrows in thy walls, contriv-
ing mischief!

(Music is heard from within.)

Angels of God! Sandalphon, thou
that weavest
The prayers of men into immortal
garlands,
And thou, Metatron, who dost
gather up
Their songs, and bear them to the
gates of heaven,
Now gather up together in your
hands
The prayers that fill this prison,
and the songs
That echo from the ceiling of this
palace,
And lay them side by side before
God's feet!

(He enters the castle.)

II.

HEROD'S BANQUET-HALL.

Manahem. Thou hast sent for
me, O King, and I am here.
Herod. Who art thou?

Manahem. Manahem,
the Essenian.

Herod. I recognize thy features,
but what mean
These torn and faded garments?
On thy road
Have demons crowded thee, and
rubbed against thee,
And given thee weary knees? A
cup of wine!

Manahem. The Essenians drink
no wine.

Herod. What wilt thou, then?

Manahem. Nothing.

Herod. Not even a cup
of water?

Manahem. Nothing.
Why hast thou sent for me?

Herod. Dost thou remember
One day when I, a schoolboy in
the streets

Of the great city, met thee on my way
To school, and thou didst say to
me: Hereafter

Thou shalt be King?

Manahem. Yea, I remember it.

Herod. Thinking thou didst not
know me, I replied:

I am of humble birth; whereat,
thou, smiling,

Didst smite me with thy hand, and
saidst again:

Thou shalt be King; and let the
friendly blows

That Manahem hath given thee on
this day

Remind thee of the fickleness of
fortune.

Manahem. What more?

Herod. No more.

Manahem. Yea, for
I said to thee:

It shall be well with thee if thou
love justice

And clemency towards thy fellow-
men.

Hast thou done this, O King?

Herod. Go, ask my people.

The Divine Tragedy.

Manahem. And then, foreseeing
all thy life, I added :
But these thou wilt forget ; and at
the end
Of life the Lord will punish thee.

Herod. The end !
When will that come ? For this I
sent to thee.

How long shall I still reign ? Thou
dost not answer !

Speak ! shall I reign ten years ?

Manahem. Thou
shalt reign twenty,
Nay, thirty years. I cannot name
the end.

Herod. Thirty ? I thank thee,
good Essenian !

This is my birthday, and a happier
one

Was never mine. We hold a banquet
here.

See, yonder are Herodias and her
daughter.

Manahem (aside). 'Tis said that
devils sometimes take the
shape

Of ministering angels, clothed with
air,

That they may be inhabitants of
earth,

And lead man to destruction. Such
are these.

Herod. Knowest thou John the
Baptist ?

Manahem. Yea, I know him ;
Who knows him not ?

Herod. Know, then,
this John the Baptist

Said that it was not lawful I should
marry

My brother Philip's wife, and John
the Baptist

Is here in prison. In my father's
time

Matthias Margaloth was put to
death

For tearing the golden eagle from
its station

Above the Temple Gate,—a slighter
crime

Than John is guilty of. These things
are warnings

To intermeddlers not to play with
eagles,

Living or dead. I think the Essen-
ians

Are wiser, or more wary, are they
not ?

Manahem. The Essenians do not
marry.

Herod. Thou hast given
My words a meaning foreign to my
thought.

Manahem. Let me go hence, O
King !

Herod. Stay yet awhile,
And see the daughter of Herodias
dance.

Cleopatra of Jerusalem, my mother,
In her best days was not more
beautiful.

(Music. THE DAUGHTER OF
HERODIAS dances.)

Herod. O, what was Miriam
dancing with her timbrel,
Compared to this one ?

Manahem (aside). O thou Angel
of Death,
Dancing at funerals among the
women,

When men bear out the dead ! The
air is hot

And stifles me ! O for a breath of
air !

Bid me depart, O King !

Herod. Not yet. Come hither,
Salome, thou enchantress ! Ask of
me

Whate'er thou wilt ; and even unto
the half

Of all my kingdom, I will give it
thee,

As the Lord liveth !

Daughter of Herodias (kneeling).

Give me here the head

The Second Passover.

Of John the Baptist on this silver charger!

Herod. Not that, dear child! I dare not, for the people Regard John as a prophet.

Daughter of Herodias. Thou hast sworn it.

Herod. For mine oath's sake, then. Send unto the prison: Let him die quickly. O accursed oath!

Manahem. Bid me depart, O King!

Herod. Good Manahem, Give methy hand. I love the Essensians.

He's gone and hears me not! The guests are dumb, Awaiting the pale face, the silent witness.

The lamps flare; and the curtains of the doorways

Wave to and fro as if a ghost were passing!

Strengthen my heart, red wine of Ascalon!

III.

UNDER THE WALLS OF MACHÆRUS.

Manahem (rushing out). Away from this Palace of sin!

The demons, the terrible powers Of the air, that haunt its towers And hide in its water-spouts, Deafen me with the din Of their laughter and their shouts For the crimes that are done within!

Sink back into the earth,
Or vanish into the air,
Thou castle of despair!
Let it all be but a dream
Of the things of monstrous birth,
Of the things that only seem!
White Angel of the Moon,
Onafiel! be my guide

Out of this hateful place
Of sin and death, nor hide
In yon black cloud too soon
Thy pale and tranquil face!

(A trumpet is blown from the walls.)

Hark! hark! It is the breath
Of the trump of doom and death,
From the battlements overhead
Like a burden of sorrow cast
On the midnight and the blast,
A wailing for the dead,
That the gusts drop and uplift!
O Herod, thy vengeance is swift!
O Herodias, thou hast been
The demon, the evil thing,
That in place of Esther the Queen,
In place of the lawful bride,
Hast lain at night by the side
Of Ahasuerus the king!

(The trumpet again.)

The Prophet of God is dead;
At a drunken monarch's call,
At a dancing-woman's beck,
They have severed that stubborn

neck,
And into the banquet-hall
Are bearing the ghastly head!

(A body is thrown from the tower.)

A torch of lurid red
Lights the window with its glow;
And a white mass as of snow
Is hurled into the abyss
Of the black precipice,
That yawns for it below!
O hand of the Most High,
O hand of Adonai!
Bury it, hide it away
From the birds and beasts of prey.
And the eyes of the homicide,
More pitiless than they,
As thou didst bury of yore
The body of him that died
On the mountain of Peor!
Even now I behold a sign,
A threatening of wrath divine,
A watery, wandering star,

Through whose streaming hair, and
the white
Unfolding garments of light,
That trail behind it afar,
The constellations shine !
And the whiteness and brightness
appear
Like the Angel bearing the Seer
By the hair of his head, in the night
And rush of his vehement flight.
And I listen until I hear
From fathomless depths of the sky
The voice of his prophecy
Sounding louder and more near !
Malediction ! malediction !
May the lightnings of heaven fall
On palace and prison wall,
And their desolation be
As the day of fear and affliction,
As the day of anguish and ire,
With the burning and fuel of fire,
In the Valley of the Sea !

IV.

NICODEMUS AT NIGHT.

Nicodemus. The streets are silent.
The dark houses seem
Like sepulchres, in which the
sleepers lie
Wrapped in their shrouds, and for
the moment dead.
The lamps are all extinguished ;
only one
Burns steadily, and from the door
its light
Lies like a shining gate across the
street.
He waits for me. Ah, should this
be at last
The long-expected Christ ! I see
him there
Sitting alone, deep-buried in his
thought,
As if the weight of all the world
were resting

Upon him, and thus bowed him
down. O Rabbi,
We know thou art a Teacher come
from God,
For no man can perform the mira-
cles
Thou dost perform, except the Lord
be with him.
Thou art a Prophet, sent here to
proclaim
The Kingdom of the Lord. Behold
in me
A Ruler of the Jews, who long have
waited
The coming of that Kingdom. Tell
me of it.

Christus. Verily, verily I say
unto thee
Except a man be born again, he
cannot
Behold the Kingdom of God !
Nicodemus. Be born again ?
How can a man be born when he
is old ?
Say, can he enter for a second time
Into his mother's womb, and so be
born ?

Christus. Verily I say unto thee,
except
A man be born of water and the
spirit,
He cannot enter into the Kingdom
of God.
For that which of the flesh is born,
is flesh ;
And that which of the spirit is born,
is spirit.

Nicodemus. We Israelites from
the Primeval Man
Adam Ahelion derive our bodies ;
Our souls are breathings of the Holy
Ghost.
No more than this we know, or
need to know.

Christus. Then marvel not, that
I said unto thee
Ye must be born again.

Nicodemus. The mystery

The Second Passover.

Of birth and death we cannot comprehend.

Christus. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear The sound thereof, but know not whence it cometh, Nor whither it goeth. So is every one

Born of the spirit !

Nicodemus (aside). How can these things be ?

He seems to speak of some vague realm of shadows, Some unsubstantial kingdom of the air !

It is not this the Jews are waiting for,

Nor can this be the Christ, the Son of David,

Who shall deliver us !

Christus. Art thou a master Of Israel, and knowest not these things ?

We speak that we do know, and testify

That we have seen, and ye will not receive

Our witness. If I tell you earthly things,

And ye believe not, how shall ye believe

If I should tell you of things heavenly ?

And no man hath ascended up to heaven,

But he alone that first came down from heaven,

Even the Son of Man which is in heaven !

Nicodemus (aside). This is a dreamer of dreams ; a visionary,

Whose brain is overtasked, until he deems

The unseen world to be a thing substantial,

And this we live in an unreal vision !

And yet his presence fascinates and fills me

With wonder, and I feel myself exalted

Into a higher region, and become Myself in part a dreamer of his dreams,

A seer of his visions !

Christus. And as Moses Uplifted the serpent in the wilderness,

So must the Son of Man be lifted up ;

That whosoever shall believe in him

Shall perish not, but have eternal life.

He that believes in him is not condemned ;

He that believes not, is condemned already.

Nicodemus (aside). He speaketh like a Prophet of the Lord !

Christus. This is the condemnation : that the light

Is come into the world, and men loved darkness

Rather than light, because their deeds are evil !

Nicodemus (aside). Of me he speaketh ! He reproveth me Because I come by night to question him !

Christus. For every one that doeth evil deeds

Hateth the light, nor cometh to the light,

Lest he should be reprovèd.

Nicodemus (aside). Alas, how truly

He readeth what is passing in my heart !

Christus. But he that doeth truth comes to the light.

So that his deeds may be made manifest,

That they are wrought in God.

Nicodemus. Alas ! alas !

The Divine Tragedy.

V.

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Bartimeus. Be not impatient,
Chilion; it is pleasant
To sit here in the shadow of the walls
Under the palms, and hear the hum
of bees,
And rumour of voices passing to
and fro,
And drowsy bells of caravans on
their way
To Sidon or Damascus. This is
still
The City of Palms, and yet the
walls thou seest
Are not the old walls, not the walls
where Rahab
Hid the two spies, and let them
down by cords
Out of the window, when the gates
were shut,
And it was dark. Those walls were
overthrown
When Joshua's army shouted, and
the priests
Blew with their seven trumpets.
Chilion. When was that?
Bartimeus. O, my sweet rose of
Jericho, I know not.
Hundreds of years ago. And over
there
Beyond the river, the great prophet
Elijah
Was taken by a whirlwind up to
heaven,
In chariot of fire, with fiery horses.
That is the plain of Moab; and
beyond it
Rise the blue summits of Mount
Abarim,
Nebo and Pisgah and Peor, where
Moses
Died, whom the Lord knew face to
face, and whom
He buried in a valley, and no man
Knows of his sepulchre unto this
day.

Chilion. Would thou couldst see
these places, as I see them.

Bartimeus. I have not seen a
glimmer of light
Since thou wast born. I never saw
thy face,
And yet I seem to see it; and one day
Perhaps shall see it; for there is a
Prophet
In Galilee, the Messiah, the Son of
David,
Who heals the blind—if I could only
find him.
I hear the sound of many feet
approaching,
And voices, like the murmur of a
crowd!

What seest thou?

Chilion. A young man clad in
white
Is coming through the gateway,
and a crowd
Of people follow.

Bartimeus. Can it be the Prophet?
O neighbours, tell me who it is
that passes!

One of the Crowd. Jesus of
Nazareth.

Bartimeus (crying). O Son of
David!

Have mercy on me!

Many of the Crowd. Peace, Blind
Bartimeus!

Do not disturb the Master.

*Bartimeus (crying more vehe-
mently).* Son of David,

Have mercy on me!

One of the Crowd. See, the
Master stops.

Be of good comfort; rise, he
callest thee!

*Bartimeus (casting away his
cloak).* Chilion! good neigh-
bours! lead me on.

Christus. What wilt thou
That I should do to thee?

Bartimeus. Good Lord!
my sight—

That I receive my sight !
Christus. Receive thy sight !
 Thy faith hath made thee whole !
The Crowd. He sees again !

(CHRISTUS *passes on.* *The crowd*
gathers round BARTIMEUS.)

Bartimeus. I see again ; but
 sight bewilders me !
 Like a remembered dream, familiar
 things
 Come back to me. I see the tender
 sky
 Above me, see the trees, the city
 walls,
 And the old gateway, through
 whose echoing arch
 I groped so many years ; and you,
 my neighbours ;
 But know you by your friendly
 voices only.
 How beautiful the world is ! and
 how wide !
 O, I am miles away, if I but look !
 Where art thou, Chilion ?
Chilion. Father, I am here.
Bartimeus. O let me gaze upon
 thy face, dear child !
 For I have only seen thee with my
 hands !
 How beautiful thou art ! I should
 have known thee ;
 Thou hast her eyes whom we shall
 see hereafter !
 O God of Abraham ? Elion ! Ado-
 nai !
 Who art thyself a Father, pardon
 me
 If for a moment I have thee post-
 poned
 To the affections and the thoughts
 of earth,
 Thee, and the adoration that I owe
 thee,
 When by thy power alone these
 darkened eyes
 Have been unsealed again to see
 thy light !

VI.

JACOB'S WELL.

A Samaritan Woman. The sun
 is hot ; and the dry east-wind
 blowing
 Fills all the air with dust. The
 birds are silent ;
 Even the little fieldfares in the corn
 No longer twitter ; only the grass-
 hoppers
 Sing their incessant song of sun
 and summer.
 I wonder who those strangers were
 I met
 Going into the city ? Galileans
 They seemed to me in speaking,
 when they asked
 The short way to the market-place.
 Perhaps
 They are fishermen from the lake ;
 or travellers,
 Looking to find the inn. And here
 is some one
 Sitting beside the well ; another
 stranger ;
 A Galilean also by his looks.
 What can so many Jews be doing
 here
 Together in Samaria ? Are they
 going
 Up to Jerusalem to the Passover ?
 Our Passover is better here at
 Sychem,
 For here is Ebal ; here is Gerizim,
 The mountain where our father
 Abraham
 Went up to offer Isaac ; here the
 tomb
 Of Joseph,—for they brought his
 bones from Egypt
 And buried them in this land, and
 it is holy.
Christus. Give me to drink.
Samaritan Woman. How
 can it be that thou,
 Being a Jew, askest to drink of me
 Which am a woman of Samaria ?

You Jews despise us; have no dealings with us;

Make us a by-word; call us in derision

The silly folk of Sychar. Sir, how is it
Thou askest drink of me?

Christus. If thou hadst known
The gift of God, and who it is that
sayeth

Give me to drink, thou wouldst
have asked of him;

He would have given thee the
living water.

Samaritan Woman. Sir, thou
hast nought to draw with, and
the well

Is deep! Whence hast thou living
water?

Say, art thou greater than our
father Jacob,

Which gave this well to us, and
drank thereof

Himself, and all his children, and
his cattle?

Christus. Ah, whosoever drink-
eth of this water

Shall thirst again; but whosoever
drinketh

The water I shall give him shall
not thirst

For evermore, for it shall be within
him

A well of living water, springing up
Into life everlasting.

Samaritan Woman. Every day
I must go to and fro, in heat and
cold,

And I am weary. Give me of this
water,

That I may thirst not, nor come
here to draw.

Christus. Go call thy husband,
woman, and come hither,

Samaritan Woman. I have no
husband, Sir,

Christus. Thou hast well said
I have no husband. Thou hast had
five husbands;

And he whom now thou hast is not
thy husband.

Samaritan Woman. Surely thou
art a Prophet, for thou readest
The hidden things of life! Our
fathers worshipped

Upon this mountain Gerizim; and
ye say

The only place in which men ought
to worship

Is at Jerusalem.

Christus. Believe me, woman,
The hour is coming, when ye
neither shall

Upon this mount, nor at Jeru-
salem,

Worship the Father; for the hour
is coming,

And is now come, when the true
worshippers

Shall worship the Father in spirit
and in truth!

The Father seeketh such to wor-
ship him.

God is a Spirit; and they that
worship him

Must worship him in spirit and in
truth.

Samaritan Woman. Master, I
know that the Messiah cometh,
Which is called Christ; and he will
tell us all things.

Christus. I that speak unto thee
am he!

The Disciples (returning). Be-
hold,

The Master sitting by the well, and
talking

With a Samaritan woman! With
a woman

Of Sychar, the silly people, always
boasting

Of their Mount Ebal, and Mount
Gerizim,

Their Everlasting Mountain, which
they think

Higher and holier than our Mount
Moriah!

The Second Passover.

Why, once upon the Feast of the
New Moon,
When our great Sanhedrim of Jeru-
salem

Had all its watch-fires kindled on
the hills

To warn the distant villages, these
people

Lighted up others to mislead the
Jews,

And make a mockery of their festi-
val!

See, she has left the Master; and
is running

Back to the city!

Samaritan Woman. O, come
see a man

Who hath told me all things that I
ever did!

Say, is not this the Christ?

The Disciples. Lo, Master, here
Is food, that we have brought thee
from the city.

We pray thee eat it.

Christus. I have food to eat
Ye know not of.

The Disciples (to each other).

Hath any man been here,
And brought him aught to eat,
while we were gone?

Christus. The food I speak of is
to do the will

Of him that sent me, and to finish
his work.

Do ye not say, Lo! there are yet
four months

And cometh harvest? I say unto
you,

Lift up your eyes, and look upon
the fields,

For they are white already unto
harvest!

VII.

THE COASTS OF CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.

Christus (going up the mountain).

Whom do the people say I am?

John.

Some say
That thou art John the Baptist;
some, Elias;

And others, Jeremiah.

James.

Or that one
Of the old Prophets is risen again.

Christus. But who say ye I am?

Peter. Thou art the Christ!
Thou art the Son of God!

Christus. Blessed art thou,
Simon Barjona! Flesh and blood
hath not

Revealed it unto thee, but even my
Father,

Which is in heaven. And I say
unto thee

That thou art Peter; and upon this
rock

I build my Church, and all the
gates of Hell

Shall not prevail against it. But
take heed

Ye tell to no man that I am the
Christ.

For I must go up to Jerusalem,
And suffer many things, and be re-
jected

Of the Chief Priests, and of the
Scribes and Elders,

And must be crucified, and the
third day

Shall rise again!

Peter. Be it far from thee, Lord!
This shall not be!

Christus. Get thee behind me,
Satan!

Thou savourest not the things that
be of God,

But those that be of men! If any
will

Come after me, let him deny himself,
And daily take his cross, and follow
me.

For whosoever will save his life
shall lose it,

And whosoever will lose his life
shall find it.

For wherein shall a man be profited

The Divine Tragedy.

If he shall gain the whole world,
and shall lose

Himself or be a castaway !

James (after a long pause). Why
doth

The Master lead us up into this
mountain ?

Peter. He goeth up to pray.

John. See, where he standeth
Above us on the summit of the hill !
His face shines as the sun ! and all
his raiment

Exceeding white as snow, so as
no fuller

On earth can white them ! He is
not alone ;

There are two with him there ; two
men of eld,

Their white beards blowing on the
mountain air,

Are talking with him.

James. I am sore afraid !

Peter. Who and whence are they ?

John. Moses and Elias !

Peter. O Master ! it is good for
us to be here !

If thou wilt, let us make three
tabernacles ;

For thee one, and for Moses and
Elias !

John. Behold a bright cloud sail-
ing in the sun !

It overshadows us. A golden mist
Now hides them from us, and
envelops us

And all the mountain in a lumin-
ous shadow !

I see no more. The nearest rocks
are hidden.

Voice from the cloud. Lo ! this
is my beloved Son ! Hear him !

Peter. It is the voice of God.

He speaketh to us,
As from the burning bush he spake
to Moses !

John. The cloud-wreaths roll
away. The veil is lifted ;

We see again. Behold ! he is alone,

It was a vision that our eyes beheld,
And it hath vanished into the un-
seen.

*Christus (coming down from the
mountain).* I charge ye, tell
the vision unto no one,

Till the Son of Man be risen from
the dead !

Peter (aside). Again he speaks
of it ! What can it mean,
This rising from the dead ?

James. Why say the Scribes
Elias must first come ?

Christus. He cometh first,
Restoring all things. But I say to
you,

That this Elias is already come.
They knew him not, but have done
unto him

Whate'er they listed, as is written
of him.

Peter (aside). It is of John the
Baptist he is speaking.

James. As we descend, see, at
the mountain's foot,
A crowd of people ; coming, going,
thronging

Round the disciples, that we left
behind us,
Seeming impatient that we stay so
long.

Peter. It is some blind man, or
some paralytic
That waits the Master's coming to
be healed.

James. I see a boy, who struggles
and demeans him
As if an unclean spirit tormented
him ?

*A certain Man (running for-
ward).* Lord ! I beseech thee,
look upon my son.

He is mine only child ; a lunatic,
And sorely vexed ; for oftentimes
he falleth

Into the fire and oft into the water.
Wherever the dumb spirit taketh
him

The Second Passover.

He teareth him. He gnasheth
with his teeth,
And pines away. I spake to thy
disciples

That they should cast him out, and
they could not.

Christus. O faithless generation
and perverse !

How long shall I be with you, and
suffer you ?

Bring thy son hither.

Bystanders. How the unclean
spirit

Seizes the boy, and tortures him
with pain !

He falleth to the ground and wal-
lows, foaming !

He cannot live.

Christus. How long is it ago
Since this came unto him ?

The Father. Even of a child.
O have compassion on us, Lord,
and help us,

If thou canst help us.

Christus. If thou canst believe !
For unto him that verily believeth,
All things are possible.

The Father. Lord, I believe !
Help thou mine unbelief !

Christus. Dumb and deaf spirit,
Come out of him, I charge thee,
and no more
Enter thou into him !

*(The boy utters a loud cry of pain,
and then lies still.)*

Bystanders. How motionless
He lieth there. No life is left in him.
His eyes are like a blind man's,
that see not.

The boy is dead !

Others. Behold, the Master
stoops,
And takes him by the hand, and
lifts him up.

He is not dead.

Disciples. But one word from
those lips

But one touch of that hand, and he
is healed !

Ah, why could we not do it ?

The Father. My poor child !
Now thou art mine again. The
unclean spirit

Shall never more torment thee !
Look at me !

Speak unto me ! Say that thou
knowest me !

Disciples to Christus (departing).

Good Master, tell us, for what
reason was it

We could not cast him out ?

Christus. Because
of your unbelief !

VIII.

THE YOUNG RULER.

Christus. Two men went up into
the Temple to pray.

The one was a self-righteous Phari-
see,

The other a Publican. And the
Pharisee

Stood and prayed thus within him-
self: O God,

I thank thee I am not as other men,
Extortioners, unjust, adulterers,
Or even as this Publican. I fast
Twice in the week, and also I give
tithes

Of all that I possess ! The Publican,
Standing afar off, would not lift so
much

Even as his eyes to heaven, but
smote his breast,

Saying: God be merciful to me a
sinner !

I tell you that this man went to his
house

More justified than the other.
Every one

That doth exalt himself shall be
abased,

And he that humbleth himself shall
be exalted !

Children (among themselves).

Let us go nearer ! He is telling stories !

Let us go listen to them.

An old Jew. Children, children, What are ye doing here ? Why do ye crowd us ?

It was such little vagabonds as you That followed Elisha, mocking him and crying :

Go up, thou bald-head ! But the bears—the bears

Came out of the wood, and tare them !

A Mother. Speak not thus ! We brought them here, that he might lay his hands

On them, and bless them.

Christus. Suffer little children To come unto me, and forbid them not ;

Of such is the kingdom of heaven ; and their angels

Look always on my Father's face.

(*Takes them in his arms and blesses them.*)

A Young Ruler (running). Good Master !

What good thing shall I do, that I may have

Eternal life ?

Christus. Why callest thou me good ?

There is none good but one, and that is God.

If thou wilt enter into life eternal, Keep the commandments.

Young Ruler. Which of them ?

Christus. Thou shalt not Commit adultery ; thou shalt not kill ;

Thou shalt not steal ; thou shalt not bear false witness ;

Honour thy father and thy mother ; and love

Thy neighbour as thyself.

Young Ruler. From my youth up

All these things have I kept. What lack I yet ?

John. With what divine compassion in his eyes

The Master looks upon this eager youth,

As if he loved him !

Christus. Wouldst thou perfect be,

Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor,

And come, take up thy cross, and follow me,

And thou shalt have thy treasure in the heavens.

John. Behold, how sorrowful he turns away !

Christus. Children ! how hard it is for them that trust

In riches to enter into the kingdom of God !

'Tis easier for a camel to go through A needle's eye, than for the rich to enter

The kingdom of God !

John. Ah, who then can be saved ?

Christus. With men this is indeed impossible,

But unto God all things are possible !

Peter. Behold, we have left all, and followed thee.

What shall we have therefor ?

Christus. Eternal life.

IX.

AT BETHANY.

MARTHA *busy about household affairs.* MARY *sitting at the feet of CHRISTUS.*

Martha. She sitteth idly at the Master's feet,

And troubles not herself with household cares.

'Tis the old story. When a guest arrives

The Second Passover.

She gives up all to be with him;
while I

Must be the drudge, make ready
the guest-chamber,

Prepare the food, set everything in
order,

And see that nought is wanting in
the house.

She shows her love by words, and
I by works.

Mary. O Master! when thou
comest it is always

A Sabbath in the house. I cannot
work;

I must sit at thy feet; must see
thee, hear thee!

I have a feeble, wayward, doubting
heart,

Incapable of endurance or great
thoughts,

Striving for something that it can-
not reach,

Baffled and disappointed, wounded,
hungry;

And only when I hear thee am I
happy,

And only when I see thee am at
peace!

Stronger than I, and wiser, and
far better

In every manner, is my sister
Martha.

You see how well she orders every-
thing

To make thee welcome; how she
comes and goes,

Careful and cumbered ever with
much serving,

While I but welcome thee with
foolish words!

Whene'er thou speakest to me, I
am happy;

When thou art silent, I am satisfied.
Thy presence is enough. I ask no

more.
Only to be with thee, only to see
thee,

Sufficeth me. My heart is then at
rest.

I wonder I am worthy of so much.
Martha. Lord, dost thou care

not that my sister Mary
Hath left me thus to wait on thee

alone?

I pray thee, bid her help me.

Christus. Martha, Martha,
Careful and troubled about many
things

Art thou, and yet one thing alone
is needful!

Thy sister Mary hath chosen that
good part,

Which never shall be taken away
from her!

X.

BORN BLIND.

A Jew. Who is this beggar
blinking in the sun?

Is it not he who used to sit and beg
By the Gate Beautiful?

Another. It is the same.

A Third. It is not he, but like
him, for that beggar

Was blind from birth. It cannot
be the same.

The Beggar. Yea, I am he.

A Jew. How have
thine eyes been opened?

The Beggar. A man that is
called Jesus made a clay

And put it on mine eyes, and said
to me:

Go to Siloam's Pool and wash thy-
self.

I went and washed, and I received
my sight.

A Jew. Where is he?

The Beggar. I know not.
Pharisees. What

is this crowd
Gathered about a beggar? What

has happened?

A Jew. Here is a man who hath
been blind from birth,

The Divine Tragedy.

And now he sees. He says a man
called Jesus
Hath healed him.

Pharisees. As God liveth,
the Nazarene !

How was this done ?

The Beggar. Rabboni, he put clay
Upon mine eyes ; I washed, and
now I see.

Pharisees. When did he this ?

The Beggar. Rabboni,
yesterday.

Pharisees. The Sabbath-day.

This man is not of God
Because he keepeth not the Sab-
bath-day !

A Jew. How can a man that is
a sinner do

Such miracles ?

Pharisees. What dost thou say
of him

That hath restored thy sight ?

The Beggar. He is a Prophet.

A Jew. This is a wonderful
story, but not true.

A beggar's fiction. He was not
born blind,

And never has been blind !

Others. Here are his parents.
Ask them.

Pharisees. Is this your son ?

The Parents. Rabboni, yea ;
We know this is our son.

Pharisees. Was he born blind ?

The Parents. He was born blind.

Pharisees. Then
how doth he now see ?

The Parents (aside). What an-
swer shall we make ? If we
confess

It was the Christ, we shall be
driven forth

Out of the Synagogue ! We know,
Rabboni,

This is our son, and that he was
born blind ;

But by what means he seeth, we
know not,

Or who his eyes hath opened, we
know not.

He is of age—ask him ; we cannot
say ;

He shall speak for himself.

Pharisees. Give God
the praise !

We know the man that healed thee
is a sinner !

The Beggar. Whether he be a
sinner I know not ;

One thing I know, that whereas I
was blind,

I now do see.

Pharisees. How opened he thine
eyes ?

What did he do ?

The Beggar. I have already told
you.

Ye did not hear ; why would ye
hear again ?

Will ye be his disciples ?

Pharisees. God of Moses !
Are we demoniacs, are we halt or
blind,

Or palsy-stricken, or lepers, or the
like,

That we should join the Synagogue
of Satan,

And follow jugglers ? Thou art his
disciple,

But we are disciples of Moses ; and
we know

That God spake unto Moses ; but
this fellow,

We know not whence he is !

The Beggar. Why, herein is
A marvellous thing ! Ye know not
whence he is,

Yet he hath opened mine eyes !
We know that God

Heareth not sinners ; but if any man
Doeth God's will, and is his wor-
shipper,

Him doth he hear. O, since the
world began

It was not heard that any man hath
opened

The Second Passover.

The eyes of one that was born blind.
If he
Were not of God, surely he could
do nothing!

Pharisees. Thou, who wast alto-
gether born in sins
And in iniquities, dost thou teach us?
Away with thee out of the holy
places,
Thou reprobate, thou beggar, thou
blasphemer!

(THE BEGGAR *is cast out.*)

XI.

SIMON MAGUS AND HELEN OF
TYRE.

*On the house-top at Endor. Night.
A lighted lantern on a table.*

Simon. Swift are the blessed Im-
mortals to the mortal
That perseveres! So doth it stand
recorded
In the divine Chaldean Oracles
Of Zoroaster, once Ezekiel's slave,
Who in his native East betook
himself
To lonely meditation, and the writing
On the dried skins of oxen the
Twelve Books
Of the Avesta and the Oracles!
Therefore I persevere; and I have
brought thee
From the great city of Tyre, where
men deride
The things they comprehend not,
to this plain
Of Esdraelon, in the Hebrew tongue
Called Armageddon, and this town
of Endor,
Where men believe; where all the
air is full
Of marvellous traditions, and the
Enchantress
That summoned up the ghost of
Samuel

Is still remembered. Thou hast
seen the land:

Is it not fair to look on?

Helen. It is fair,
Yet not so fair as Tyre.

Simon. Is not Mount Tabor
As beautiful as Carmel by the Sea?

Helen. It is too silent and too
solitary;

I miss the tumult of the streets;
the sounds

Of traffic, and the going to and fro
Of people in gay attire, with cloaks
of purple,

And gold and silver jewelry!

Simon. Inventions
Of Ahriman, the spirit of the dark,
The Evil Spirit!

Helen. I regret the gossip
Of friends and neighbours at the
open door

On summer nights.

Simon. An idle waste of time.

Helen. The singing and the
dancing, the delight

Of music and of motion. Woe is
me,

To give up all these pleasures, and
to lead

The life we lead!

Simon. Thou canst not raise
thyself

Up to the level of my higher
thought,

And though possessing thee, I still
remain

Apart from thee, and with thee, am
alone

In my high dreams.

Helen. Happier was I in Tyre.
O, I remember how the gallant
ships

Came sailing in, with ivory, gold
and silver,

And apes and peacocks; and the
singing sailors;

And the gay captains, with their
silken dresses,

Smelling of aloes, myrrh, and cinnamon!

Simon. But the dishonour,

Helen! Let the ships
Of Tarshish howl for that!

Helen. And what dishonour?
Remember Rahab, and how she became

The ancestress of the great Psalmist
David;

And wherefore should not I, Helen
of Tyre,

Attain like honour?

Simon. Thou art Helen of
Tyre,

And hast been Helen of Troy,
and hast been Rahab,

The Queen of Sheba, and Semi-
ramis,

And Sara of seven husbands, and
Jezebel,

And other women of the like allure-
ments;

And now thou art Minerva, the
first Æon,

The Mother of Angels!

Helen. And the concubine
Of Simon the Magician! Is it
honour

For one who has been all these
noble dames,

To tramp about the dirty villages
And cities of Samaria with a jug-
gler—

A charmer of serpents?

Simon. He who knows himself,
Knows all things in himself. I
have charmed thee,

Thou beautiful asp; yet am I no
magician.

I am the Power of God, and the
Beauty of God!

I am the Paraclete, the Comforter!

Helen. Illusions! Thou de-
ceiver, self-deceived!

Thou dost usurp the titles of
another;

Thou art not what thou sayest.

Simon. Am I not?
Then feel my power.

Helen. Would I had
ne'er left Tyre!

(*He looks at her, and she sinks into
a deep sleep.*)

Simon. Go, see it in thy dreams,
fair unbeliever!

And leave me unto mine, if they be
dreams,

That take such shapes before me,
that I see them;

These effable and ineffable impres-
sions

Of the mysterious world, that come
to me

From the elements of Fire and
Earth and Water,

And the all-nourishing Ether! It
is written,

Look not on Nature, for her name
is fatal!

Yet there are Principles, that make
apparent

The images of unapparent things,
And the impression of vague char-
acters

And visions most divine appear in
ether.

So speak the Oracles; then where-
fore fatal?

I take this orange-bough, with its
five leaves,

Each equidistant on the upright
stem;

And I project them on a plane be-
low,

In the circumference of a circle
drawn

About a centre where the stem is
planted,

And each still equidistant from the
other;

As if a thread of gossamer were
drawn

Down from each leaf, and fastened
with a pin.

The Second Passover.

Now if from these five points a line
be traced

To each alternate point, we shall
obtain

The Pentagram, or Solomon's
Pentangle,

A charm against all witchcraft, and
a sign,

Which on the banner of Antiochus
Drove back the fierce barbarians of
the North,

Demons esteemed, and gave the
Syrian King

The sacred name of Soter, or of
Saviour.

Thus Nature works mysteriously
with man ;

And from the Eternal One, as from
a centre,

All things proceed, in fire, air, earth,
and water,

And all are subject to one law,
which broken

Even in a single point, is broken in
all ;

Demons rush in, and chaos comes
again.

By this will I compel the stubborn
spirits

That guard the treasures, hid in
caverns deep

On Gerizim by Uzzi the High-
Priest,

The ark and holy vessels, to reveal
Their secret unto me, and to restore
These precious things to the Sa-
maritans.

A mist is rising from the plain below
me,

And as I look the vapours shape
themselves

Into strange figures, as if unawares
My lips had breathed the Tetra-
grammaton,

And from their graves, o'er all the
battlefields

Of Armageddon, the long-buried
captains

Had started, with their thousands,
and ten thousands,

And rushed together to renew their
wars,

Powerless, and weaponless, and
without a sound !

Wake, Helen, from thy sleep ! The
air grows cold ;

Let us go down.

Helen (awaking). O would I were
at home !

Simon. Thou sayest that I usurp
another's titles.

In youth I saw the Wise Men of the
East,

Magalath and Pangalath, and Sara-
cen,

Who followed the bright star, but
home returned

For fear of Herod by another way.
O shining worlds above me ! in what
deep

Recesses of your realms of mystery
Lies hidden now that star ; and
where are they

That brought the gifts of frank-
incense and myrrh ?

Helen. The Nazarene still liveth.

Simon. We have heard

His name in many towns, but have
not seen him.

He flits before us ; tarries not ; is
gone

When we approach like something
unsubstantial,

Made of the air, and fading into
air.

He is at Nazareth, he is at Nain,
Or at the Lovely Village on the
Lake,

Or sailing on its waters.

Helen. So say those
Who do not wish to find him.

Simon. Can this be
The King of Israel, whom the Wise
Men worshipped ?

Or does he fear to meet me? It
would seem so.

We should soon learn which of us
twain usurps

The titles of the other, as thou
sayest.

(*They go down.*)



THE THIRD PASSOVER.

I.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

THE SYRO-PHœNICIAN WOMAN
and her DAUGHTER *on the house-
top at Jerusalem.*

The Daughter (singing).

Blind Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd; he hears a
breath

Say: It is Christ of Nazareth!

And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes increase:
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace!
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud;
Until they say: He calleth thee!
θάρσει, ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent
stands

The crowd: What wilt thou at my
hands?

And he replies: O, give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!

And Jesus answers, Ὑπάγε
Ἦ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

θάρσει, ἔγειραι Ὑπάγε!

Ἦ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

The Mother. Thy faith hath saved
thee! Ah, how true that is!

For I had faith; and when the
Master came

Into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon,
fleeing

From those who sought to slay him,
I went forth

And cried unto him, saying: Have
mercy on me,

O Lord, thou Son of David! for my
daughter

Is grievously tormented with a
devil.

But he passed on, and answered not
a word.

And his disciples said, beseeching
him:

Send her away! She crieth after us!

And then the Master answered them
and said:

I am not sent but unto the lost sheep
Of the House of Israel! Then I

worshipped him,
Saying: Lord, help me! And he

answered me,
It is not meet to take the children's

bread
And cast it unto dogs! Truth, Lord,

I said;

And yet the dogs may eat the crumbs
which fall

From off their master's table; and
he turned,

And answered me; and said to me:
O woman,

Great is thy faith; then be it unto
thee,

Even as thou wilt. And from that
very hour

Thou wast made whole, my darling!
my delight!

The Daughter. There came upon
my dark and troubled mind

A calm, as when the tumult of the city
Suddenly ceases, and I lie and hear

The silver trumpets of the Temple
blowing

The Third Passover.

Their welcome to the Sabbath. Still
I wonder

That one who was so far away from
me,

And could not see me, by his
thought alone

Had power to heal me. O that I
could see him!

The Mother. Perhaps thou wilt;
for I have brought thee here
To keep the holy Passover, and lay
Thine offering of thanksgiving on
the altar.

Thou mayst both see and hear him.
Hark!

Voices afar off. Hosanna!

The Daughter. A crowd comes
pouring through the city gate!
O mother, look!

Voices in the street. Hosanna to
the Son
Of David!

The Daughter. A great multitude
of people
Fills all the street; and riding on
an ass

Comes one of noble aspect, like a
king!

The people spread their garments
in the way,

And scatter branches of the palm-
trees!

Voices. Blessed
Is he that cometh in the name of
the Lord!

Hosanna in the highest!

Other Voices. Who is this?

Voices. Jesus of Nazareth!

The Daughter. Mother, it is he!

Voices. He hath called Lazarus
of Bethany

Out of his grave, and raised him
from the dead!

Hosanna in the highest!

Pharisees. Ye perceive
That nothing we prevail. Behold,
the world

Is all gone after him!

The Daughter. What majesty,
What power is in that careworn
countenance!

What sweetness, what compassion!
I no longer

Wonder that he hath healed me!

Voices. Peace in heaven,
And glory in the highest!

Pharisees. Rabbi! Rabbi!
Rebuke thy followers!

Christus. Should they
hold their peace

The very stones beneath us would
cry out!

The Daughter. All hath passed
by me like a dream of wonder!

But I have seen him, and have
heard his voice,

And I am satisfied! I ask no more!

II.

SOLOMON'S PORCH.

Gamaliel the Scribe. When Rab-
ban Simeon, upon whom be
peace!

Taught in these Schools, he boasted
that his pen

Had written no word that he could
call his own,

But wholly and always had been
consecrated

To the transcribing of the Law and
Prophets.

He used to say, and never tired of
saying,

The world itself was built upon the
Law.

And ancient Hillel said, that who-
soever

Gains a good name, gains something
for himself,

But he who gains a knowledge of
the Law

Gains everlasting life. And they
spake truly.

Great is the Written Law; but
greater still

The Divine Tragedy.

The Unwritten, the Traditions of
the Elders,
The lovely words of Levites, spoken
first
To Moses on the Mount, and
handed down
From mouth to mouth, in one
unbroken sound
And sequence of divine authority,
The voice of God resounding
through the ages.

The Written Law is water; the
Unwritten
Is precious wine; the Written Law
is salt,
The Unwritten costly spice; the
Written Law
Is but the body; the Unwritten,
the soul
That quickens it, and makes it
breathe and live.

I can remember, many years ago,
A little bright-eyed schoolboy, a
mere stripling,
Son of a Galilean carpenter,
From Nazareth, I think, who came
one day
And sat here in the Temple with
the Scribes,
Hearing us speak, and asking many
questions,
And we were all astonished at his
quickness.
And when his mother came, and
said: Behold,
Thy father and I have sought thee,
sorrowing;
He looked as one astonished, and
made answer:
How is it that ye sought me? Wist
ye not
That I must be about my Father's
business?
Often since then I see him here
among us,
Or dream I see him, with his up-
raised face

Intent and eager, and I often wonder
Unto what manner of manhood he
hath grown!
Perhaps a poor mechanic, like his
father,
Lost in his little Galilean village
And toiling at his craft, to die un-
known
And be no more remembered among
men.

Christus (in the outer court). The
Scribes and Pharisees sit in
Moses' seat;
All, therefore, whatsoever they
command you,
Observe and do; but follow not
their works;
They say and do not. They bind
heavy burdens
And very grievous to be borne, and
lay them
Upon men's shoulders, but they
move them not
With so much as a finger!

Gamaliel (looking forth). Who is
this
Exhorting in the outer courts so
loudly?

Christus. Their works they do
for to be seen of men:
They make broad their phylacteries,
and enlarge
The borders of their garments, and
they love
The uppermost rooms at feasts, and
the chief seats
In Synagogues, and greetings in the
markets,
And to be called of all men Rabbi,
Rabbi!

Gamaliel. It is that loud and
turbulent Galilean,
That came here at the Feast of
Dedication,
And stirred the people up to break
the Law!

Christus. Woe unto you, ye
Scribes and Pharisees,

The Third Passover.

Ye hypocrites ! for ye shut up the kingdom

Of heaven, and neither go ye in yourselves

Nor suffer them that are entering to go in !

Gamaliel. How eagerly the people throng and listen,
As if his ribald words were words of wisdom !

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites ! for ye devour the houses

Of widows, and for pretence ye make long prayers ;

Therefore shall ye receive the more damnation.

Gamaliel. This brawler is no Jew,—he is a vile Samaritan, and hath an unclean spirit !

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites ! ye compass sea and land

To make one proselyte, and when he is made

Ye make him twofold more the child of hell

Than you yourselves are !

Gamaliel. O my father's father !

Hillel of blessed memory, hear and judge !

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites ! for ye pay tithe of mint,

Of anise and of cumin, and omit The weightier matters of the law of God,

Judgment and faith and mercy ; and all these

Ye ought to have done, nor leave undone the others !

Gamaliel. O Rabban Simeon ! how must thy bones

Stir in their grave to hear such blasphemies !

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites ! for ye make clean and sweet

The outside of the cup and of the platter,

But they within are full of all excess !

Gamaliel. Patience of God ! canst thou endure so long ?

Or art thou deaf, or gone upon a journey ?

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites ! for ye are very like To whitened sepulchres, which indeed

appear Beautiful outwardly, but are within Filled full of dead men's bones and

all uncleanness !

Gamaliel. Am I awake ? Is this Jerusalem ?

And are these Jews that throng and stare and listen ?

Christus. Woe unto you, ye Scribes and Pharisees,

Ye hypocrites ! because ye build the tombs

Of Prophets, and adorn the sepulchres

Of righteous men, and say : If we had lived

When lived our fathers, we would not have been

Partakers with them in the blood of Prophets.

So ye be witnesses unto yourselves, That ye are children of them that killed the Prophets !

Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.

I send unto you Prophets and Wise Men,

And Scribes, and some ye crucify, and some

Scourge in your Synagogues, and persecute

The Divine Tragedy.

From city to city ! that on you may
come

The righteous blood that hath been
shed on earth,

From the blood of righteous Abel
to the blood

Of Zacharias, son of Barachias,
Ye slew between the Temple and
the altar !

Gamaliel. O, had I here my
subtle dialectician,
My little Saul of Tarsus, the tent-
maker,

Whose wit is sharper than his
needle's point,

He would delight to foil this noisy
wrangler !

Christus. Jerusalem ! Jerusa-
lem ! O thou

That killest the Prophets, and that
stonest them

Which are sent unto thee, how
often would I

Have gathered together thy chil-
dren, as a hen

Gathereth her chickens underneath
her wing,

And ye would not ! Behold, your
house is left

Unto you desolate !

The People. This is a Prophet !
This is the Christ that was to
come !

Gamaliel. Ye fools !
Think ye, shall Christ come out of
Galilee ?

III.

LORD, IS IT I ?

Christus. One of you shall betray
me.

The Disciples. Is it I ?
Lord, is it I ?

Christus. One of the Twelve it is
That dippeth with me in this dish
his hand ;

He shall betray me. Lo, the Son
of Man

Goeth indeed as it is written of
him ;

But woe shall be unto that man by
whom

He is betrayed ! Good were it for
that man

If he had ne'er been born !

Judas Iscariot. Lord, is it I ?

Christus. Ay, thou hast said.
And that thou doest, do quickly.

Judas Iscariot (going out). Ah,
woe is me !

Christus. All ye shall be offended
Because of me this night ; for it is
written :

Awake, O sword, against my shep-
herd ! Smite

The shepherd, saith the Lord of
Hosts, and scattered

Shall be the sheep !—But after I
am risen

I go before you into Galilee.

Peter. O Master ! though all
men shall be offended

Because of thee, yet will not I be !
Christus. Simon,

Behold how Satan hath desired to
have you,

That he may sift you as one sifteth
wheat !

Whither I go thou canst not follow
me,—

Not now ;—but thou shalt follow
me hereafter.

Peter. Wherefore can I not
follow thee ? I am ready

To go with thee to prison and to
death.

Christus. Verily say I unto thee,
this night,

Ere the cock crow, thou shalt deny
me thrice !

Peter. Though I should die, yet
will I not deny thee.

Christus. When first I sent you
forth without a purse,

The Third Passover.

Or scrip, or shoes, did ye lack anything?

The Disciples. Not anything.

Christus. But he

that hath a purse,

Now let him take it, and likewise his scrip;

And he that hath no sword, let him go sell

His clothes and buy one. That which hath been written

Must be accomplished now: He hath poured out

His soul even unto death; he hath been numbered

With the transgressors, and himself hath borne

The sin of many, and made intercession

For the transgressors. And here have an end

The things concerning me.

Peter. Behold, O Lord, Behold, here are two swords!

Christus. It is enough.

IV.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Christus. My spirit is exceeding sorrowful,
Even unto death! Tarry ye here and watch.

(He goes apart.)

Peter. Under this ancient olive-tree, that spreads
Its broad centennial branches like a tent,
Let us lie down and rest.

John. What are those torches
That glimmer on Brook Kedron
there below us?

James. It is some marriage-feast; the joyful maidens
Go out to meet the bridegroom.

Peter. I am weary.
The struggles of this day have overcome me.

(They sleep.)

Christus (falling on his face).

Father! all things are possible to thee,—

O let this cup pass from me!
Nevertheless

Not as I will, but as thou wilt, be done!

(Returning to the Disciples.)

What! could ye not watch with me for one hour?

O watch and pray, that ye may enter not

Into temptation. For the spirit indeed

Is willing, but the flesh is weak!

John. Alas!

It is for sorrow that our eyes are heavy.—

I see again the glimmer of those torches

Among the olives; they are coming hither.

James. Outside the garden wall the path divides;

Surely they come not hither.

(They sleep again.)

Christus (as before). O my Father!

If this cup may not pass away from me,

Except I drink of it, thy will be done.

(Returning to the Disciples.)

Sleep on; and take your rest!

John. Beloved Master,
Alas! we know not what to answer thee!

It is for sorrow that our eyes are heavy.—

Behold, the torches now encompass us.

James. They do but go about the garden wall,

The Divine Tragedy.

Seeking for some one, or for something lost.

(They sleep again.)

Christus (as before). If this cup may not pass away from me, Except I drink of it, thy will be done.

(Returning to the Disciples.)

It is enough! Behold, the Son of Man

Hath been betrayed into the hands of sinners!

The hour is come. Rise up, let us be going;

For he that shall betray me is at hand.

John. Ah me! See, from his forehead, in the torchlight, Great drops of blood are falling to the ground!

Peter. What lights are these?

What torches glare and glisten Upon the swords and armour of these men?

And there among them Judas Iscariot!

(He smites the servant of the High-Priest with his sword.)

Christus. Put up thy sword into its sheath; for they That take the sword shall perish with the sword.

The cup my Father hath given me to drink,

Shall I not drink it? Think'st thou that I cannot

Pray to my Father, and that he shall give me

More than twelve legions of angels presently?

Judas (to Christus, kissing him).

Hail, Master! hail!

Christus. Friend, wherefore art thou come?

Whom seek ye?

Captain of the Temple. Jesus of Nazareth.

Christus. I am he.

Are ye come hither as against a thief,

With swords and staves to take me? When I daily

Was with you in the Temple, ye stretched forth

No hands to take me! But this is your hour,

And this the power of darkness. If ye seek

Me only, let these others go their way.

(The Disciples depart. CHRISTUS is bound and led away. A certain young man follows him, having a linen cloth cast about his body. They lay hold of him, and the young man flees from them naked.)

V.

THE PALACE OF CAIAPHAS.

Pharisees. What do we? Clearly something must we do, For this man worketh many miracles.

Caiaphas. I am informed that he is a mechanic; A carpenter's son; a Galilean peasant, Keeping disreputable company.

Pharisees. The people say that here in Bethany

He hath raised up a certain Lazarus,

Who had been dead three days.

Caiaphas. Impossible! There is no resurrection of the dead; This Lazarus should be taken, and put to death

As an impostor. If this Galilean Would be content to stay in Galilee,

And preach in country towns, I should not heed him.

The Third Passover.

But when he comes up to Jerusalem
Riding in triumph, as I am in-
formed,
And drives the money-changers
from the Temple,
That is another matter.

Pharisees. If we thus
Let him alone, all will believe on
him,
And then the Romans come and
take away
Our place and nation.

Caïaphas. Ye know nothing
at all.

Simon Ben Camith, my great pre-
decessor,

On whom be peace! would have
dealt presently

With such a demagogue. I shall
no less.

The man must die. Do ye consider
not

It is expedient that one man
should die,

Not the whole nation perish? What
is death?

If differeth from sleep but in dura-
tion.

We sleep and wake again; an hour
or two

Later or earlier, and it matters not,
And if we never wake it matters not;

When we are in our graves we are
at peace,—

Nothing can wake us or disturb
us more.

There is no resurrection.

Pharisees (aside). O most
faithful

Disciple of Hyrcanus Maccabæus,
Will nothing but complete annihil-
ation

Comfort and satisfy thee?

Caïaphas. While ye are talking
And plotting, and contriving how to
take him,

Fearing the people, and so doing
naught,

I, who fear not the people, have
been acting;

Have taken this Prophet, this
young Nazarene,

Who by Beelzebub the Prince of
devils

Casteth out devils, and doth raise
the dead,

That might as well be dead, and
left in peace.

Annas my father-in-law hath sent
him hither.

I hear the guard. Behold your
Galilean!

(CHRISTUS is brought in bound.)

Servant (in the vestibule). Why
art thou up so late, my pretty
damsel?

Damsel. Why art thou up so
early, pretty man?

It is not cock-crow yet, and art
thou stirring?

Servant. What brings thee here?
Damsel. What

brings the rest of you?

Servant. Come here and warm
thy hands.

Damsel (to Peter). Art thou
not also

One of this man's disciples?
Peter. I am not.

Damsel. Now surely thou art
also one of them;

Thou art a Galilean, and thy speech
Bewrayeth thee.

Peter. Woman, I know him not!
Caïaphas (to Christus, in the

Hall). Who art thou? Tell us
plainly of thyself

And of thy doctrines, and of thy
disciples.

Christus. Lo, I have spoken
openly to the world;

I have taught ever in the Syna-
gogue,

And in the Temple, where the Jews
resort;

The Divine Tragedy.

In secret have said nothing.

Wherefore then

Askest thou me of this? Ask them
that heard me

What I have said to them. Behold,
they know

What I have said!

Officer (striking him). What,
fellow! answerest thou

The High-Priest so?

Christus. If I have spoken evil,
Bear witness of the evil; but if well,
Why smitest thou me?

Caiaphas. Where are the
witnesses?

Let them say what they know.

The two False Witnesses. We
heard him say:

I will destroy this Temple made
with hands,

And will within three days build
up another

Made without hands.

Scribes and Pharisees. He is
o'erwhelmed with shame
And cannot answer!

Caiaphas. Dost thou answer
nothing?

What is this thing they witness
here against thee?

Scribes and Pharisees. He holds
his peace.

Caiaphas. Tell us, art thou the
Christ?

I do adjure thee by the living God,
Tell us, art thou indeed the Christ?

Christus. I am.

Hereafter shall ye see the Son of
Man

Sit on the right hand of the power
of God,

And come in clouds of heaven!

Caiaphas (rending his clothes).

It is enough.

He hath spoken blasphemy! What
further need

Have we of witnesses? Now ye
have heard

His blasphemy. What think ye?
Is he guilty?

Scribes and Pharisees. Guilty of
death!

*Kinsman of Malchus (to Peter,
in the vestibule).* Surely I know
thy face;

Did I not see thee in the garden
with him?

Peter. How couldst thou see me?

I swear unto thee

I do not know this man of whom
ye speak!

(The cock crows.)

Hark! the cock crows! That
sorrowful pale face

Seeks for me in the crowd, and
looks at me,

As if he would remind me of those
words:

Ere the cock crow thou shalt deny
me thrice!

*(Goes out weeping. CHRISTUS is
blindfolded and buffeted.)*

*An Officer (striking him with his
palm).* Prophecy unto us, thou
Christ, thou Prophet!

Who is it smote thee?

Caiaphas. Lead him unto Pilate!

VI.

PONTIUS PILATE.

Pilate. Wholly incomprehensible
to me,

Vainglorious, obstinate, and given
up

To unintelligible old traditions,
And proud and self-conceited are
these Jews!

Not long ago, I marched the legions
down

The Third Passover.

From Cæsarea to their winter-
quarters
Here in Jerusalem, with the effigies
Of Cæsar on their ensigns, and a
tumult
Arose among these Jews, because
their Law
Forbids the making of all images !
They threw themselves upon the
ground with wild
Expostulations, bared their necks,
and cried
That they would sooner die than
have their Law
Infringed in any manner: as if
Numa
Were not as great as Moses, and
the Laws
Of the Twelve Tables as their Penta-
teuch !
And then, again, when I desired to
span
Their valley with an aqueduct, and
bring
A rushing river in to wash the city
And its inhabitants,—they all re-
belled
As if they had been herds of un-
washed swine !
Thousands and thousands of them
got together
And raised so great a clamour round
my doors,
That, fearing violent outbreak, I
desisted,
And left them to their wallowing in
the mire.

And now here comes the reverend
Sanhedrim
Of lawyers, priests, and Scribes and
Pharisees,
Like old and toothless mastiffs, that
can bark,
But cannot bite, howling their ac-
cusations
Against a mild enthusiast, who hath
preached

I know not what new doctrine, being
King
Of some vague kingdom in the other
world,
That hath no more to do with Rome
and Cæsar
Than I have with the patriarch
Abraham !
Finding this man to be a Gali-
lean,
I sent him straight to Herod, and I
hope
That is the last of it ; but if it be
not,
I still have power to pardon and
release him,
As is the custom at the Passover,
And so accommodate the matter
smoothly,
Seeming to yield to them, yet saving
him ;
A prudent and sagacious policy
For Roman Governors in the
Provinces.

Incomprehensible, fanatic people !
Ye have a God, who seemeth like
yourselves
Incomprehensible, dwelling apart,
Majestic, cloud - encompassed,
clothed in darkness !
One whom ye fear, but love not ;
yet ye have
No Goddesses to soften your stern
lives,
And make you tender unto human
weakness,
While we of Rome have everywhere
around us
Our amiable divinities, that haunt
The woodlands, and the waters,
and frequent
Our households, with their sweet
and gracious presence !
I will go in, and while these Jews
are wrangling,
Read my Ovidius on the Art of
Love.

The Divine Tragedy.

VII.

BARABBAS IN PRISON.

Barabbas (to his fellow-prisoners).

Barabbas is my name,
Barabbas, the Son of Shame,
Is the meaning I suppose;
I'm no better than the best,
And whether worse than the rest
Of my fellow-men, who knows?

I was once, to say it in brief,
A highwayman, a robber chief,
In the open light of day.
So much I am free to confess;
But all men, more or less,
Are robbers in their way.

From my cavern in the crags,
From my lair of leaves and flags,
I could see, like ants, below,
The camels with their load
Of merchandise, on the road
That leadeth to Jericho.

And I struck them unaware,
As an eagle from the air
Drops down upon bird or beast;
And I had my heart's desire
Of the merchants of Sidon and Tyre,
And Damascus and the East.

But it is not for that I fear;
It is not for that I am here
In these iron fetters bound;
Sedition! that is the word
That Pontius Pilate heard,
And he liketh not the sound.

What, think ye, would he care
For a Jew slain here or there,
Or a plundered caravan?
But Cæsar!—ah, that is a crime,
To the uttermost end of time
Shall not be forgiven to man.

Therefore was Herod wroth
With Matthias Margaloth,
And burned him for a show!
Therefore his wrath did smite
Judas the Gaulonite,
And his followers, as ye know.

For that cause, and no more,
Am I here, as I said before;
For one unlucky night
Jucundus, the captain of horse,
Was upon us with all his force,
And I was caught in the fight.

I might have fled with the rest,
But my dagger was in the breast
Of a Roman equerry;
As we rolled there in the street,
They bound me, hands and feet;
And this is the end of me.

Who cares for death? Not I!
A thousand times I would die,
Rather than suffer wrong!
Already those women of mine
Are mixing the myrrh and the wine;
I shall not be with you long.

VIII.

ECCE HOMO.

Pilate (on the Tessellated Pavement in front of his Palace).
Ye have brought unto me this
man, as one

Who doth pervert the people; and
behold!

I have examined him, and found no
fault

Touching the things whereof ye do
accuse him.

No, nor yet Herod: for I sent you
to him,

And nothing worthy of death he
findeth in him.

Ye have a custom at the Passover,
That one condemned to death shall
be released.

The Third Passover.

Whom will ye, then, that I release to you ?

Jesus Barabbas, called the Son of Shame,

Or Jesus, son of Joseph, called the Christ ?

The People (shouting). Not this man, but Barabbas !

Pilate. What then will ye That I should do with him that is called Christ ?

The People. Crucify him !

Pilate. Why, what evil hath he done ?

Lo, I have found no cause of death in him ;

I will chastise him, and then let him go.

The People (more vehemently). Crucify him ! crucify him !

A Messenger (to Pilate). Thy wife sends

This message to thee : Have thou nought to do

With that just man ; for I this day in dreams

Have suffered many things because of him.

Pilate (aside). The Gods speak to us in our dreams ! I tremble At what I have to do ! O Claudia, How shall I save him ? Yet one effort more,

Or he must perish !

(Washes his hands before them.)

I am innocent Of the blood of this just person ; see ye to it !

The People. Let his blood be on us and on our children !

Voices (within the Palace). Put on thy royal robes ; put on thy crown,

And take thy sceptre ! Hail, thou King of the Jews !

Pilate. I bring him forth to you, that ye may know

I find no fault in him. Behold the man !

(CHRISTUS is led in, with the purple robe and crown of thorns.)

Chief Priests and Officers. Crucify him ! crucify him !

Pilate. Take ye him ;

I find no fault in him.

Chief Priests. We have a Law, And by our Law he ought to die ; because

He made himself to be the Son of God.

Pilate (aside). Ah ! there are Sons of God, and demi-gods More than ye know, ye ignorant High-Priests !

(To CHRISTUS.)

Whence art thou ?

Chief Priests. Crucify him ! crucify him !

Pilate (to Christus). Dost thou not answer me ? Dost thou not know

That I have power enough to crucify thee ?

That I have also power to set thee free ?

Christus. Thou couldest have no power at all against me Except that it were given thee from above ;

Therefore hath he that sent me unto thee

The greater sin.

Chief Priests. If thou let this man go

Thou art not Cæsar's friend. For whosoever

Maketh himself a King speaks against Cæsar.

Pilate. Ye Jews, behold your King !

Chief Priests. Away with him ! Crucify him !

Pilate. Shall I crucify your King ?

The Divine Tragedy.

Chief Priests. We have no King
but Cæsar !

Pilate. Take him, then,
Take him, ye cruel and bloodthirsty
Priests,
More merciless than the plebeian
mob,
Who pity and spare the fainting
gladiator
Blood-stained in Roman amphi-
theatres,—
Take him, and crucify him if ye will ;
But if the immortal Gods do ever
mingle
With the affairs of mortals, which
I doubt not,
And hold the attribute of justice
dear,
They will commission the Eu-
menides
To scatter you to the four winds of
heaven,
Exactng tear for tear, and blood
for blood.
Here, take ye this inscription,
Priests, and nail it
Upon the cross, above your victim's
head :

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

Chief Priests. Nay, we entreat !
write not, the King of the Jews ;
But that he said : I am the King
of the Jews !

Pilate. Enough. What I have
written, I have written !

IX.

ACELDAMA.

Judas Iscariot. Lost ! lost ! for
ever lost ! I have betrayed
The innocent blood ! O God ! if
thou art love,
Why didst thou leave me naked to
the tempter ?
Why didst thou not commission
thy swift lightning

To strike me dead ? or why did
I not perish

With those by Herod slain, the
innocent children

Who went with playthings in their
little hands,

Into the darkness of the other world,
As if to bed ? Or wherefore was
I born,

If thou in thy foreknowledge didst
perceive

All that I am, and all that I must be ?
I know I am not generous, am not
gentle

Like other men ; but I have tried
to be,

And I have failed. I thought by
following Him,

I should grow like him ; but the
unclean spirit

That from my childhood up hath
tortured me

Hath been too cunning and too
strong for me.

Am I to blame for this ? Am I to
blame

Because I cannot love, and ne'er
have known

The love of woman or the love of
children ?

It is a curse and a fatality,

A mark, that hath been set upon my
forehead,

That none shall slay me, for it were
a mercy

That I were dead, or never had
been born.

Too late ! too late ! I shall not see
him more

Among the living. That sweet,
patient face

Will never more rebuke me, nor
those lips

Repeat the words : One of you
shall betray me !

It stung me into madness. How
I loved,

Yet hated him ! But in the other world !

I will be there before him, and will wait

Until he comes, and fall down on my knees

And kiss his feet, imploring pardon, pardon !

I heard him say : All sins shall be forgiven,

Except the sin against the Holy Ghost.

That shall not be forgiven in this world,

Nor in the world to come. Is that my sin ?

Have I offended so there is no hope Here nor hereafter ? That I soon shall know.

O God, have mercy ! Christ have mercy on me !

(Throws himself headlong from the cliff.)

X.

THE THREE CROSSES.

Manahem, the Essenian. Three crosses in this noonday night uplifted,

Three human figures, that in mortal pain

Gleam white against the supernatural darkness ;

Two thieves, that writhe in torture, and between them

The suffering Messiah, the son of Joseph,

Ay, the Messiah Triumphant, son of David !

A crown of thorns on that dishonoured head !

Those hands that healed the sick now pierced with nails,

Those feet that wandered homeless through the world

Now crossed and bleeding, and at rest for ever !

And the three faithful Maries, overwhelmed

By this great sorrow, kneeling, praying, weeping !

O Joseph Caiaphas, thou great High-Priest,

How wilt thou answer for this deed of blood ?

Scribes and Elders. Thou that destroyest the Temple, and dost build it

In three days, save thyself ; and if thou be

The Son of God, come down now from the cross.

Chief Priests. Others he saved, himself he cannot save !

Let Christ the King of Israel descend,

That we may see and believe !

Scribes and Elders. In God he trusted ;

Let him deliver him, if he will have him,

And we will then believe.

Christus. Father ! forgive them ; They know not what they do.

The Impenitent Thief. If thou be Christ,

O save thyself and us !

The Penitent Thief. Remember me,

Lord, when thou comest into thine own kingdom.

Christus. This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

Manahem. Golgotha ! Golgotha ! O the pain and darkness !

O the uplifted cross, that shall for ever

Shine through the darkness, and shall conquer pain

By the triumphant memory of this hour !

The Divine Tragedy.

Simon Magus. O Nazarene ! I
find thee here at last !
Thou art no more a phantom unto
me !

This is the end of one who called
himself

The Son of God ! Such is the fate
of those

Who preach new doctrines. 'Tis not
what he did,

But what he said, hath brought him
unto this.

I will speak evil of no dignitaries.
This is my hour of triumph, Naza-
rene !

The Young Ruler. This is the end
of him who said to me :

Sell that thou hast, and give unto
the poor !

This is the treasure in heaven he
promised me !

Christus. Eloi, Eloi, lama sa-
bachani !

A Soldier (preparing the hyssop).
He calleth for Elias !

Another. Nay, let be !
See if Elias now will come to save
him !

Christus. I thirst.

A Soldier. Give him the
wormwood !

*Christus (with a loud cry, bow-
ing his head).* It is finished !

XI.

THE TWO MARIES.

Mary Magdalene. We have
arisen early, yet the sun
O'ertakes us ere we reach the
sepulchre,
To wrap the body of our blessed
Lord

With our sweet spices.

Mary, mother of James. Lo, this
is the garden,

And yonder is the sepulchre. But
who
Shall roll away the stone for us to
enter ?

Mary Magdalene. It hath been
rolled away ! The sepulchre
Is open ! Ah, who hath been here
before us,

When we rose early, wishing to be
first ?

Mary, mother of James. I am
affrighted !

Mary Magdalene. Hush ! I will
stoop down

And look within. There is a young
man sitting

On the right side, clothed in a long
white garment !

It is an angel !

The Angel. Fear not ; ye are
seeking

Jesus of Nazareth, which was cruci-
fied.

Why do ye seek the living among
the dead ?

He is no longer here ; he is arisen !
Come see the place where the Lord
lay ! Remember

How he spake unto you in Galilee,
Saying : The Son of Man must be
delivered

Into the hands of sinful men ; by
them

Be crucified, and the third day rise
again !

But go your way, and say to his
disciples,

He goeth before you into Galilee ;
There shall ye see him as he said to
you.

Mary, mother of James. I will
go swiftly for them.

*Mary Magdalene (alone, weep-
ing).* They have taken

My Lord away from me, and now
I know not

Where they have laid him ! Who is
there to tell me ?

This is the gardener. Surely he must know.

Christus. Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?

Mary Magdalene. They have taken my Lord away; I cannot find him.

O Sir, if thou have borne him hence, I pray thee

Tell me where thou hast laid him.

Christus. Mary!

Mary Magdalene. Rabboni!

XII.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Nathanael (in the ship). All is now ended.

John. Nay, he is arisen. I ran unto the tomb, and stooping down

Looked in, and saw the linen grave-clothes lying,

Yet dared not enter.

Peter. I went in, and saw The napkin that had been about his head,

Not lying with the other linen clothes,

But wrapped together in a separate place.

Thomas. And I have seen him.

I have seen the print Of nails upon his hands, and thrust my hands

Into his side. I know he is arisen; But where are now the kingdom and the glory

He promised unto us? We have all dreamed

That we were princes, and we wake to find

We are but fishermen.

Peter. Who should have been Fishers of men!

John. We have come back again

To the old life, the peaceful life, among

The white towns of the Galilean lake.

Peter. They seem to me like silent sepulchres

In the gray light of morning! The old life,—

Yea, the old life! for we have toiled all night

And have caught nothing.

John. Do ye see a man Standing upon the beach and beckoning?

'Tis like an apparition. He hath kindled

A fire of coals, and seems to wait for us.

He calleth.

Christus (from the shore). Children, have ye any meat?

Peter. Alas! we have caught nothing.

Christus. Cast the net On the right side of the ship, and ye shall find.

Peter. How that reminds me of the days gone by,

And one who said: Launch out into the deep,

And cast your nets!

Nathanael. We have but let them down

And they are filled, so that we cannot draw them!

John. It is the Lord!

Peter (girding his fisher's coat about him). He said: When I am risen

I will go before you into Galilee!

(*He casts himself into the lake.*)

John. There is no fear in love; for perfect love

Casteth out fear. Now then, if ye are men,

The Divine Tragedy.

Put forth your strength ; we are not
far from shore ;
The net is heavy, but breaks not.
All is safe.

Peter (on the shore). Dear Lord !
I heard thy voice and could not
wait.

Let me behold thy face, and kiss
thy feet !

Thou art not dead, thou livest !
Again I see thee.

Pardon, dear Lord ! I am a sinful
man ;

I have denied thee thrice. Have
mercy on me !

The Others (coming to land).

Dear Lord ! stay with us !
cheer us ! comfort us !

Lo ! we again have found thee !
Leave us not !

Christus. Bring hither the fish
that ye have caught,
And come and eat.

John. Behold ! he breaketh bread
As he was wont. From his own
blessed hands
Again we take it.

Christus. Simon, son of Jonas,
Lovest thou me more than these
others ?

Peter. Yea,
More, Lord, than all men ; even
more than these.

Thou knowest that I love thee.

Christus. Feed my lambs.

Thomas (aside). How more than
we do ? He remaineth ever
Self-confident and boastful as be-
fore.

Nothing will cure him.

Christus. Simon, son of Jonas,
Lovest thou me ?

Peter. Yea, dearest Lord,
I love thee.
Thou knowest that I love thee.

Christus. Feed my sheep.

Thomas (aside). Again, the self-
same question, and the answer

Repeated with more vehemence.

Can the Master

Doubt if we love him ?

Christus. Simon, son of Jonas,
Lovest thou me ?

Peter (grieved). Dear Lord ! thou
knowest all things.

Thou knowest that I love thee.

Christus. Feed my sheep.

When thou wast young thou gird-
edst thyself, and walkedst

Whither thou wouldst ; but when
thou shalt be old,

Thou shalt stretch forth thy hands,
and other men

Shall gird and carry thee whither
thou wouldst not.

Follow thou me !

John (aside). It is a prophecy
Of what death he shall die.

Peter (pointing to John). Tell
me, O Lord,

And what shall this man do ?

Christus. And if I will
He tarry till I come, what is it to
thee ?

Follow thou me !

Peter. Yea, I will follow thee, dear
Lord and Master !

Will follow thee through fasting
and temptation,

Through all thine agony and bloody
sweat,

Thy cross and passion, even unto
death !



EPILOGUE.

SYMBOLUM APOSTOLORUM.

Peter. I believe in God the
Father Almighty ;

John. Maker of Heaven and
Earth ;

James. And in Jesus Christ his
only Son, our Lord ;

Epilogue.

Andrew. Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary ;

Philip. Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried ;

Thomas. And the third day he rose again from the dead ;

Bartholomew. He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty ;

Matthew. From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

James, the son of Alpheus. I believe in the Holy Ghost ; the holy Catholic Church ;

Simon Zelotes. The communion of Saints ; the forgiveness of sins ;

Jude. The resurrection of the body ;

Matthias. And the Life Everlasting.

The Abbot Joachim.



A room in the Convent of Flora in Calabria. Night.

Joachim. The wind is rising ; it
seizes and shakes
The doors and window-blinds, and
makes
Mysterious moanings in the halls ;
The convent-chimneys seem almost
The trumpets of some heavenly
host,
Setting its watch upon our walls !
Where it listeth, there it bloweth ;
We hear the sound, but no man
knoweth
Whence it cometh or whither it
goeth,
And thus it is with the Holy Ghost.
O breath of God ! O my delight
In many a vigil of the night,
Like the great voice in Patmos
heard
By John, the Evangelist of the Word,
I hear thee behind me saying : Write
In a book the things that thou hast
seen,
The things that are, and that have
been,
And the things that shall hereafter
be !
This convent, on the rocky crest
Of the Calabrian hills, to me
A Patmos is wherein I rest ;
While round about me like a sea
The white mists roll, and overflow

The world that lies unseen below
In darkness and in mystery.
Here in the Spirit, in the vast
Embrace of God's encircling arm,
Am I uplifted from all harm ;
The world seems something far
away,
Something belonging to the Past,
A hostelry, a peasant's farm,
That lodged me for a night or day,
In which I care not to remain,
Nor, having left, to see again.

Thus, in the hollow of God's hand
I dwelt on sacred Tabor's height,
When as a simple acolyte
I journeyed to the Holy Land,
A pilgrim for my Master's sake,
And saw the Galilean Lake,
And walked through many a village
street

That once had echoed to his feet.
There first I heard the great com-
mand,
The voice behind me saying : Write !
And suddenly my soul became
Illumined by a flash of flame,
That left imprinted on my thought
The image I in vain had sought,
And which for ever shall remain ;
As sometimes from these windows
high,

Gazing at midnight on the sky
Black with a storm of wind and rain,
I have beheld a sudden glare
Of lightning lay the landscape bare,
With tower and town and hill and
plain

Distinct, and burnt into my brain,
Never to be effaced again !
And I have written. These volumes
three,

The Apocalypse, the Harmony
Of the Sacred Scriptures, new and
old,
And the Psalter with Ten Strings,
enfold

Within their pages, all and each,
The Eternal Gospel that I teach.
Well I remember the Kingdom of
Heaven

Hath been likened to a little leaven
Hidden in two measures of meal,
Until it leavened the whole mass ;
So likewise will it come to pass
With the doctrine that I here con-
ceal.

Open and manifest to me
The truth appears, and must betold :
All sacred mysteries are threefold ;
Three Persons in the Trinity,
Three Ages of Humanity,
And Holy Scriptures likewise Three,
Of Fear, of Wisdom, and of Love ;
For Wisdom that begins in Fear
Endeth in Love ; the atmosphere
In which the soul delights to be,
And finds that perfect liberty
Which cometh only from above.

In the first Age, the early prime
And dawn of all historic time,
The Father reigned ; and face to
face

He spake with the primeval race.
Bright Angels on his errands sent,
Sat with the patriarch in his tent ;
His prophets thundered in the street ;
His lightnings flashed, his hail-
storms beat ;

In tempest and in cloud he came,
In earthquake and in flood and
flame !

The fear of God is in his Book ;
The pages of the Pentateuch
Are full of the terror of his name.

Then reigned the Son ; his Covenant
Was peace on earth, good-will to
man ;

With him the reign of Law began.
He was the Wisdom and the Word,
And sent his Angels Ministrant,
Unterrified and undeterred,
To rescue souls forlorn and lost.
The troubled, tempted, tempest-
tost,

To heal, to comfort, and to teach.
The fiery tongues of Pentecost
His symbols were, that they should
preach

In every form of human speech,
From continent to continent.
He is the Light Divine, whose rays
Across the thousand years unspent
Shine through the darkness of our
days,

And touch with their celestial fires
Our churches and our convent
spires.

His Book is the New Testament.
These Ages now are of the Past ;
And the Third Age begins at last.
The coming of the Holy Ghost,
The reign of Grace, the reign of
Love,

Brightens the mountain-tops above,
And the dark outline of the coast.
Already the whole land is white
With convent walls, as if by night
A snow had fallen on hill and height !
Already from the streets and marts
Of town and traffic, and low cares,
Men climb the consecrated stairs
With weary feet, and bleeding
hearts ;

And leave the world and its delights,
Its passions, struggles, and de-
spairs,

The Abbot Joachim.

For contemplation and for prayers
In cloister-cells of Cœnobites.

Eternal benedictions rest
Upon thy name, Saint Benedict !
Founder of convents in the West,
Who built on Mount Cassino's crest,
In the Land of Labour, thine eagle's
nest !

May I be found not derelict
In aught of faith or godly fear,
If I have written, in many a page,
The Gospel of the coming age,
The Eternal Gospel men shall hear.
O may I live resembling thee,
And die at last as thou hast died ;
So that hereafter men may see,
Within the choir, a form of air,
Standing with arms outstretched in
prayer,
As one that hath been crucified !

My work is finished ; I am strong
In faith and hope and charity ;
For I have written the things I see,
The things that have been and shall
be,

Conscious of right, nor fearing
wrong ;

Because I am in love with Love,
And the sole thing I hate is Hate ;
For Hate is death ; and Love is
life,

A peace, a splendour from above ;
And Hate, a never-ending strife,
A smoke, a blackness from the
abyss

Where unclean serpents coil and
hiss !

Love is the Holy Ghost within ;
Hate, the unpardonable sin !
Who preaches otherwise than this,
Betrays his Master with a kiss !

The Masque of Pandora.

I.

THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHÆSTUS.

Hephæstus (standing before the statue of PANDORA).

Not fashioned out of gold, like
Hera's throne,
Nor forged of iron like the thunder-
bolts

Of Zeus omnipotent, or other works
Wrought by my hands at Lemnos
or Olympus,

But moulded in soft clay, that un-
resisting

Yields itself to the touch, this lovely
form

Before me stands, perfect in every
part.

Not Aphrodite's self appeared more
fair,

When first upwafted by caressing
winds

She came to high Olympus, and
the gods

Paid homage to her beauty. Thus
her hair

Was cinctured; thus her floating
drapery

Was like a cloud about her, and her
face

Was radiant with the sunshine and
the sea.

The Voice of Zeus.

Is thy work done, Hephæstus?

Heph.

It is finished!

The Voice.

Not finished till I breathe the breath
of life

Into her nostrils, and she moves
and speaks.

Heph.

Will she become immortal like our-
selves?

The Voice.

The form that thou hast fashioned
out of clay

Is of the earth and mortal; but the
spirit,

The life, the exhalation of my
breath,

Is of diviner essence and immortal.
The gods shall shower on her their

benefactions,
She shall possess all gifts: the gift

of song,
The gift of eloquence, the gift of

beauty,
The fascination and the nameless

charm
That shall lead all men captive.

Heph. Wherefore? wherefore?

(A wind shakes the house.)

I heard the rushing of a mighty
wind

Through all the halls and chambers
of my house!

Her parted lips inhale it, and her
bosom

The Masque of Pandora.

Heaves with the inspiration. As
a reed
Beside a river in the rippling cur-
rent
Bends to and fro, she bows or lifts
her head.
She gazes round about as if
amazed ;
She is alive ; she breathes, but yet
she speaks not !

(PANDORA *descends from the
pedestal.*)

CHORUS OF THE GRACES.

Aglaia.

In the workshop of Hephæstus
What is this I see ?
Have the Gods to four increased us
Who were only three ?
Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay ?

Thalia.

O sweet, pale face ! O lovely eyes of
azure,
Clear as the waters of a brook
that run
Limpid and laughing in the sum-
mer sun !
O golden hair that like a miser's
treasure
In its abundance overflows the
measure !
O graceful form, that cloudlike
floats on
With the soft, undulating gait of
one
Who moveth as if motion were a
pleasure !
By what name shall I call thee ?
Nymph or Muse,
Callirrhœor Urania ? Some sweet
name
Whose every syllable is a caress
Would best befit thee ; but I cannot
choose,

Nor do I care to choose ; for
still the same,
Nameless or named, will be thy
loveliness.

Euphrosyne.

Dowered with all celestial gifts,
Skilled in every art
That ennobles and uplifts
And delights the heart,
Fair on earth shall be thy fame
As thy face is fair,
And Pandora be the name
Thou henceforth shall bear.

II.

OLYMPUS.

Hermes (putting on his sandals).

Much must he toil who serves the
Immortal Gods,
And I, who am their herald, most
of all.
No rest have I, nor respite. I no
sooner
Unclasp the winged sandals from
my feet,
Than I again must clasp them, and
depart
Upon some foolish errand. But to-
day
The errand is not foolish. Never yet
With greater joy did I obey the
summons
That sends me earthward. I will
fly so swiftly
That my caduceus in the whistling
air
Shall make a sound like the Pan-
dæan pipes,
Cheating the shepherds ; for to-day
I go,
Commissioned by high-thundering
Zeus, to lead
A maiden to Prometheus, in his
tower,

The Masque of Pandora.

And by my cunning arguments persuade him
To marry her. What mischief lies concealed
In this design I know not; but I know
Who thinks of marrying hath already taken
One step upon the road to penitence.
Such embassies delight me. Forth I launch
On the sustaining air, nor fear to fall
Like Icarus, nor swerve aside like him
Who drove amiss Hyperion's fiery steeds.
I sink, I fly! The yielding element
Folds itself round about me like an arm,
And holds me as a mother holds her child.

III.

TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON MOUNT CAUCASUS.

Prometheus.

I hear the trumpet of Alectryon
Proclaim the dawn. The stars begin to fade,
And all the heavens are full of prophecies
And evil auguries. Blood-red last night
I saw great Kronos rise; the crescent moon
Sank through the mist, as if it were the scythe
His parricidal hand had flung far down
The western steeps. O ye Immortal Gods,
What evil are ye plotting and contriving?

(HERMES and PANDORA at the threshold.)

Pandora.

I cannot cross the threshold. An unseen
And icy hand repels me. These blank walls
Oppress me with their weight!

Prom. Powerful ye are,
But not omnipotent. Ye cannot fight
Against Necessity. The Fates control you,
As they do us, and so far we are equals!

Pandora.

Motionless, passionless, companionless,
He sits there muttering in his beard.
His voice
Is like a river flowing underground!

Hermes.

Prometheus, hail!

Prom. Who calls me?

Herm. It is I.
Dost thou not know me?

Prom. By thy winged cap
And winged heels I know thee.
Thou art Hermes,
Captain of thieves! Hast thou again been stealing
The heifers of Admetus in the sweet
Meadows of asphodel? or Hera's girdle?
Or the earth-shaking trident of Poseidon?

Herm.

And thou, Prometheus; say, hast thou again
Been stealing fire from Helios' chariot-wheels
To light thy furnaces?

Prom. Why comest thou hither
So early in the dawn?

Herm. The Immortal Gods

The Masque of Pandora.

Know naught of late or early. Zeus
himself

The omnipotent hath sent me.

Prom. For what purpose?

Herm.

To bring this maiden to thee.

Prom. I mistrust
The Gods and all their gifts. If
they have sent her
It is for no good purpose.

Herm. What disaster
Could she bring on thy house, who
is a woman?

Prom.

The Gods are not my friends, nor
am I theirs.

Whatever comes from them, though
in a shape
As beautiful as this, is evil only.
Who art thou?

Pand. One who, though
to thee unknown,
Yet knoweth thee.

Prom. How shouldst thou
know me, woman?

Pand.

Who knoweth not Prometheus the
humane?

Prom.

Prometheus the unfortunate; to
whom
Both Gods and men have shown
themselves ungrateful.
When every spark was quenched
on every hearth
Throughout the earth, I brought to
man the fire
And all its ministrations. My re-
ward
Hath been the rock and vulture.

Herm. But the Gods
At last relent and pardon.

Prom. They relent not;

They pardon not; they are implac-
able,
Revengeful, unforgiving!

Herm.

As a pledge
Of reconciliation they have sent to
thee
This divine being, to be thy com-
panion,
And bring into thy melancholy
house
The sunshine and the fragrance of
her youth.

Prom.

I need them not. I have within
myself
All that my heart desires; the ideal
beauty
Which the creative faculty of mind
Fashions and follows in a thousand
shapes
More lovely than the real. My
own thoughts
Are my companions; my designs
and labours
And aspirations are my only friends.

Herm.

Decide not rashly. The decision
made
Can never be recalled. The Gods
implore not,
Plead not, solicit not; they only
offer
Choice and occasion, which once
being passed
Return no more. Dost thou accept
the gift?

Prom.

No gift of theirs, in whatsoever
shape
It comes to me, with whatsoever
charm
To fascinate my sense, will I receive.
Leave me.

Pand. Let us go hence. I will
not stay.

Herm.

We leave thee to thy vacant dreams,
and all
The silence and the solitude of
thought,
The endless bitterness of un-
belief,
The loneliness of existence without
love.

CHORUS OF THE FATES.

Clotho.

How the Titan, the defiant,
The self-centred, self-reliant,
Wrapped in visions and illusions
Robs himself of life's best gifts!
Till by all the storm-winds
shaken,
By the blast of fate o'ertaken,
Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken,
In the mists of his confusions
To the reefs of doom he drifts!

Lachesis.

Sorely tried and sorely tempted,
From no agonies exempted,
In the penance of his trial,
And the discipline of pain;
Often by illusions cheated,
Often baffled and defeated
In the tasks to be completed,
He, by toil and self-denial,
To the highest shall attain.

Atropos.

Tempt no more the noble schemer;
Bear unto some idle dreamer
This new toy and fascination,
This new dalliance and delight!
To the garden where reposes
Epimetheus crowned with roses,
To the door that never closes
Upon pleasure and temptation,
Bring this vision of the night!

IV.

THE AIR.

Hermes (returning to Olympus).

As lonely as the tower that he in-
habits,
As firm and cold as are the crags
about him,
Prometheus stands. The thunder-
bolts of Zeus
Alone can move him; but the
tender heart
Of Epimetheus, burning at white
heat,
Hammers and flames like all his
brother's forges!
Now as an arrow from Hyperion's
bow,
My errand done, I fly, I float, I soar
Into the air, returning to Olympus.
O joy of motion! O delight to cleave
The infinite realms of space, the
liquid ether,
Through the warm sunshine and
the cooling cloud,
Myself as light as sunbeam or as
cloud!
With one touch of my swift and
winged feet,
I spurn the solid earth, and leave it
rocking
As rocks the bough from which a
bird takes wing.

V.

THE HOUSE OF EPIME-
THEUS.

Epimetheus.

Beautiful apparition! go not hence!
Surely thou art a Goddess, for thy
voice
Is a celestial melody, and thy form
Self-poised as if it floated on the air!

The Masque of Pandora.

Pandora.

No Goddess am I, nor of heavenly birth,

But a mere woman fashioned out of clay

And mortal as the rest.

Epim. Thy face is fair ;
There is a wonder in thine azure eyes

That fascinates me. Thy whole presence seems

A soft desire, a breathing thought of love.

Say, would thy star like Merope's grow dim

If thou shouldst wed beneath thee ?

Pand. Ask me not ;
I cannot answer thee. I only know

The Gods have sent me hither.

Epim. I believe,
And thus believing am most fortunate.

It was not Hermes led thee here, but Eros,

And swifter than his arrows were thine eyes

In wounding me. There was no moment's space

Between my seeing thee and loving thee.

O, what a tell-tale face thou hast !
Again

I see the wonder in thy tender eyes.

Pand.
They do but answer to the love in thine.

Yet secretly I wonder thou shouldst love me :

Thou knowest me not.

Epim. Perhaps I know thee better

Than had I known thee longer.
Yet it seems

That I have always known thee,
and but now

Have found thee. Ah, I have been waiting long.

Pand.

How beautiful is this house ! The atmosphere

Breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers

Seem full of welcomes.

Epim. They not only seem,
But truly are. This dwelling and its master

Belong to thee.

Pand. Here let me stay for ever !
There is a spell upon me.

Epim. Thou thyself
Art the enchantress, and I feel thy power

Envelop me, and wrap my soul and sense

In an Elysian dream.

Pand. O, let me stay.
How beautiful are all things round about me,

Multiplied by the mirrors on the walls !

What treasures hast thou here ! Yon oaken chest,

Carven with figures and embossed with gold,

Is wonderful to look upon ! What choice

And precious things dost thou keep hidden in it ?

Epim.
I know not. 'Tis a mystery.

Pand. Hast thou never lifted the lid ?

Epim. The oracle forbids.
Safely concealed there from all mortal eyes

For ever sleeps the secret of the Gods.

Seek not to know what they have hidden from thee,

Till they themselves reveal it.

Pand. As thou wilt.

Epim.

Let us go forth from this mysterious place.

The garden walks are pleasant at this hour ;

The nightgales among the sheltering boughs

Of populous and many-nested trees

Shall teach me how to woo thee, and shall tell me

By what resistless charms or incantations

They won their mates.

Pand. Thou dost not need a teacher.

(*They go out.*)

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

What the Immortals
Confide to thy keeping,

Tell unto no man ;

Waking or sleeping,

Closed be thy portals

To friend as to foeman.

Silence conceals it ;

The word that is spoken

Betrays and reveals it ;

By breath or by token

The charm may be broken.

With shafts of their splendours

The Gods unforgiving

Pursue the offenders,

The dead and the living !

Fortune forsakes them,

Nor earth shall abide them,

Nor Tartarus hide them ;

Swift wrath overtakes them !

With useless endeavour,

For ever, for ever,

Is Sisyphus rolling

His stone up the mountain !

Immersed in the fountain,

Tantalus tastes not

The water that wastes not !

Through ages increasing
The pangs that afflict him,
With motion unceasing
The wheel of Ixion
Shall torture its victim !

VI.

IN THE GARDEN.

Epimetheus.

Yon snow-white cloud that sails
sublime in ether

Is but the sovereign Zeus, who like
a swan

Flies to fair-ankled Leda !

Pandora.

Or perchance
Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape
of Hera,

That bore the Centaurs.

Epim. The divine and human.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Gently swaying to and fro,
Rocked by all the winds that blow,

Bright with sunshine from above

Dark with shadow from below,

Beak to beak and breast to breast

In the cradle of their nest,

Lie the fledglings of our love.

Echo.

Love ! love !

Epim.

Hark ! listen ! Hear how sweetly
overhead

The feathered flute-players pipe
their songs of love,

And echo answers, love and only
love.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Every flutter of the wing,

Every note of song we sing,

Every murmur, every tone,

Is of love and love alone.

Echo.

Love alone !

Epim.

Who would not love, if loving she
might be

The Masque of Pandora.

Changed like Callisto to a star in heaven?

Pand.

Ah, who would love, if loving she might be

Like Semele consumed and burnt to ashes?

Epim.

Whence knowest thou these stories?

Pand. Hermes taught me;
He told me all the history of the Gods.

CHORUS OF REEDS.

Evermore a sound shall be
In the reeds of Arcady,
Evermore a low lament
Of unrest and discontent,
As the story is retold
Of the nymph so coy and cold,
Who with frightened feet outran
The pursuing steps of Pan.

Epim.

The pipe of Pan out of these reeds
is made,
And when he plays upon it to the
shepherds

They pity him, so mournful is the
sound.

Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx
was.

Pand.

Nor thou as Pan be rude and
mannerless.

Prom. (without).

Ho! Epimetheus!

Epim. 'Tis my brother's voice;
A sound unwelcome and inopportune

As was the braying of Silenus' ass,
Once heard in Cybele's garden.

Pand. Let me go.
I would not be found here. I would
not see him.

(She escapes among the trees.)

CHORUS OF DRYADES.

Haste and hide thee,
Ere too late,
In these thickets intricate;
Lest Prometheus
See and chide thee,
Lest some hurt
Or harm betide thee,
Haste and hide thee!

Prom. (entering).

Who was it fled from here? I saw
a shape

Flitting among the trees.

Epim. It was Pandora.

Prom.

O Epimetheus? Is it then in vain
That I have warned thee? Let me
now implore.

Thou harbourest in thy house a
dangerous guest.

Epim.

Whom the Gods love they honour
with such guests.

Prom.

Whom the Gods would destroy they
first make mad.

Epim.

Shall I refuse the gifts they send to
me!

Prom.

Reject all gifts that come from
higher powers.

Epim.

Such gifts as this are not to be re-
jected.

Prom.

Make not thyself the slave of any
woman.

Epim.

Make not thyself the judge of any
man.

Prom.

I judge thee not; for thou art
more than man;

The Masque of Pandora.

Thou art descended from Titanic
race,
And hast a Titan's strength, and
faculties

That make thee godlike ; and thou
sittest here

Like Heracles spinning Omphale's
flax,

And beaten with her sandals.

Epim. O my brother !
Thou drivest me to madness with
thy taunts.

Prom.

And me thou drivest to madness
with thy follies.

Come with me to my tower on
Caucasus :

See there my forges in the roaring
caverns,

Beneficent to man, and taste the
joy

That springs from labour. Read
with me the stars,

And learn the virtues that lie hid-
den in plants,

And all things that are useful.

Epim. O my brother !
I am not as thou art. Thou dost
inherit

Our father's strength, and I our
mother's weakness :

The softness of the Oceanides,
The yielding nature that cannot
resist.

Prom.

Because thou wilt not.

Epim. Nay ; because I cannot.

Prom.

Assert thyself ; rise up to thy full
height ;

Shake from thy soul these dreams
effeminate,

These passions born of indolence
and ease.

Resolve, and thou art free. But
breathe the air

Of mountains, and their unap-
proachable summits
Will lift thee to the level of them-
selves.

Epim.

The roar of forests and of water-
falls,

The rushing of a mighty wind, with
loud

And undistinguishable voices call-
ing,

Are in my ear !

Prom.

O, listen and obey.

Epim.

Thou leadest me as a child. I
follow thee.

(*They go out.*)

CHORUS OF OREADES.

Centuries old are the mountains ;
Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted
Helios crowns by day,
Pallid Selene by night ;
From their bosoms upstossed
The snows are driven and drifted,
Like Tithonus' beard
Streaming dishevelled and white.

Thunder and tempest of wind
Their trumpets blow in the vastness ;
Phantoms of mist and rain,
Cloud and the shadow of cloud,
Pass and repass by the gates
Of their inaccessible fastness ;
Ever unmoved they stand,
Solemn, eternal, and proud.

VOICES OF THE WATERS.

Flooded by rain and snow
In their inexhaustible sources,
Swollen by affluent streams
Hurrying onward and hurled
Headlong over the crags,
The impetuous water-courses
Rush and roar and plunge
Down to the nethermost world.

Say, have the solid rocks
Into streams of silver been melted,
Flowing over the plains,
Spreading to lakes in the fields?
Or have the mountains, the giants,
The ice-helmed, the forest-belted,
Scattered their arms abroad;
Flung in the meadows their shields?

VOICES OF THE WINDS.

High on their turreted cliffs
That bolts of thunder have shattered,
Storm-winds muster and blow
Trumpets of terrible breath;
Then from the gateways rush,
And before them routed and scattered
Sullen the cloud-rack flies,
Pale with the pallor of death.

Onward the hurricane rides,
And flee for shelter the shepherds;
White are the frightened leaves,
Harvests with terror are white;
Panic seizes the herds,
And even the lions and leopards,
Prowling no longer for prey,
Crouch in their caverns with fright.

VOICES OF THE FOREST.

Guarding the mountains around
Majestic the forests are standing,
Bright are their crested helms,
Dark is their armour of leaves;
Filled with the breath of freedom
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,
Now like the ocean sinks,
Now like the ocean upheaves.

Planted firm on the rock,
With foreheads stern and defiant,
Loud they shout to the winds,
Loud to the tempest they call;
Naught but Olympian thunders,
That blasted Titan and Giant,
Them can uproot and o'erthrow,
Shaking the earth with their fall.

CHORUS OF OREADES.

These are the Voices Three
Of winds and forests and fountains,
Voices of earth and of air,
Murmur and rushing of streams,
Making together one sound,
The mysterious voice of the mountains,

Waking the sluggard that sleeps,
Waking the dreamer of dreams.

These are the Voices Three,
That speak of endless endeavour,
Speak of endurance and strength,
Triumph and fulness of fame,
Sounding about the world,
An inspiration for ever,
Stirring the hearts of men,
Shaping their end and their aim.

VII.

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

Pandora.

Left to myself I wander as I will,
And as my fancy leads me, through
this house,
Nor could I ask a dwelling more
complete
Were I indeed the Goddess that
he deems me.
No mansion of Olympus, framed
to be
The habitation of the Immortal
Gods,
Can be more beautiful. And this
is mine,
And more than this, the love where-
with he crowns me.
As if impelled by powers invisible
And irresistible, my steps return
Unto this spacious hall. All cor-
ridors
And passages lead hither, and all
doors
But open into it. Yon mysterious
chest

The Masque of Pandora.

Attracts and fascinates me. Would
I knew
What there lies hidden! But the
oracle
Forbids. Ah me! The secret
then is safe.
So would it be if it were in my
keeping.
A crowd of shadowy faces from the
mirrors
That line these walls are watching
me. I dare not
Lift up the lid. A hundred times
the act
Would be repeated, and the secret
seen
Bytwice a hundred incorporeal eyes.
*(She walks to the other side of the
hall.)*

My feet are weary, wandering to
and fro,
My eyes with seeing and my heart
with waiting.
I will lie here and rest till he returns,
Who is my dawn, my day, my Helios.
*(Throws herself upon a couch, and
falls asleep.)*

ZEPHYRUS.

Come from thy caverns dark and
deep,
O son of Erebus and Night;
All sense of hearing and of sight
Enfold in the serene delight
And quietude of sleep!

Set all thy silent sentinels
To bar and guard the Ivory Gate,
And keep the evil dreams of fate
And falsehood and infernal hate
Imprisoned in their cells.

But open wide the Gate of Horn,
Whence, beautiful as planets, rise
The dreams of truth, with starry
eyes,
And all the wondrous prophecies
And visions of the morn.

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE IVORY GATE.

Ye sentinels of sleep,
It is in vain ye keep
Your drowsy watch before the
Ivory Gate;
Though closed the portal seems,
The airy feet of dreams
Ye cannot thus in walls incarcerate.

We phantoms are and dreams
Born by Tartarean streams,
As ministers of the infernal powers;
O son of Erebus
And Night, behold! we thus
Elude your watchful warders on the
towers!

From gloomy Tartarus
The Fates have summoned us
To whisper in her ear, who lies
asleep,
A tale to fan the fire
Of her insane desire
To know a secret that the Gods
would keep.

This passion, in their ire,
The Gods themselves inspire,
To vex mankind with evils manifold,
So that disease and pain
O'er the whole earth may reign,
And nevermore return the Age of
Gold.

Pand. (waking).

A voice said in my sleep: 'Do
not delay:
Do not delay; the golden moments
fly!
The oracle hath forbidden; yet not
thee
Doth it forbid, but Epimetheus
only!'
I am alone. These faces in the
mirrors
Are but the shadows and phantoms
of myself;

The Masque of Pandora.

They cannot help nor hinder. No
one sees me,
Save the all-seeing Gods, who,
knowing good
And knowing evil, have created me
Such as I am, and filled me with
desire
Of knowing good and evil like
themselves.

(She approaches the chest.)

I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe,
Or life or death, the moment shall
decide.

*(She lifts the lid. A dense mist
rises from the chest, and fills the
room. PANDORA falls senseless
on the floor. Storm without.)*

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE GATE OF HORN.

Yes, the moment shall decide !
It already hath decided ;
And the secret once confided
To the keeping of the Titan
Now is flying far and wide,
Whispered, told on every side,
To disquiet and to frighten.

Fever of the heart and brain,
Sorrow, pestilence, and pain,
Moans of anguish, maniac laughter,
All the evils that hereafter
Shall afflict and vex mankind,
All into the air have risen
From the chambers of their prison ;
Only Hope remains behind.

VIII.

IN THE GARDEN.

Epimetheus.

The storm is past, but it hath left
behind it
Ruin and desolation. All the walks
Are strewn with shattered boughs ;
the birds are silent ;

The flowers, downtrodden by the
wind, lie dead ;
The swollen rivulet sobs with secret
pain,
The melancholy reeds whisper
together
As if some dreadful deed had been
committed
They dare not name, and all the air
is heavy
With an unspoken sorrow ! Pre-
monitions,
Foreshadowings of some terrible
disaster
Oppress my heart. Ye Gods, avert
the omen !

Pandora (coming from the house).

O Epimetheus, I no longer dare
To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear
thy voice,
Being no longer worthy of thy love.

Epim.

What hast thou done ?

Pand. Forgive me
not, but kill me.

Epim.

What hast thou done ?

Pand. I pray for death,
not pardon.

Epim.

What hast thou done ?

Pand. I dare not speak of it.

Epim.

Thy pallor and thy silence terrify
me !

Pand.

I have brought wrath and ruin on
thy house !

My heart hath braved the oracle
that guarded

The fatal secret from us, and my
hand

Lifted the lid of the mysterious
chest !

The Masque of Pandora.

Epim.

Then all is lost ! I am indeed undone.

Pand.

I pray for punishment, and not for pardon.

Epim.

Mine is the fault, not thine. On me shall fall

The vengeance of the Gods, for I betrayed

Their secret when, in evil hour, I said

It was a secret ; when, in evil hour, I left thee here alone to this temptation.

Why did I leave thee ?

Pand. Why didst thou return ?

Eternal absence would have been to me

The greatest punishment. To be left alone

And face to face with my own crime, had been

Just retribution. Upon me, ye Gods,

Let all your vengeance fall !

Epim. On thee and me.

I do not love thee less for what is done,

And cannot be undone. Thy very weakness

Hath brought thee nearer to me, and henceforth

My love will have a sense of pity in it,

Making it less a worship than before.

Pand.

Pity me not ; pity is degradation. Love me and kill me.

Epim. Beautiful Pandora !

Thou art a Goddess still !

Pand.

I am a woman ; And the insurgent demon in my nature,

That made me brave the oracle, revolts

At pity and compassion. Let me die ;

What else remains for me ?

Epim. Youth, hope, and love ; To build a new life on a ruined life,

To make the future fairer than the past,

And make the past appear a troubled dream.

Even now in passing through the garden walks

Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest

Ruined and full of rain ; and over me

Beheld the uncomplaining birds already

Busy in building a new habitation.

Pand.

Auspicious omen !

Epim. May the Eumenides

Put out their torches and behold us not,

And fling away their whips of scorpions

And touch us not.

Pand. Me let them punish.

Only through punishment of our evil deeds,

Only through suffering, are we reconciled

To the immortal Gods and to ourselves.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

Never shall souls like these

Escape the Eumenides,

The daughters dark of Acheron and Night !

Unquenched our torches glare,

Our scourges in the air

Send forth prophetic sounds before they smite.

The Masque of Pandora.

Never by lapse of time
The soul defaced by crime
Into its former self returns
again ;
For every guilty deed
Holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undying
pain.

Never shall be the loss
Restored, till Helios
Hath purified them with his heavenly fires ;
Then what was lost is won,
And the new life begun,
Kindled with nobler passions and
desires.

The Hanging of the Crane.

I.

THE lights are out, and gone are
all the guests
That thronging came with merri-
ment and jests
To celebrate the Hanging of the
Crane
In the new house,—into the night
are gone ;
But still the fire upon the hearth
burns on,
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its
place
Among the myriad homes of
earth,
Like a new star just sprung to
birth,
And rolled on its harmonious
way
Into the boundless realms of
space !
So said the guests in speech and
song,
As in the chimney, burning bright,
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long.

II.

And now I sit and muse on what
may be,
And in my vision see, or seem to
see,
Through floating vapours inter-
fused with light,

Shapes indeterminate, that gleam
and fade,
As shadows passing into deeper
shade
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and
small ;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more
divine,
The light of love shines over all ;
Of love, that says not mine and
thine,
But ours,—for ours is thine and
mine.

They want no guests, to come
between
Their tender glances like a
screen,
And tell them tales of land and
sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world out-
side ;
They want no guests ; they needs
must be
Each other's own best company.

III.

The picture fades ; as at a village
fair
A showman's views, dissolving into
air,
Again appear transfigured on the
screen,
So in my fancy this ; and now once
more,

The Hanging of the Crane.

In part transfigured, through the
open door
Appears the self-same scene.

Seated, I see the two again,
But not alone; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the
moon;

A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty
chair,

Drums on the table with his
spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners?
these

The ways that win, the arts that
please?

Ah yes; consider well the guest,
And whatso'er he does seems
best;

He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.
He speaketh not; and yet there
lies

A conversation in his eyes;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in
looks

More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not
speak.

And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof; for,
lo!

Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like
the sea,

And pushes back thy chair and
thee,

And so good night to King
Canute.

IV.

As one who walking in a forest
sees

A lovely landscape through the
parted trees,

Then sees it not, for boughs that
intervene;

Or as we see the moon sometimes
revealed

Through drifting clouds, and then
again concealed,

So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table
now;

The king, deposed and older
grown,

No longer occupies the throne,—
The crown is on his sister's
brow;

A Princess from the Fairy Isles,
The very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embowered in
curls,

Rose-tinted from the Isle of
Flowers,

And sailing with soft, silken sails
From far-off Dreamland into
ours.

Above their bowls with rims of
blue

Four azure eyes of deeper hue
Are looking, dreamy with de-
light;

Limpid as planets that emerge
Above the ocean's rounded verge,
Soft-shining through the sum-
mer night.

Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing
see

Beyond the horizon of their
bowls;

Nor care they for the world that
rolls

With all its freight of troubled
souls

Into the days that are to be.

The Hanging of the Crane.

V.

Again the tossing boughs shut out
the scene,
Again the drifting vapours inter-
vene,

And the moon's pallid disc is
hidden quite ;

And now I see the table wider
grown,

Asround a pebble into water thrown
Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,
I see it garlanded with guests,
As if fair Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky had fallen down ;
Maidens within whose tender
breasts

A thousand restless hopes and
fears,

Forth reaching to the coming
years,

Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,
Like timid birds that fain would
fly,

But do not dare to leave their
nests ;—

And youths, who in their strength
elate

Challenge the van and front of
fate,

Eager as champions to be
In the divine knight-errantry
Of youth, that travels sea and
land

Seeking adventures, or pursues,
Through cities, and through soli-
tudes

Frequented by the lyric Muse,
The phantom with the beckoning
hand,

That still allures and still eludes.
O sweet illusions of the brain !

O sudden thrills of fire and frost !
The world is bright while ye re-
main,

And dark and dead when ye are
lost !

VI.

The meadow-brook, that seemeth
to stand still,

Quickens its current as it nears the
mill ;

And so the stream of Time that
lingereth

In level places, and so dull ap-
pears,

Runs with a swifter current as it
nears

The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's
scroll,

That in the owner's keeping
shrinks

With every wish he speaks or
thinks,

Till the last wish consumes the
whole,

The table dwindles, and again
I see the two alone remain.

The crown of stars is broken in
parts ;

Its jewels, brighter than the day,
Have one by one been stolen

away
To shine in other homes and
hearts.

One is a wanderer now afar
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,
Or sunny regions of Cathay ;

And one is in the boisterous camp
Mid clink of arms and horses'

tramp,
And battle's terrible array.

I see the patient mother read,
With aching heart, of wrecks that

float
Disabled on those seas remote,

Or of some great heroic deed
On battlefields, where thousands

bleed
To lift one hero into fame.

Anxious she bends her graceful
head

Above these chronicles of pain,

The Hanging of the Crane.

And trembles with a secret dread
Lest there among the drowned
or slain
She find the one beloved name.

VII.

After a day of cloud and wind
and rain

Sometimes the setting sun breaks
out again,

And, touching all the darksome
woods with light,

Smiles on the fields, until they
laugh and sing,

Then like a ruby from the horizon's
ring

Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is
fair,

The storm of grief, the clouds of
care,

The wind, the rain, have passed
away;

The lamps are lit, the fires burn
bright,

The house is full of life and light:
It is the Golden Wedding day.

The guests come thronging in
once more,

Quick footsteps sound along the
floor,

The trooping children crowd the
stair,

And in and out and everywhere
Flashes along the corridor

The sunshine of their golden
hair.

On the round table in the hall

Another Ariadne's Crown

Out of the sky hath fallen down;

More than one Monarch of the
Moon

Is drumming with his silver
spoon;

The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day!

The people sing, the people say.

The ancient bridegroom and the
bride,

Smiling contented and serene
Upon the blithe, bewildering

scene,

Behold, well pleased, on every
side

Their forms and features multi-
plied,

As the reflection of a light

Between two burnished mirrors
gleams,

Or lamps upon a bridge at night

Stretch on and on before the
sight,

Till the long vista endless seems.

Morituri Salutamur.

POEM FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS OF
1825 IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.

OVID, *Fastorum*, Lib. vi.

'O CÆSAR, we who are about to
die
Salute you!' was the gladiators'
cry

In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman
populace.

O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves
of pine,

That once were mine and are no
longer mine,—

Thou river, widening through the
meadows green

To the vast sea, so near and yet
unseen,—

Ye halls, in whose seclusion and
repose

Phantoms of fame, like exhalations,
rose

And vanished,—we who are about
to die

Salute you; earth and air and sea
and sky,

And the Imperial Sun that scatters
down

His sovereign splendours upon
grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not
hear!

We are forgotten; and in your
austere

And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence
or where.

What passing generations fill these
halls,

What passing voices echo from
these walls,

Ye heed not; we are only as the
blast,

A moment heard, and then for ever
past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier
days

Led our bewildered feet through
learning's maze;

They answer us—alas! what have
I said?

What greetings come there from
the voiceless dead?

What salutation, welcome, or reply?
What pressure from the hands

that lifeless lie?

They are no longer here; they all
are gone

Into the land of shadows,—all save
one.

Honour and reverence, and the
good repute

That follows faithful service as its
fruit,

Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he
made

His dreadful journey to the realms
of shade,

Met there the old instructor of his
youth,

And cried in tones of pity and of
ruth :
' O, never from the memory of my
heart
Your dear, paternal image shall
depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by
death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are im-
mortalized ;
How grateful am I for that patient
care
All my life long my language shall
declare.'

To-day we make the poet's words
our own,
And utter them in plaintive under-
tone ;
Nor to the living only be they said,
But to the other living called the
dead,
Whose dear, paternal images appear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in
sunshine here ;
Whose simple lives, complete and
without flaw,
Were part and parcel of great
Nature's law ;
Who said not to their Lord, as if
afraid,
' Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,'
But laboured in their sphere, as men
who live
In the delight that work alone can
give.
Peace be to them ; eternal peace
and rest,
And the fulfilment of the great
behest :
' Ye have been faithful over a few
things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as
kings.'

And ye who fill the places we once
filled,
And follow in the furrows that we
tilled,

Young men, whose generous hearts
are beating high,
We who are old, and are about to
die,
Salute you ; hail you ; take your
hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as
with flowers !

How beautiful is youth ! how bright
it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations,
dreams !
Book of Beginnings, Story without
End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man
a friend !
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus'
Purse,
That holds the treasures of the
universe !
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe
withstands ;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
' Be thou removed !' it to the moun-
tain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and
proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the
cloud !

As ancient Priam at the Scaean gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal
state
With the old men, too old and
weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their
delight
To see the embattled hosts, with
spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achaïans in the
field ;
So from the snowy summits of our
years
We see you in the plain, as each
appears,
And question of you ; asking, ' Who
is he

That towers above the others?
Which may be
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?

Let him not boast who puts his
armour on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves; and most of all
note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to
excel.

Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Flung it aside, when she her face
surveyed

Distorted in a fountain as she
played;
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and
his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesi-
tate.

Write on your doors the saying
wise and old,
'Be bold! be bold!' and every-
where—'Be bold;
Be not too bold!' Yet better the
excess

Than the defect; better the more
than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn
and fly.

And now, my classmates; ye
remaining few
That number not the half of those
we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names
not yet

The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute! The horologe of Time
Strikes the half-century with a
solemn chime,

And summons us together once
again,

The joy of meeting not unmixed
with pain.

Where are the others? Voices
from the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me:
'They sleep!'

I name no names; instinctively I feel
Each at some well-remembered
grave will kneel,

And from the inscription wipe the
weeds and moss,

For every heart best knoweth its
own loss.

I see their scattered gravestones
gleaming white

Through the pale dusk of the im-
pending night;

O'er all alike the impartial sunset
throws

Its golden lilies mingled with the
rose;

We give to each a tender thought,
and pass

Out of the graveyards with their
tangled grass,

Unto these scenes frequented by
our feet

When we were young, and life was
fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What
can I say

Better than silence is? When I
survey

This throng of faces turned to meet
my own,

Friendly and fair, and yet to me
unknown,

Transformed the very landscape
seems to be;

It is the same, yet not the same to
me.

So many memories crowd upon my
brain,

So many ghosts are in the wooded
plain,

I fain would steal away, with noise-
less tread,

As from a house where some one
lieth dead.

I cannot go;—I pause;—I hesitate;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate;
As one who struggles in a troubled
dream
To speak and cannot, to myself I
seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the
idle fears!

Vanish the rolling mists of fifty
years!

Whatever time or space may inter-
vene,

I will not be a stranger in this scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision,
ends;

Hail, my companions, comrades,
classmates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last
we met

Seem to me fifty folios bound and
set

By Time, the great transcriber, on
his shelves,

Wherein are written the histories of
ourselves.

What tragedies, what comedies,
are there;

What joy and grief, what rapture
and despair!

What chronicles of triumph and
defeat,

Of struggle, and temptation, and
retreat!

What records of regrets, and doubts,
and fears!

What pages blotted, blistered by
our tears!

What lovely landscapes on the
margin shine,

What sweet, angelic faces, what
divine

And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by
damp or dust!

Whose hand shall dare to open and
explore

These volumes, closed and clasped
for evermore?

Not mine. With reverential feet I
pass;

I hear a voice that cries, 'Alas!
alas!

Whatever hath been written shall
remain,

Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to
thee:

Take heed, and ponder well what
that shall be.'

As children frightened by a thun-
der-cloud

Are reassured if some one reads
aloud

A tale of wonder, with enchantment
fraught,

Or wild adventure, that diverts
their thought,

Let me endeavour with a tale to
chase

The gathering shadows of the time
and place,

And banish what we all too deeply
feel

Wholly to say, or wholly to con-
ceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not
where,

There stood an image with its arm
in air,

And on its lifted finger, shining
clear,

A golden ring with the device,
'Strike here!'

Greatly the people wondered,
though none guessed

The meaning that these words but
half expressed,

Until a learned clerk, who at noon-
day

With downcast eyes was passing
on his way,

Paused, and observed the spot, and
marked it well,

Whereon the shadow of the finger
fell ;

And, coming back at midnight,
delted, and found

A secret stairway leading under
ground.

Down this he passed into a spa-
cious hall,

Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall ;
And opposite, in threatening atti-
tude,

With bow and shaft a brazen statue
stood.

Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of
menace set :

'That which I am, I am ; my fatal
aim

None can escape, not even yon
luminous flame !'

Midway the hall was a fair table
placed,

With cloth of gold, and golden cups
enchased

With rubies, and the plates and
knives were gold,

And gold the bread and viands
manifold.

Around it, silent, motionless, and
sad,

Were seated gallant knights in
armour clad,

And ladies beautiful with plume
and zone,

But they were stone, their hearts
within were stone ;

And the vast hall was filled in every
part

With silent crowds, stony in face
and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and
amazed

The trembling clerk in speechless
wonder gazed ;

Then from the table, by his greed
made bold,

He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,

And suddenly from their seats the
guests upsprang,

The vaulted ceiling with loud
clamours rang,

The archer sped his arrow, at their
call,

Shattering the lambent jewel on
the wall,

And all was dark around and over-
head ;—

Stark on the floor the luckless
clerk lay dead !

The writer of this legend then re-
cords

Its ghostly application in these
words :

The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to
realms of gold ;

Our lusts and passions are the
downward stair

That leads the soul from a diviner
air ;

The archer, Death ; the flaming
jewel, Life ;

Terrestrial goods, the goblet and
the knife ;

The knights and ladies, all whose
flesh and bone

By avarice have been hardened
into stone ;

The clerk, the scholar whom the
love of pelf

Tempts from his books and from
his nobler self.

The scholar and the world ! The
endless strife,

The discord in the harmonies of
life !

The love of learning, the seques-
tered nooks,

And all the sweet serenity of
books ;

The market-place, the eager love
of gain,

Whose aim is vanity, and whose
end is pain !

But why, you ask me, should this
tale be told
To men grown old, or who are
growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to
palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty;
Sophocles
Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and
Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his
compeers,
When each had numbered more
than fourscore years,
And Theophrastus, at fourscore
and ten,
Had but begun his *Characters* of
Men;
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the
nightingales,
At sixty wrote the *Canterbury*
Tales;
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the
last,
Completed *Faust* when eighty
years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but
they show
How far the gulf-stream of our
youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself sur-
vives.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the
weather warm,
So something in us, as old age
draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmo-
sphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are
aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the
air;
The tell-tale blood in artery and
vein

Sinks from its higher levels in the
brain;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent
moon;
The dusk of evening, not the blaze
of noon:
It is not strength, but weakness;
not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce
heat of fire,
The burning and consuming ele-
ment,
But that of ashes and of embers
spent,
In which some living sparks we
still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough
to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down
and say
The night hath come; it is no
longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we
are not quite
Cut off from labour by the failing
light;
Something remains for us to do or
dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit
may bear;
Not *Œdipus* Coloneus, or Greek
Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morn-
ing rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard
Inn,
But other something, would we but
begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another
dress,
And as the evening twilight fades
away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible
by day.

A Book of Sonnets.

PART I.

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

I.

WHEN I remember them, those friends of mine,
Who are no longer here, the noble three,
Who half my life were more than friends to me,
And whose discourse was like a generous wine,
I most of all remember the divine
Something, that shone in them, and made us see
The archetypal man, and what might be
The amplitude of Nature's first design.
In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their hands ;
I cannot find them. Nothing now is left
But a majestic memory. They meanwhile
Wander together in Elysian lands,
Perchance remembering me, who am bereft
Of their dear presence, and, remembering, smile.

II.

In Attica thy birthplace should have been,
Or the Ionian Isles, or where the seas
Encircle in their arms the Cyclades,
So wholly Greek wast thou in thy serene
And childlike joy of life, O Philhellene !
Around thee would have swarmed the Attic bees ;
Homer had been thy friend, or Socrates,
And Plato welcomed thee to his demesne.
For thee old legends breathed historic breath ;
Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple sea,
And in the sunset Jason's fleece of gold !
O, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old !

III.

I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
The rocks, the sea-weed on the ocean floor,
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me ;
Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more ?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding ? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent ? Why shouldst thou be dead ?

IV.

River, that stealest with such silent pace
Around the City of the Dead, where lies
A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
And say good night, for now the western skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
Good night ! good night ! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed ;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

V.

The doors are all wide open ; at the gate
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze,
And seem to warm the air ; a dreamy haze
Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a fate,
And on their margin, with sea-tides elate,
The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,
Writes the last letter of his name, and stays
His restless steps, as if compelled to wait.
I also wait ; but they will come no more,
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied
The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me !
They have forgotten the pathway to my door !
Something is gone from nature since they died,
And summer is not summer, nor can be.

CHAUCEER.

AN old man in a lodge within a park ;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound ;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song ; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odours of ploughed field or flowery mead.

—♦—

SHAKESPEARE.

A VISION as of crowded city streets,
With human life in endless overflow ;
Thunder of thoroughfares ; trumpets that blow
To battle ; clamour, in obscure retreats,
Of sailors landed from their anchored fleets ;
Tolling of bells in turrets, and below
Voices of children, and bright flowers that throw
O'er garden-walls their intermingled sweets !
This vision comes to me when I unfold
The volume of the Poet paramount,
Whom all the Muses loved, not one alone ;—
Into his hands they put the lyre of gold,
And, crowned with sacred laurel at their fount,
Placed him as Musagetes on their throne.

—♦—

MILTON.

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and behold
How the voluminous billows roll and run,
Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun
Shines through their sheeted emerald far unrolled,
And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold
All its loose-flowing garments into one,
Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun
Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.
So in majestic cadence rise and fall
The mighty undulations of thy song,
O sightless bard, England's Mæonides !

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And ever and anon, high over all
Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and strong,
Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

KEATS.

THE young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep ;
The shepherd-boy whose tale was left half told !
The solemn grove uplifts its shield of gold
To the red rising moon, and loud and deep
The nightingale is singing from the steep ;
It is midsummer, but the air is cold ;
Can it be death ? Alas, beside the fold
A shepherd's pipe lies shattered near his sheep.
Lo ! in the moonlight gleams a marble white,
On which I read : ' Here lieth one whose name
Was writ in water.' And was this the meed
Of his sweet singing ? Rather let me write :
' The smoking flax before it burst to flame
Was quenched by death, and broken the bruised reed.

THE GALAXY.

TORRENT of light and river of the air,
Along whose bed the glimmering stars are seen
Like gold and silver sands in some ravine
Where mountain streams have left their channels bare !
The Spaniard sees in thee the pathway, where
His patron saint descended in the sheen
Of his celestial armour, on serene
And quiet nights, when all the heavens were fair.
Not this I see, nor yet the ancient fable
Of Phaeton's wild course, that scorched the skies
Where'er the hoofs of his hot coursers trod ;
But the white drift of worlds o'er chasms of sable,
The star-dust, that is whirled aloft and flies
From the invisible chariot-wheels of God.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THE sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep ;
A voice out of the silence of the deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.

So comes to us at times, from the unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of being,
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul ;
And inspirations, that we deem our own,
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason or control.

A SUMMER DAY BY THE SEA.

THE sun is set ; and in his latest beams
Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,
The falling mantle of the Prophet seems.
From the dim headlands many a lighthouse gleams,
The street-lamps of the ocean ; and behold,
O'erhead the banners of the night unfold ;
The day hath passed into the land of dreams.
O summer day beside the joyous sea !
O summer day so wonderful and white,
So full of gladness and so full of pain !
For ever and for ever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,
To some the landmark of a new domain.

THE TIDES.

I SAW the long line of the vacant shore,
The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
Then heard I, more distinctly than before,
The ocean breathe and its great breast expand,
And hurrying came on the defenceless land
The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.
All thought and feeling and desire, I said,
Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song
Have ebbed from me for ever ! Suddenly o'er me
They swept again from their deep ocean bed,
And in a tumult of delight, and strong
As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

A SHADOW.

I SAID unto myself, if I were dead,
What would befall these children ? What would be
Their fate, who now are looking up to me
For help and furtherance ? Their lives, I said,
Would be a volume wherein I have read
But the first chapters, and no longer see

To read the rest of their dear history,
So full of beauty and so full of dread.
Be comforted ; the world is very old,
And generations pass, as they have passed,
A troop of shadows moving with the sun ;
Thousands of times has the old tale been told ;
The world belongs to those who come the last,
They will find hope and strength as we have done.

—♦—

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

'A SOLDIER of the Union mustered out,'
Is the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave,
Nameless and dateless ; sentinel or scout
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous rout
Of battle, when the loud artillery drave
Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave
And doomed battalions, storming the redoubt.
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the sea
In thy forgotten grave ! with secret shame
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead burn,
When I remember thou hast given for me
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name,
And I can give thee nothing in return.

—♦—

SLEEP.

LULL me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful sound
Seems from some faint Æolian harp-string caught ;
Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of thought
As Hermes with his lyre in sleep profound
The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus bound ;
For I am weary, and am overwrought
With too much toil, with too much care distraught,
And with the iron crown of anguish crowned.
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,
O peaceful Sleep ! until from pain released
I breathe again uninterrupted breath !
Ah, with what subtle meaning did the Greek
Call thee the lesser mystery at the feast
Whereof the greater mystery is death !

—♦—

THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old,
Five centuries old. I plant my foot of stone
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own
Was planted on the dragon. Fold by fold

Beneath me as it struggles, I behold
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown
My kindred and companions. Me alone
It moveth not, but is by me controlled.
I can remember when the Medici
Were driven from Florence; longer still ago
The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf.
Florence adorns me with her jewelry;
And when I think that Michael Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in myself.

IL PONTE VECCHIO DI FIRENZE.

GADDI mi fece; il Ponte Vecchio sono;
Cinquecent' anni già sull' Arno pianto
Il piede, come il suo Michele Santo
Piantò sul draco. Mentre ch' io ragiono
Lo vedo torcere con flebil suono
Le rilucenti scaglie. Ha questi affranto
Due volte i miei maggior. Me solo intanto
Neppure muove, ed io non l' abbandono.
Io mi rammento quando fur cacciati
I Medici; pur quando Ghibellino
E Guelfo fecer pace mi rammento.
Firenza i suoi gioielli m' ha prestati;
E quando penso ch' Agnolo il divino
Su me posava, insuperbir mi sento.

PART II.

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wished to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN.

HERE lies the gentle humourist, who died
In the bright Indian summer of his fame !
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks the secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his ; how sweet a death !
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer ;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

—+—
ELIOT'S OAK.

THOU ancient oak ! whose myriad leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd ;
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
Thou speakest a different dialect to each ;
To me a language that no man can teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

—+—
THE DESCENT OF THE MUSES.

NINE sisters, beautiful in form and face,
Came from their convent on the shining heights
Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,
To dwell among the people at its base.
Then seemed the world to change. All time and space
Splendour of cloudless days and starry nights,
And men and manners, and all sounds and sights,
Had a new meaning, a diviner grace.
Proud were these sisters, but were not too proud
To teach in schools of little country towns
Science and song, and all the arts that please ;

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So that while housewives span, and farmers ploughed,
Their comely daughters, clad in homespun gowns,
Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.

VENICE.

WHITE swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest
So wonderfully built among the reeds
Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds,
As sayeth thy old historian and thy guest !
White water-lily, cradled and caressed
By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds
Lifting thy golden filaments and seeds,
Thy sun-illuminated spires, thy crown and crest !
White phantom city, whose untrodden streets
Are rivers, and whose pavements are the shifting
Shadows of palaces and strips of sky;
I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud uplifting
In air their unsubstantial masonry.

THE POETS.

O YE dead Poets, who are living still
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,
With drops of anguish falling fast and red
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfil?
Yes ; for the gift and ministry of Song
Have something in them so divinely sweet,
It can assuage the bitterness of wrong ;
Not in the clamour of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

PARKER CLEAVELAND.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING BRUNSWICK IN THE SUMMER OF 1875.

AMONG the many lives that I have known,
None I remember more serene and sweet,
More rounded in itself and more complete,
Than his, who lies beneath this funeral stone.
These pines, that murmur in low monotone,
These walks frequented by scholastic feet,

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Were all his world ; but in this calm retreat
For him the Teacher's chair became a throne.
With fond affection memory loves to dwell
On the old days, when his example made
A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen ;
And now, amid the groves he loved so well
That naught could lure him from their grateful shade,
He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said, Amen !

THE HARVEST MOON.

IT is the Harvest Moon ! On gilded vanes
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests
And their aerial neighbourhoods of nests
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes
And harvest-fields, its mystic splendour rests !
Gone are the birds that were our summer guests,
With the last sheaves return the labouring wains !
All things are symbols : the external shows
Of Nature have their image in the mind,
As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves ;
The song-birds leave us at the summer's close,
Only the empty nests are left behind,
And pipings of the quail among the sheaves.

TO THE RIVER RHONE.

THOU Royal River, born of sun and shower
In chambers purple with the Alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow
And rocked by tempests !—at the appointed hour
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from a tower,
With clang and clink of harness dost thou go
To meet thy vassal torrents, that below
Rush to receive thee and obey thy power.
And now thou movest in triumphal march,
A king among the rivers ! On thy way
A hundred towns await and welcome thee ;
Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with garlands gay,
And fleets attend thy progress to the sea !

THE THREE SILENCES OF MOLINOS.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THREE Silences there are : the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought ;
This is the lore a Spanish monk, distraught
With dreams and visions, was the first to teach.

These Silences, commingling each with each,
Made up the perfect Silence, that he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach.
O thou, whose daily life anticipates
The life to come, and in whose thought and word
The spiritual world preponderates,
Hermit of Amesbury! thou too hast heard
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

THE TWO RIVERS.

I.

SLOWLY the hour-hand of the clock moves round ;
So slowly that no human eye hath power
To see it move! Slowly in shine or shower
The painted ship above it, homeward bound,
Sails, but seems motionless, as if aground ;
Yet both arrive at last ; and in his tower
The slumbrous watchman wakes and strikes the hour,
A mellow, measured, melancholy sound.
Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!
The frontier town and citadel of night!
The watershed of Time, from which the streams
Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way,
One to the land of promise and of light,
One to the land of darkness and of dreams!

II.

O River of Yesterday, with current swift
Through chasms descending, and soon lost to sight,
I do not care to follow in their flight
The faded leaves, that on thy bosom drift!
O River of To-morrow, I uplift
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the night
Wanes into morning, and the dawning light
Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift!
I follow, follow, where thy waters run
Through unfrequented, unfamiliar fields,
Fragrant with flowers and musical with song ;
Still follow, follow ; sure to meet the sun,
And confident, that what the future yields
Will be the right, unless myself be wrong.

III.

Yet not in vain, O River of Yesterday,
Through chasms of darkness to the deep descending,

A Book of Sonnets.

I heard thee sobbing in the rain, and blending
Thy voice with other voices far away.
I called to thee, and yet thou wouldst not stay,
But turbulent, and with thyself contending,
And torrent-like thy force on pebbles spending,
Thou wouldst not listen to a poet's lay.
Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,
Regrets and recollections of things past,
With hints and prophecies of things to be,
And inspirations, which, could they be things,
And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
Were our good angels,—these I owe to thee.

IV.

And thou, O River of To-morrow, flowing
Between thy narrow adamantine walls,
But beautiful, and white with waterfalls,
And wreaths of mist, like hands the pathway showing ;
I hear the trumpets of the morning blowing,
I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and calls,
And see, as Ossian saw in Morven's halls,
Mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning, going !
It is the mystery of the unknown
That fascinates us ; we are children still,
Wayward and wistful ; with one hand we cling
To the familiar things we call our own,
And with the other, resolute of will,
Grope in the dark for what the day will bring.



BOSTON.

ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN ! Hither across the plains
And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,
There came a Saxon monk, and founded here
A Priory, pillaged by marauding Danes,
So that thereof no vestige now remains ;
Only a name, that, spoken loud and clear,
And echoed in another hemisphere,
Survives the sculptured walls and painted panes.
St. Botolph's Town ! Far over leagues of land
And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,
And far around the chiming bells are heard ;
So may that sacred name for ever stand
A landmark, and a symbol of the power,
That lies concentred in a single word.

ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE.

I STAND beneath the tree, whose branches shade
Thy western window, Chapel of St. John !
And hear its leaves repeat their benison
On him, whose hand thy stones memorial laid ;
Then I remember one of whom was said
In the world's darkest hour, ' Behold thy son ! '
And see him living still, and wandering on
And waiting for the advent long delayed.
Not only tongues of the apostles teach
Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,
And say in language clear as human speech,
' The peace of God, that passeth understanding,
Be and abide with you for evermore ! '

—♦—
MOODS.

O THAT a Song would sing itself to me
Out of the heart of Nature, or the heart
Of man, the child of Nature, not of Art,
Fresh as the morning, salt as the salt sea,
With just enough of bitterness to be
A medicine to this sluggish mood, and start
The life-blood in my veins, and so impart
Healing and help in this dull lethargy !
Alas ! not always doth the breath of song
Breathe on us. It is like the wind that bloweth
At its own will, not ours, nor tarries long ;
We hear the sound thereof, but no man knoweth
From whence it comes, so sudden and swift and strong,
Nor whither in its wayward course it goeth.

—♦—
WOODSTOCK PARK.

HERE in a little rustic hermitage
Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred the Great,
Postponed the cares of kingcraft to translate
The Consolations of the Roman sage.
Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe old age
Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which soon or late
The venturous hand that strives to imitate
Vanquished must fall on the unfinished page.
Two kings were they, who ruled by right divine,
And both supreme ; one in the realm of Truth,
One in the realm of Fiction and of Song.

What prince hereditary of their line,
Uprising in the strength and flush of youth,
Their glory shall inherit and prolong ?

—♦—

THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT WILNA.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

SWEET faces, that from pictured casements lean
As from a castle window, looking down
On some gay pageant passing through a town,
Yourselves the fairest figures in the scene ;
With what a gentle grace, with what serene
Unconsciousness ye wear the triple crown
Of youth and beauty and the fair renown
Of a great name, that ne'er hath tarnished been !
From your soft eyes, so innocent and sweet,
Four spirits, sweet and innocent as they,
Gaze on the world below, the sky above ;
Hark ! there is some one singing in the street ;
'Faith, Hope, and Love ! these three,' he seems to say ;
'These three ; and greatest of the three is Love.'

—♦—

HOLIDAYS.

THE holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart ;
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows ;—
The happy days unclouded to their close ;
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes ; swift desires that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows !
White as the gleam of a receding sail,
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are ;—a Fairy Tale
Of some enchanted land we know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

—♦—

WAPENTAKE.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

POET ! I come to touch thy lance with mine ;
Not as a knight, who on the listed field
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield
In token of defiance, but in sign

Of homage to the mastery, which is thine,
In English song ; nor will I keep concealed,
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,
My admiration for thy verse divine.
Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart !
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

THE BROKEN OAR.

ONCE upon Iceland's solitary strand
A poet wandered with his book and pen,
Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen,
Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.
The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,
The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken,
And from the parting cloud-rack now and then
Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.
Then by the billows at his feet was tossed
A broken oar ; and carved thereon he read,
' Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee ' ;
And like a man, who findeth what was lost,
He wrote the words, then lifted up his head,
And flung his useless pen into the sea.

Kéramos.

1878.

*TURN, turn, my wheel! Turn
round and round
Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl
and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow, and some
command,
Though all are made of clay!*

Thus sang the Potter at his task
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-
tree,

While o'er his features, like a mask,
The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade
Moved, as the boughs above him
swayed,

And clothed him, till he seemed
to be

A figure woven in tapestry,
So sumptuously was he arrayed
In that magnificent attire
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.
Like a magician he appeared,
A conjurer without book or beard;
And while he plied his magic art—
For it was magical to me—

I stood in silence and apart,
And wondered more and more to
see

That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey;
While ever in a thoughtful mood
He sang his ditty, and at times
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,
As a melodious interlude.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All things
must change*

*To something new, to something
strange;*

*Nothing that is can pause or
stay;*

*The moon will wax, the moon will
wane,*

*The mist and cloud will turn to
rain,*

*The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.*

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,
By some unconscious act of will,
The melody and even the words
Were intermingled with my thought,
As bits of coloured thread are
caught

And woven into nests of birds.
And thus to regions far remote,
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,
This wizard in the motley coat
Transported me on wings of song,
And by the northern shores of
France

Bore me with restless speed along.

What land is this that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea?
This land of sluices, dikes, and
dunes?

This water-net, that tessellates
The landscape? this unending
maze

Of gardens, through whose latticed
gates

The imprisoned pinks and tulips
gaze;

Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through
a screen ;

Where over fields and pastures
green

The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and everywhere
The sails of windmills sink and soar
Like wings of sea-gulls on the
shore ?

What land is this ? Yon pretty
town

Is Delft, with all its wares dis-
played ;

The pride, the market-place, the
crown

And centre of the Potter's trade.
See ! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser
shine ;

Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-
lis,

And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter topped, and
queer

With comic mask and musketeer !
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles ;
The parlour walls, the chamber
floors,

The stairways and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never droop in winds or
showers,

And never wither on their stalks.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! All life is
brief ;*

*What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon
decay ;*

*The wind blows east, the wind blows
west ;*

*The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and
breast,
And flutter and fly away.*

Now southward through the air I
glide,

The song my only pursuivant,
And see across the landscape wide
The blue Charente, upon whose tide
The belfries and the spires of
Saintes

Ripple and rock from side to side,
As, when an earthquake rends its
walls,

A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter, working with such
cheer,

In this mean house, this mean
attire,

His manly features bronzed with
fire,

Whose figulines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to
day ?

This madman, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead ?
This alchemist with hollow cheeks
And sunken, searching eyes, who
seeks,

By mingled earths and ores com-
bined

With potency of fire, to find
Some new enamel, hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight ?

O Pafissy ! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest ;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labours and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or what it cannot find creates !

*Turn, turn, my wheel! This
earthen jar*

*A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say,
What makest thou? Thou hast no
hand?*

*As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.*

Still guided by the dreamy song,
As in a trance I float along
Above the Pyrenean chain,
Above the fields and farms of Spain,
Above the bright Majorcan isle,
That lends its softened name to
art,—

A spot, a dot upon the chart,
Whose little towns, red-roofed with
tile,

Are ruby-lusted with the light
Of blazing furnaces by night,
And crowned by day with wreaths
of smoke.

Then eastward, wafted in my flight
On my enchanter's magic cloak,
I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea
Into the land of Italy,
And o'er the windy Apennines,
Mantled and musical with pines.

The palaces, the princely halls,
The doors of houses and the walls
Of churches and of belfry towers,
Cloister and castle, street and mart,
Are garlanded and gay with flowers
That blossom in the fields of art.
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam
and glow

With brilliant, iridescent dyes,
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,
The cobalt blue of summer skies;
And vase and scutcheon, cup and
plate,

In perfect finish emulate
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came
A youth with the angelic name
Of Raphael, in form and face

Himself angelic, and divine
In arts of colour and design.
From him Francesco Xanto caught
Something of his transcendent
grace,

And into fictile fabrics wrought
Suggestions of the master's thought.
Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines
With madre-perl and golden lines
Of arabesques, and interweaves
His birds and fruits and flowers and
leaves

About some landscape, shaded
brown,

With olive tints on rock and town.
Behold this cup within whose bowl,
Upon a ground of deepest blue
With yellow-lusted stars o'erlaid,
Colours of every tint and hue
Mingle in one harmonious whole!
With large blue eyes and steadfast
gaze,

Her yellow hair in net and braid,
Necklace and earrings all ablaze
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,
A woman's portrait; on the scroll,
Cana, the Beautiful! A name
Forgotten save for such brief fame
As this memorial can bestow,—
A gift some lover long ago
Gave with his heart to this fair
dame.

A nobler title to renown
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,
Seated beside the Arno's stream;
For Lucca della Robbia there
Created forms so wondrous fair,
They made thy sovereignty su-
preme.

These choristers with lips of stone,
Whose music is not heard, but seen,
Still chant, as from their organ-
screen,

Their Maker's praise; nor these
alone,

But the more fragile forms of clay,
Hardly less beautiful than they,

These saints and angels that adorn
The walls of hospitals, and tell
The story of good deeds so well
That poverty seems less forlorn,
And life more like a holiday.

Here in this old neglected church,
That long eludes the traveller's
search,

Lies the dead bishop on his tomb ;
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,
Life-like and death-like in the
gloom ;

Garlands of fruit and flowers in
bloom

And foliage deck his resting place ;
A shadow in the sightless eyes,
A pallor on the patient face,
Made perfect by the furnace heat ;
All earthly passions and desires
Burnt out by purgatorial fires ;
Seeming to say, 'Our years are fleet,
And to the weary death is sweet.'

But the most wonderful of all
The ornaments on tomb or wall
That grace the fair Ausonian shores
Are those the faithful earth restores,
Near some Apulian town concealed,
In vineyard or in harvest field,—
Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,
Memorials of forgotten griefs,
Or records of heroic deeds
Of demigods and mighty chiefs :
Figures that almost move and speak,
And, buried amid mould and weeds,
Still in their attitudes attest

The presence of the graceful
Greek,—

Achilles in his armour dressed,
Alcides with the Cretan bull,
And Aphrodite with her boy,
Or lovely Helena of Troy,
Still living and still beautiful.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! 'Tis Na-
ture's plan*

*The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old, and
gray ;*

*In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have
wings ;*

*In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest home of day.*

And now the winds that southward
blow,

And cool the hot Sicilian isle,
Bear me away. I see below
The long line of the Libyan Nile,
Flooding and feeding the parched
land

With annual ebb and overflow,
A fallen palm whose branches lie
Beneath the Abyssinian sky,
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.
On either bank huge water-wheels,
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,
Send forth their melancholy moans,
As if, in their gray mantles hid,
Dead anchorites of the Thebaid
Knelt on the shore and told their
beads,

Beating their breasts with loud ap-
peals

And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set
With glittering mosque and mina-
ret,

Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars
The dreaming traveller first inhales
The perfume of Arabian gales,
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,
Huge as were those wherein the
maid

Morgiana found the Forty Thieves
Concealed in midnight ambuscade ;
And seeing, more than half believes
The fascinating tales that run
Through all the Thousand Nights
and One,

Told by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than
these

Are the Egyptian deities,
Ammon, and Emeth, and the grand

Osiris, holding in his hand
The lotus; Isis, crowned and veiled;
The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx;
Bracelets with blue enamelled links;
The Scarabee in emerald mailed,
Or spreading wide his funeral
wings;
Lamps that perchance their night-
watch kept
O'er Cleopatra while she slept,—
All plundered from the tombs of
kings.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! The human
race
Of every tongue, of every place,
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.*

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,
And bird-like poise on balanced
wing
Above the town of King-te-tching,
A burning town, or seeming so,—
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare,
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,
Spotted and veined with various
hues,
Are swept along the avenues,
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,
So from this grove of chimneys
whirled
To all the markets of the world,
These porcelain leaves are wafted
on,—
Light yellow leaves with spots and
stains
Of violet and of crimson dye,

Or tender azure of a sky
Just washed by gentle April rains,
And beautiful with celadon.

Nor less the coarser household
wares,—
The willow pattern, that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;
The solitary man who stares
At the white river flowing through
Its arches, the fantastic trees
And wild perspective of the view;
And intermingled among these
The tiles that in our nurseries
Filled us with wonder and delight,
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!
The Tower of Porcelain, strange
and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies
Its ninefold painted balconies,
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose
eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft, melodious chime;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints, all fused in one
Great mass of colour, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! What is
begun
At daybreak must at dark be done,
To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the
frame,
And stamp with honour or with
shame
These vessels made of clay.*

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Through the clear realms of azure
drift;

And on the hillside I can see
The villages of Imari,
Whose thronged and flaming work-
shops lift
Their twisted columns of smoke on
high,
Cloud cloisters that in ruins lie,
With sunshine streaming through
each rift,
And broken arches of blue sky.

All the bright flowers that fill the
land,
Ripple of waves on rock or sand,
The snow on Fusi-yama's cone,
The midnight heaven so thickly
sown
With constellations of bright stars,
The leaves that rustle, the reeds
that make
A whisper by each stream and lake,
The saffron dawn, the sunset red,
Are painted on these lovely jars ;
Again the skylark sings, again
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Float through the azure overhead,
The counterfeit and counterpart
Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature ; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and sub-
dued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.

He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or
please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's footprints, light and
fleet,
And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in May,
Wrapped in my visions like the Seer,
Whose eyes behold not what is near,
But only what is far away,
When, suddenly sounding peal on
peal,
The church-bell from the neighbour-
ing town
Proclaimed the welcome hour of
noon.
The Potter heard, and stopped his
wheel,
His apron on the grass threw down,
Whistled his quiet little tune,
Not overloud nor overlong,
And ended thus his simple song :

*Stop, stop, my wheel ! Too soon,
too soon
The noon will be the afternoon,
Too soon to-day be yesterday ;
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay !*

Translations.

CANTOS FROM DANTE'S PARADISO.

CANTO XXIII.

EVEN as a bird, 'mid the beloved
leaves,
Quiet upon the nest of her sweet
brood
Throughout the night, that hideth
all things from us,
Who, that she may behold their
longed-for looks
And find the food wherewith to
nourish them,
In which, to her, grave labours
grateful are,
Anticipates the time on open
spray,
And with an ardent longing
waits the sun,
Gazing intent, as soon as breaks
the dawn :
Even thus my Lady standing was,
erect
And vigilant, turned round to-
wards the zone
Underneath which the sun dis-
plays less haste ;
So that beholding her distraught
and wistful,
Such I became as he is who
desiring
Forsomething yearns, and hoping
is appeased.

But brief the space from one When
to the other ;
Of my awaiting, say I, and the
seeing
The welkin grow resplendent
more and more.
And Beatrice exclaimed : ' Behold
the hosts
Of Christ's triumphal march, and
all the fruit
Harvested by the rolling of these
spheres !'
It seemed to me her face was all
afame ;
And eyes she had so full of
ecstasy
That I must needs pass on with-
out describing.
As when in nights serene of the
full moon
Smiles Trivia among the nymphs
eternal
Who paint the firmament through
all its gulfs,
Saw I, above the myriads of lamps,
A Sun that one and all of them
enkindled,
E'en as our own doth the super-
nal sights,
And through the living light trans-
parent shone
The lucent substance so intensely
clear
Into my sight that I sustained
it not.

O Beatrice, thou gentle guide and dear!

To me she said: 'What over-masters thee

A virtue is from which naught shields itself.

There are the wisdom and the omnipotence

That oped the thoroughfares 'twixt heaven and earth,

For which there erst had been so long a yearning.'

As fire from out a cloud unlocks itself,

Dilating so it finds not room therein,

And down, against its nature, falls to earth,

So did my mind, among those aliments

Becoming larger, issue from itself,

And that which it became cannot remember.

'Open thine eyes, and look at what I am:

Thou hast beheld such things, that strong enough

Hast thou become to tolerate my smile.'

I was as one who still retains the feeling

Of a forgotten vision, and endeavours

In vain to bring it back into his mind,

When I this invitation heard, deserving

Of so much gratitude, it never fades

Out of the book that chronicles the past.

If at this moment sounded all the tongues

That Polyhymnia and her sisters made

Most lubrical with their delicious milk,

To aid me, to a thousandth of the truth

It would not reach, singing the holy smile,

And how the holy aspect it illumed.

And therefore, representing Paradise,

The sacred poem must perforce leap over,

Even as a man who finds his way cut off;

But whoso thinketh of the ponderous theme,

And of the mortal shoulder laden with it,

Should blame it not, if under this it tremble.

It is no passage for a little boat,

This which goes cleaving the audacious prow,

Nor for a pilot who would spare himself.

'Why doth my face so much enamour thee,

That to the garden fair thou turnest not,

Which under the rays of Christ is blossoming?

There is the Rose in which the Word Divine

Became incarnate; there the lilies are

By whose perfume the good way was discovered.'

Thus Beatrice; and I, who to her counsels

Was wholly ready, once again betook me

Unto the battle of the feeble brows.

As in the sunshine, that unsullied streams

Through fractured cloud, ere now a meadow of flowers

Mine eyes with shadow covered o'er have seen,

So troops of splendours manifold I saw

Illumined from above with burn-
 ing rays,
 Beholding not the source of the
 effulgence.
 O power benignant that does so
 imprint them!
 Thou didst exalt thyself to give
 more scope
 There to mine eyes, that were
 not strong enough.
 The name of that fair flower I e'er
 invoke
 Morning and evening utterly en-
 thrall'd
 My soul to gaze upon the greater
 fire.
 And when in both mine eyes de-
 picted were
 The glory and greatness of the
 living star
 Which there excelleth, as it here
 excelled,
 Athwart the heavens a little torch
 descended
 Formed in a circle like a coronal,
 And cinctured it, and whirled
 itself about it.
 Whatever melody most sweetly
 soundeth
 On earth, and to itself most
 draws the soul,
 Would seem a cloud that, rent
 asunder, thunders,
 Compared unto the sounding of
 that lyre
 Wherewith was crowned the
 sapphire beautiful,
 Which gives the clearest heaven
 its sapphire hue.
 'I am Angelic Love, that circle round
 The joy sublime which breathes
 from out the womb
 That was the hostelry of our
 Desire;
 And I shall circle, Lady of Heaven,
 while
 Thou followest thy Son, and
 mak'st diviner

The sphere supreme, because
 thou interest there.
 Thus did the circulated melody
 Seal itself up; and all the other
 lights
 Were making to resound the
 name of Mary.
 The regal mantle of the volumes all
 Of that world, which most fervid
 is and living
 With breath of God and with
 his works and ways,
 Extended over us its inner border,
 So very distant, that the sem-
 blance of it
 There where I was not yet
 appeared to me.
 Therefore mine eyes did not possess
 the power
 Of following the incoronated
 flame,
 Which mounted upward near to
 its own seed.
 And as a little child, that towards
 its mother
 Stretches its arms, when it the
 milk has taken,
 Through impulse kindled into
 outward flame,
 Each of those gleams of whiteness
 upward reached
 So with its summit, that the deep
 affection
 They had for Mary was revealed
 to me.
 Thereafter they remained there in
 my sight,
Regina coeli singing with such
 sweetness,
 That ne'er from me has the
 delight departed.
 O, what exuberance is garnered up
 Within those richest coffers,
 which had been
 Good husbandmen for sowing
 here below!
 There they enjoy and live upon the
 treasure

Which was acquired while weeping
in the exile
Of Babylon, wherein the gold
was left.
There triumpheth, beneath the ex-
alted Son
Of God and Mary, in his victory,
Both with the ancient council
and the new,
He who doth keep the keys of such
a glory.

CANTO XXIV.

'O COMPANY elect to the great
supper
Of the lamb benedight, who
feedeth you,
So that for ever full is your desire,
If by the grace of God this man
foretaste
Something of that which falleth
from your table,
Or ever death prescribe to him
the time,
Direct your mind to his immense
desire,
And him somewhat bedew; ye
drinking are
For ever at the fount whence
comes his thought.'
Thus Beatrice; and those souls
beatified
Transformed themselves to
spheres on steadfast poles,
Flaming intensely in the guise
of comets.
And as the wheels in works of
horologes
Revolve so that the first to a
beholder
Motionless seems, and the last
one to fly,
So in like manner did those carols,
dancing
In different measure, of their
affluence
Give me the gauge, as they were
swift or slow.

From that one which I noted of
most beauty
Beheld I issue forth a fire so happy
That none it left there of a greater
brightness;
And around Beatrice three several
times
It whirled itself with so divine a
song,
My fantasy repeats it not to me;
Therefore the pen skips, and I
write it not,
Since our imagination for such
folds,
Much more our speech, is of a
tint too glaring.
'O holy sister mine, who us im-
plorest
With such devotion, by thine
ardent love
Thou dost unbind me from that
beautiful sphere!'
Thereafter, having stopped, the
blessed fire
Unto my Lady did direct its
breath,
Which spake in fashion, as I here
have said.
And she: 'O light eterne of the
great man
To whom our Lord delivered
up the keys
He carried down of this miracu-
lous joy,
This one examine on points light
and grave,
As good beseemeth thee, about
the Faith
By means of which thou on the
sea didst walk.
If he love well, and hope well, and
believe,
From thee 'tis hid not; for thou
hast thy sight
There where depicted everything
is seen.
But since this kingdom has made
citizens

By means of the true Faith, to
glorify it
'Tis well he have the chance to
speak thereof.'
As baccalaureate arms himself, and
speaks not
Until the master doth propose
the question,
To argue it, and not to terminate
it,
So did I arm myself with every
reason,
While she was speaking, that I
might be ready
For such a questioner and such
profession.
'Say, thou good Christian; mani-
fest thyself;
What is the Faith?' Whereat I
raised my brow
Unto that light wherefrom was
this breathed forth.
Then turned I round to Beatrice,
and she
Prompt signals made to me that
I should pour
The water forth from my internal
fountain.
'May grace, that suffers me to
make confession,'
Began I, 'to the great cen-
turyon,
Cause my conceptions all to be
explicit!'
And I continued: 'As the truthful
pen,
Father, of thy dear brother wrote
of it,
Who put with thee Rome into
the good way,
Faith is the substance of the things
we hope for,
And evidence of those that are
not seen;
And this appears to me its
quiddity.'
Then heard I: 'Very rightly thou
perceivest,

If well thou understandest why
he placed it
With substances and then with
evidences.'
And I thereafterward: 'The things
profound,
That here vouchsafe to me their
apparition,
Unto all eyes below are so con-
cealed,
That they exist there only in belief,
Upon the which is founded the
high hope,
And hence it has the nature of a
substance.
And it behoveth us from this belief
To reason without having other
sight,
And hence it has the nature of
evidence.'
Then heard I: 'If whatever is ac-
quired
Below by doctrine were thus
understood,
No sophist's subtlety would there
find place.'
Thus was breathed forth from that
enkindled love;
Then added: 'Very well has
been gone over
Already of this coin the alloy and
weight;
But tell me if thou hast it in thy
purse?'
And I: 'Yes, both so shining
and so round,
That in its stamp there is no
peradventure.'
Thereafter issued from the light
profound
That there resplendent was: 'This
precious jewel,
Upon the which is every virtue
founded,
Whence hadst thou it?' And I:
'The large outpouring
Of Holy Spirit, which has been
diffused

Upon the ancient parchments
and the new,
A syllogism is, which proved it to
me

With such acuteness, that, com-
pared therewith,

All demonstration seems to me
obtuse.'

And then I heard : 'The ancient
and the new

Postulates, that to thee are so
conclusive,

Why dost thou take them for the
word divine?'

And I : 'The proofs which show
the truth to me,

Are the works subsequent, where-
unto Nature

Ne'er heated iron yet, nor anvil
beat.'

'Twas answered me : 'Say, who
assureth thee

That those works ever were?
the thing itself

That must be proved, nought
else to thee affirms it.'

'Were the world to Christianity
converted,'

I said, 'withouten miracles, this
one

Is such, the real are not its hun-
dredth part ;

Because that poor and fasting thou
didst enter

Into the field to sow there the
good plant,

Which was a vine and has be-
come a thorn !'

This being finished, the high, holy
Court

Resounded through the spheres,
'One God we praise !'

In melody that there above is
chanted.

And then that Baron, who from
branch to branch,

Examining, had thus conducted
me,

Till the extremest leaves we were
approaching,

Again began : 'The Grace that
dallying

Plays with thine intellect thy
mouth has opened,

Up to this point, as it should
opened be,

So that I do approve what forth
emerged ;

But now thou must express what
thou believest,

And whence to thy belief it was
presented.'

'O holy father, spirit who be-
holdest

What thou believedst so that
thou o'ercamest,

Towards the sepulchre, more
youthful feet,'

Began I, 'thou dost wish me in this
place

The form to manifest of my
prompt belief,

And likewise thou the cause
thereof demandest.

And I respond : In one God I be-
lieve,

Sole and eterne, who moveth all
the heavens

With love and with desire, him-
self unmoved ;

And of such faith not only have I
proofs

Physical and metaphysical, but
gives them

Likewise the truth that from this
place rains down

Through Moses, through the Pro-
phets and the Psalms,

Through the Evangel, and
through you who wrote

After the fiery Spirit sanctified
you ;

In Persons three eterne believe,
and these

One essence I believe, so one
and trine

They bear conjunction both with
sunt and *est*.
 With the profound condition, and
 divine
 Which now I touch upon, doth
 stamp my mind
 Ofttimes the doctrine evangelical.
 This the beginning is, this is the
 spark
 Which afterwards dilates to vivid
 flame,
 And, like a star in heaven, is
 sparkling in me.
 Even as a lord who hears what
 pleaseth him
 His servant straight embraces,
 gratulating
 For the good news as soon as he
 is silent;
 So, giving me its benediction, sing-
 ing,
 Three times encircled me, when
 I was silent,
 The apostolic light, at whose
 command
 I spoken had, in speaking I so
 pleased him.

CANTO XXV.

IF e'er it happen that the Poem
 Sacred,
 To which both heaven and earth
 have set their hand,
 So that it many a year hath made
 me lean,
 O'ercome the cruelty that bars me
 out
 From the fair sheepfold, where a
 lamb I slumbered,
 An enemy to the wolves that war
 upon it,
 With other voice forthwith, with
 other fleece,
 Poet will I return, and at my
 font
 Baptismal will I take the laurel
 crown;

Because into the Faith that maketh
 known
 All souls to God there entered I,
 and then
 Peter for her sake thus my brow
 encircled.
 Thereafterward towards us moved
 a light
 Out of that band whence issued
 the first-fruits
 Which of his vicars Christ be-
 hind him left,
 And then my Lady, full of ecstasy,
 Said unto me: 'Look, look!
 behold the Baron
 For whom below Galicia is fre-
 quented.'
 In the same way as, when a dove
 alights
 Near his companion, both of
 them pour forth,
 Circling about and murmuring,
 their affection,
 So one beheld I by the other grand,
 Prince glorified to be with wel-
 come greeted
 Lauding the food that there above
 is eaten.
 But when their gratulations were
 complete,
 Silently *coram me* each one stood
 still,
 So incandescent it o'ercame my
 sight.
 Smiling thereafterwards, said Bea-
 trice:
 'Illustrious life, by whom the
 benefactions
 Of our Basilica have been de-
 scribed,
 Make Hope resound within this
 altitude;
 Thou knowest as oft thou dost
 personify it
 As Jesus to the three gave greater
 clearness.'—
 'Lift up thy head, and make thyself
 assured;

For what comes hither from the
mortal world
Must needs be ripened in our
radiance.'

This comfort came to me from the
second fire ;

Wherefore mine eyes I lifted to
the hills,

Which bent them down before
with too great weight.

' Since, through his grace, our
Emperor wills that thou

Shouldst find thee face to face,
before thy death,

In the most secret chamber, with
his Counts,

So that, the truth beholden of this
court,

Hope, which below there right-
fully enamours,

Thereby thou strengthen in thy-
self and others,

Say what it is, and how is flower-
ing with it

Thy mind, and say from whence it
came to thee.'

Thus did the second light again
continue.

And the Compassionate, who pi-
loted

The plumage of my wings in such
high flight,

Did in reply anticipate me thus :

' No child whatever the Church
Militant

Of greater hope possesses, as is
written

In that Sun which irradiates all
our band ;

Therefore it is conceded him from
Egypt

To come into Jerusalem to see,
Or ever yet his warfare be com-
pleted.

The two remaining points, that not
for knowledge

Have been demanded, but that he
report

How much this virtue unto thee is
pleasing,

To him I leave ; for hard he will
not find them,

Nor of self-praise ; and let him
answer them ;

And may the grace of God in
this assist him !'

As a disciple, who his teacher follows,
Ready and willing, where he is

expert,

That his proficiency may be dis-
played,

' Hope,' said I, ' is the certain
expectation

Of future glory, which is the effect
Of grace divine and merit prece-
dent.

From many stars this light comes
unto me !

But he instilled it first into my
heart

Who was chief singer unto the
chief captain.

" *Sperant in te*," in the high Theody
He sayeth, " those who know thy

name ;" and who

Knoweth it not, if he my faith
possess ?

Thou didst instil me, then, with his
instilling

In the Epistle, so that I am full,
And upon others rain again your

rain.'

While I was speaking, in the living
bosom

Of that combustion quivered an
effulgence,

Sudden and frequent, in the guise
of lightning ;

Then breathed : ' The love where-
with I am inflamed

Towards the virtue still which

followed me

Unto the palm and issue of the
field,

Wills that I breathe to thee that thou
delight

In her ; and grateful to me is thy
telling
Whatever things Hope promises
to thee.
And I : 'The ancient Scriptures
and the new
The mark establish, and this
shows it me,
Of all the souls whom God hath
made his friends.
Isaiah saith, that each one gar-
mented
In his own land shall be with two-
fold garments,
And his own land is this delight-
ful life.
Thy brother, too, far more explicitly,
There where he treateth of the
robes of white,
This revelation manifests to us.'
And first, and near the ending of
these words,
'*Sperent in te*' from over us was
heard,
To which responsive answered all
the carols.
Thereafterward a light among them
brightened,
So that, if Cancer once such
crystal had,
Winter would have a month of
one sole day.
And as uprises, goes, and enters the
dance
A winsome maiden, only to do
honour
To the new bride, and not from any
failing,
Even thus did I behold the bright-
ened splendour
Approach the two, who in a wheel
revolved
As was be seeming to their ardent
love.
Into the song and music there it
entered ;
And fixed on them my Lady kept
her look,

Even as a bridesilent and motion-
less.
'This is the one who lay upon the
breast
Of him our Pelican ; and this
is he
To the great office from the cross
elected.'
My Lady thus ; but therefore none
the more
Did move her sight from its atten-
tive gaze
Before or afterward these words
of hers.
Even as a man who gazes, and en-
deavours
To see the eclipsing of the sun a
little,
And who, by seeing, sightless doth
become,
So I became before that latest fire,
While it was said, 'Why dost thou
daze thyself
To see a thing which here hath no
existence ?
Earth in the earth my body is, and
shall be
With all the others there, until
our number
With the eternal proposition
tallies.
With the two garments in the
blessed cloister
Are the two lights alone that have
ascended :
And this shalt thou take back
into your world.'
And at this utterance the flaming
circle
Grew quiet, with the dulcet inter-
mingling
Of sound that by the trinal breath
was made,
As to escape from danger or fatigue
The oars that erst were in the
water beaten
Are all suspended at a whistle's
sound.

Ah, how much in my mind was I
disturbed,
When I turned round to look on
Beatrice,
That her I could not see, although
I was
Close at her side and in the Happy
World !

BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION
TO HEORT.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

THUS then, much care-worn,
The son of Healfden
Sorrowed evermore,
Nor might the prudent hero
His woes avert.
The war was too hard,
Too loath and longsome,
That on the people came,
Dire wrath and grim,
Of night-woes the worst.
This from home heard
Higelac's Thane,
Good among the Goths,
Grendel's deeds.
He was of mankind
In might the strongest,
At that day
Of this life,
Noble and stalwart.
He bade him a sea-ship,
A goodly one, prepare.
Quoth he, the war-king,
Over the swan's road,
Seek he would
The mighty monarch,
Since he wanted men.
For him that journey
His prudent fellows
Straight made ready,
Those that loved him.
They excited their souls,
The omen they beheld.
Had the good-man
Of the Gothic people

Champions chosen,
Of those that keenest
He might find,
Some fifteen men.
The sea-wood sought he.
The warrior showed,
Sea-crafty man !
The landmarks,
And first went forth.
The ship was on the waves,
Boat under the cliffs.
The barons ready
To the prow mounted.
The streams they whirled
The sea against the sands.
The chieftains bore
On the naked breast
Bright ornaments,
War-gear, Goth-like.
The men shoved off,
Men on their willing way,
The bounden wood.
Then went over the sea-waves,
Hurried by the wind,
The ship with foamy neck,
Most like a sea-fowl,
Till about one hour
Of the second day
The curved prow
Had passed onward
So that the sailors
The land saw,
The shore-cliffs shining,
Mountains steep,
And broad sea-noses.
Then was the sea-sailing
Of the earl at an end.
Then up speedily
The Weather people
On the land went,
The sea-bark moored,
Their mail-sarks shook,
Their war-weeds.
God thanked they,
That to them the sea-journey
Easy had been.
Then from the wall beheld
The warden of the Scyldings,

He who the sea-cliffs
Had in his keeping.
Bear o'er the balks
The bright shields,
The war-weapons speedily.
Him the doubt disturbed
In his mind's thought,
What these men might be.
Went then to the shore,
On his steed riding,
The Thane of Hrothgar.
Before the host he shook
His warden's staff in hand,
In measured words demanded :

'What men are ye,
War-gear wearing,
Host in harness,
Who thus the brown keel
Over the water-street
Leading come
Hither over the sea ?
I these boundaries
As shore-warden hold ;
That in the Land of the Danes
Nothing loathsome
With a ship-crew
Scathe us might. . . .
Ne'er saw I mightier
Earl upon earth
Than is your own,
Hero in harness.
Not seldom this warrior
Is in weapons distinguished ;
Never his beauty belies him,
His peerless countenance !
Now would I fain
Your origin know,
Ere ye forth
As false spies
Into the Land of the Danes
Farther fare.
Now, ye dwellers afar off !
Ye sailors of the sea !
Listen to my
One-fold thought.
Quickest is best
To make known
Whence your coming may be.'

THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BODY.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

MUCH it behoveth
Each one of mortals,
That he his soul's journey
In himself ponder,
How deep it may be.
When Death cometh,
The bonds he breaketh
By which united
Were body and soul.

Long it is thenceforth
Ere the soul taketh
From God himself
Its woe or its weal ;
As in the world erst,
Even in its earth-vessel,
It wrought before.

The soul shall come
Wailing with loud voice,
After a sennight,
The soul, to find
The body
That it erst dwelt in ;—
Three hundred winters,
Unless ere that worketh
The eternal Lord,
The Almighty God,
The end of the world.

Crieth then, so care-worn,
With cold utterance,
And speaketh grimly,
The ghost to the dust :
'Dry dust ! thou dreary one !
How little didst thou labour for
me !

In the foulness of earth
Thou all wearest away
Like to the loam !
Little didst thou think
How thy soul's journey
Would be thereafter,
When from the body
It should be led forth.'

FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

THREE miles extended around the fields of the homestead ; on three sides Valleys, and mountains, and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean. Birch-woods crowned the summits, but over the down-sloping hillsides Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field. Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains, Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-antlered reindeers Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets. But in the valleys, full widely around, there fed on the greensward Herds with sleek, shining sides, and udders that longed for the milk-pail. 'Mid these were scattered, now here and now there, a vast countless number Of white-woolled sheep, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds, Flock-wise, spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time. Twice twelve swift-footed coursers, mettlesome, fast-fettered storm-winds, Stamping stood in the line of stalls, all champing their fodder, Knotted with red their manes, and their hoofs all whitened with steel shoes. The banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir. Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred) Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking at Yuletide. Thorough the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak, Polished and white, as of steel ; the columns twain of the high-seat Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree ; Odin with lordly look, and Frey with the sun on his frontlet. Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was coal-black, Scarlet red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver), Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness. Oft, when the moon among the night-clouds flew, related the old man Wonders from far distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings Far on the Baltic and Sea of the West, and the North Sea. Hush sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the graybeard's Lips, as a bee on the rose ; but the Skald was thinking of Bragé, Where, with silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated Under the leafy beech, and tells a tradition by Mimer's Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition. Midway the floor (with thatch was it strewn), burned forever the fire-flame Glad on its stone-built hearth ; and through the wide-mouthed smoke-flue Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall, But round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order Breastplate and helm with each other, and here and there in among them Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star shoots. More than helmets and swords, the shields in the banquet-hall glistened, White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disc of silver. Ever and anon went a maid round the board and filled up the drink-horns ; Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed ; in the shield her reflection Blushed too, even as she ;—this gladdened the hard-drinking champions.

FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

SPRING is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,
And the loosened torrents downward singing to the ocean run ;
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport,
Swarming in its gorgeous splendour is assembled all the court ;
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway,
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, falcons scream aloud for prey.

See, the queen of the chase advances ! Frithiof, gaze not on the sight !
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white,
Half of Freya, half of Rota, yet more beauteous than these two,
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah ! over hill and dale !
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail.
All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,
But with spear outstretched before her, after them Valkyria comes.

Then threw Frithiof down his mantle, and upon the greensward spread,
And the ancient king so trustful laid on Frithiof's knees his head ;
Slept, as calmly as the hero sleepeth after war's alarms
On his shield, calm as an infant sleepeth in its mother's arms.

As he slumbers, hark ! there sings a coal-black bird upon a bough :
'Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, close your quarrel at a blow ;
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the bridal kiss she gave ;
Now no human eye beholds thee ; deep and silent is the grave.'

Frithiof listens ; hark ! there sings a snow-white bird upon the bough.
'Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's eye beholds thee now.
Coward, wilt thou murder slumber ? a defenceless old man slay ?
Whatsoe'er thou winn'st, thou canst not win a hero's fame this way.'

Thus the two wood-birds did warble ; Frithiof took his war-sword good,
With a shudder hurled it from him, far into the gloomy wood.
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand ; but on light unfolded wings,
Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards the sun upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens. 'Sweet has been my sleep,' he said ;
'Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade.
But where is thy sword, O stranger ? Lightning's brother, where is he ?
Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be ?'

'It avails not,' Frithiof answered ; 'in the North are other swords ;
Sharp, O monarch, is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful words ;
Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits from the Niffelhem,
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them.'

SILENT LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHO love would seek,
Let him love evermore
And seldom speak :
For in love's domain
Silence must reign ;
Or it brings the heart
Smart
And pain.



CHILDHOOD.

FROM THE DANISH.

THERE was a time when I was very
small,
When my whole frame was but
an ell in height,
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
And therefore I recall it with
delight.

I sported in my tender mother's
arms,
And rode a horseback on best
father's knee ;
Alike were sorrows, passions, and
alarms,
And gold, and Greek, and love,
unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far
less in size,
Likewise it seemed to me less
wicked far ;
Like points in heaven, I saw the
stars arise,
And longed for wings that I might
catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island
fade,
And thought, ' O, were I on that
island there.

I could find out of what the moon
is made,
Find out how large it is, how
round, how fair !³

Wondering, I saw God's sun,
through western skies,
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at
night,
And yet upon the morrow early
rise,
And paint the eastern heaven
with crimson light ;

And thought of God, the gracious
Heavenly Father,
Who made me, and that lovely
sun on high,
And all those pearls of heaven
thick-strung together,
Dropped, clustering, from his
hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young
lips did say
The prayer my pious mother
taught to me :
' O gentle God ! O, let me strive
always
Still to be wise, and good, and
follow thee ! '

So prayed I for my father and my
mother,
And for my sister, and for all the
town ;
The king I knew not, and the
beggar-brother,
Who, bent with age, went, sigh-
ing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of
boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace
I knew !

Now have I but their memory,
fondly cherished ;—
God ! may I never, never lose
that too !

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE archbishop, whom God loved
in high degree,
Beheld his wounds all bleeding
fresh and free;
And then his cheek more ghastly
grew and wan,
And a faint shudder through his
members ran.
Upon the battlefield his knee was
bent;
Brave Roland saw, and to his suc-
cour went,
Straightway his helmet from his
brow unlaced,
And tore the shining hauberk from
his breast;
Then raising in his arms the man
of God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant
sod.
'Rest, Sire,' he cried,—'for rest
thy suffering needs.'
The priest replied, 'Think but of
warlike deeds!
The field is ours; well may we
boast this strife!
But death steals on,—there is no
hope of life;
In paradise, where the almoners
live again,
There are our couches spread,—
there shall we rest from pain.'
Sore Ronald grieved; nor marvel
I, alas!
That thrice he swooned upon the
thick, green grass.
When he revived, with a loud voice
cried he,
'O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint
Marie!
Why lingers death to lay me in my
grave?
Beloved France! how have the
good and brave

Been torn from thee and left thee
weak and poor!'
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-
love, came o'er
His spirit, and he whispered soft
and slow,
'My gentle friend!—what parting
full of woe!
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou
see;—
Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison
on thee!
Christ, who did save from realms
of woe beneath
The Hebrew prophets from the
second death,
Then to the paladins, whom well
he knew,
He went, and one by one unaided
drew
To Turpin's side, well skilled in
ghostly lore;—
No heart had he to smile,—but,
weeping sore,
He blessed them in God's name,
with faith that he
Would soon vouchsafe to them a
glad eternity.
The archbishop, then,—on whom
God's benison rest!
Exhausted, bowed his head upon
his breast;—
His mouth was full of dust and
clotted gore,
And many a wound his swollen
visage bore.
Slow beats his heart,—his panting
bosom heaves,—
Death comes apace,—no hope of
cure relieves.
Towards heaven he raised his dying
hands and prayed
That God, who for our sins was
mortal made,—
Born of the Virgin,—scorned and
crucified,—
In paradise would place him by
his side.

Then Turpin died in service of
Charlon,
In battle great and eke great orison;
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong
champion;—
God grant to him his holy benison!

RONDEL.

FROM FROISSART.

LOVE, love, what wilt thou with
this heart of mine?
Naught see I fixed or sure in
thee!
I do not know thee,—nor what
deeds are thine:
Love, love, what wilt thou with
this heart of mine?
Naught see I fixed or sure in
thee!
Shall I be mute, or vows with
prayers combine?
Ye who are blessed in loving,
tell me:
Love, love, what wilt thou with
this heart of mine?
Naught see I permanent or sure
in thee!

RONDEL.

FROM CHARLES D'ORLÉANS.

HENCE away, begone, begone,
Carking care and melancholy!
Think ye thus to govern me
All my life long, as ye have done?
That shall ye not, I promise ye;
Reason shall have the mastery.
So hence away, begone, begone,
Carking care and melancholy!

If ever ye return this way,
With your mournful company,
A curse be on ye, and the day
That brings ye moping back to
me!
Hence away, begone, I say,
Carking care and melancholy!

RENOUVEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH.

NOW Time throws off his cloak
again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.
River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
In new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

THE NATURE OF LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

TO noble heart Love doth for
shelter fly,
As seeks the bird the forest's leafy
shade;
Love was not felt till noble heart
beat high,
Nor before love the noble heart was
made.
Soon as the sun's broad flame
Was formed, so soon the clear light
filled the air;
Yet was not till he came:

So love springs up in noble breasts,
and there
Has its appointed space,
As heat in the bright flame finds its
allotted place.

Kindles in noble heart the fire of love,
As hidden virtue in the precious
stone :

This virtue comes not from the
stars above,
Till round it the ennobling sun has
shone ;

But when his powerful blaze
Has drawn forth what was vile, the
stars impart

Strange virtue in their rays :
And thus when Nature doth create
the heart

Noble and pure and high,
Like virtue from the star, love
comes from woman's eye.

FRIAR LUBIN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

To gallop off to town post-haste,
So oft, the times I cannot tell ;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,—
Friar Lubin will do it well.
But a sober life to lead,
To honour virtue, and pursue it,
That's a pious, Christian deed,—
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle with a knowing smile,
The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
Friar Lubin stands alone.

To say 'tis yours is all in vain,
If once he lays his finger to it ;
For as to giving back again,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle
tone,
To woo and win some guileless
maid,

Cunning pander need you none,—
Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
But as for water, doth eschew it ;
Your dog may drink it,—but nothe ;
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

ENVOI.

When an evil deed's to do,
Friar Lubin is stout and true ;
Glimmers a ray of goodness through
it,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O, HOW blest are ye whose toils
are ended !
Who, through death, have unto God
ascended !

Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still
in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and
misgiving ;
Our undertakings
Are but toils, and troubles, and
heart-breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your cham-
bers sleeping,
Quiet, and set free from all our
weeping ;
No cross nor trial
Hinders your enjoyments with
denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears
for ever ;
Ye have that for which we still
endeavour.
To you are chanted
Songs which yet no mortal ear
have haunted.

Translations.

Ah ! who would not, then, depart
with gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish?
Come, O Christ, and loose the
chains that bind us !
Lead us forth, and cast this world
behind us !
With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest
appointed.



MY SECRET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FELIX
ARVERS.

My soul its secret hath, my life too
hath its mystery,
A love eternal in a moment's space
conceived ;

Hopeless the evil is, I have not told
its history,
And she who was the cause nor
knew it nor believed.
Alas ! I shall have passed close by
her unperceived,
For ever at her side and yet for
ever lonely,
I shall unto the end have made
life's journey, only
Daring to ask for naught and hav-
ing naught received.

For her, though God hath made
her gentle and endearing,
She will go on her way distraught
and without hearing
These murmurings of love that
round her steps ascend,
Piously faithful still unto her aus-
tere duty,
Will say, when she shall read these
lines full of her beauty,
'Who can this woman be?' and
will not comprehend.



VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE.

MELIBŒUS.

TITYRUS, thou in the shade of a spreading beech-tree reclining,
Meditatest, with slender pipe, the Muse of the woodlands.
We our country's bounds and pleasant pastures relinquish,
We our country fly ; thou, Tityrus, stretched in the shadow,
Teachest the woods to resound with the name of the fair Amaryllis.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, a god for us this leisure created,
For he will be unto me a god for ever ; his altar
Oftentimes shall imbue a tender lamb from our sheepfolds.
He, my heifers to wander at large, and myself, as thou seest,
On my rustic reed to play what I will, hath permitted.

MELIBŒUS.

Truly I envy not, I marvel rather ; on all sides
In all the fields is such trouble. Behold, my goats I am driving,
Heartsick, further away ; this one scarce, Tityrus, lead I ;
For having here yeaned twins just now among the dense hazels,
Hope of the flock, ah me ! on the naked flint she hath left them.

Translations.

Often this evil to me, if my mind had not been insensate,
Oak-trees stricken by heaven predicted, as now I remember;
Often the sinister crow from the hollow ilex predicted.
Nevertheless, who this god may be, O Tityrus, tell me.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, the city that they call Rome, I imagined,
Foolish I ! to be like this of ours, where often we shepherds
Wanted are to drive down of our ewes the delicate offspring.
Thus whelps like unto dogs had I known, and kids to their mothers,
Thus to compare great things with small had I been accustomed.
But this among other cities its head as far hath exalted
As the cypresses do among the lissome viburnums.

MELIBŒUS.

And what so great occasion of seeing Rome hath possessed thee ?

TITYRUS.

Liberty, which, though late, looked upon me in my inertness,
After the time when my beard fell whiter from me in shaving,—
Yet she looked upon me, and came to me after a long while,
Since Amaryllis possesses and Galatea hath left me.
For I will even confess that while Galatea possessed me
Neither care of my flock nor hope of liberty was there.
Though from my wattled folds there went forth many a victim,
And the unctuous cheese was pressed for the city ungrateful,
Never did my right hand return home heavy with money.

MELIBŒUS.

I have wondered why sad thou invokest the gods, Amaryllis,
And for whom thou didst suffer the apples to hang on the branches !
Tityrus hence was absent ! Thee, Tityrus, even the pine-trees,
Thee, the very fountains, the very copses were calling.

TITYRUS.

What could I do ? No power had I to escape from my bondage,
Nor had I power elsewhere to recognise gods so propitious.
Here I beheld that youth, to whom each year, Melibœus,
During twice six days ascends the smoke of our altars.
Here first gave he response to me soliciting favour :
' Feed as before your heifers, ye boys, and yoke up your bullocks.'

MELIBŒUS.

Fortunate old man ! So then thy fields will be left thee,
And large enough for thee, though naked stone and the marish
All thy pasture-lands with the dreggy rush may encompass.
No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes shall endanger,
Nor of the neighbouring flock the dire contagion infect them.
Fortunate old man ! Here among familiar rivers,
And these sacred founts, shalt thou take the shadowy coolness.
On this side, a hedge along the neighbouring cross-road,

Translations.

Where Hyblæan bees ever feed on the flower of the willow,
Often with gentle susurrus to fall asleep shall persuade thee.
Yonder, beneath the high rock, the pruner shall sing to the breezes,
Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight, the hoarse wood-pigeons,
Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from aerial elm-trees.

TITYRUS.

Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed in the ether,
And the billows leave the fishes bare on the sea-shore,
Sooner, the border-lands of both overpassed, shall the exiled
Parthian drink of the Soane, or the German drink of the Tigris,
Than the face of him shall glide away from my bosom !

MELIBŒUS.

But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty Africs,
Part to Scythia come, and the rapid Cretan Oaxes,
And to the Britons from all the universe utterly sundered.
Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the bounds of my country
And the roof of my lowly cottage covered with greensward
Seeing, with wonder behold,—my kingdoms, a handful of wheat-ears !
Shall an impious soldier possess these lands newly cultured,
And these fields of corn a barbarian ? Lo, whither discord
Us wretched people have brought ! for whom our fields we have planted !
Graft, Melibœus, thy pear-trees now, put in order thy vineyards.
Go, my goats, go hence, my flocks so happy aforesaid.
Never again henceforth outstretched in my verdurous cavern
Shall I behold you afar from the bushy precipice hanging.
Songs no more shall I sing ; not with me, ye goats, as your shepherd,
Shall ye browse on the bitter willow or blooming laburnum.

TITYRUS.

Nevertheless, this night together with me canst thou rest thee
Here on the verdant leaves ; for us there are mellowing apples,
Chestnuts soft to the touch, and clouted cream in abundance ;
And the high roofs now of the villages smoke in the distance,
And from the lofty mountains are falling larger the shadows.

OVID IN EXILE.

AT TOMIS, IN BESSARABIA, NEAR THE MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE.

TRISTIA, Book III, Elegy X.

SHOULD any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile,
And, without me, my name still in the city survive ;

Tell him that under stars which never set in the ocean
I am existing still, here in a barbarous land.

Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round, and the Bessi and Getæ ;
Names how unworthy to be sung by a genius like mine !

Translations.

Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister defends us :
He, as he flows, repels inroads of war with his waves.

But when the dismal winter reveals its hideous aspect,
When all the earth becomes white with a marble-like frost ;

And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow hurled under Arcturus,
Then these nations, in sooth, shudder and shiver with cold.

Deep lies the snow, and neither the sun nor the rain can dissolve it ;
Boreas hardens it still, makes it for ever remain.

Hence, ere the first has melted away, another succeeds it,
And two years it is wont, in many places, to lie.

And so great is the power of the North wind awakened, it levels
Lofty towers with the ground, roofs uplifted bears off.

Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed, they contend with the weather,
And their faces alone of the whole body are seen.

Often their tresses, when shaken, with pendent icicles tinkle,
And their whitened beards shine with the gathering frost.

Wines consolidate stand, preserving the form of the vessels ;
No more draughts of wine,—pieces presented they drink.

Why should I tell you how all the rivers are frozen and solid,
And from out of the lake frangible water is dug ?

Ister,—no narrower stream than the river that bears the papyrus,—
Which through its many mouths mingles its waves with the deep ;

Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its cerulean waters,
Under a roof of ice, winding its way to the sea.

There where ships have sailed, men go on foot ; and the billows,
Solid made by the frost, hoof-beats of horses indent.

Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding beneath them,
The Sarmatian steers drag their barbarian carts.

Scarcely shall I be believed ; yet when naught is gained by a falsehood,
Absolute credence then should to a witness be given.

I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all compacted,
And a slippery crust pressing its motionless tides.

'Tis not enough to have seen, I have trodden this indurate ocean ;
Dry shod passed my foot over its uppermost wave.

If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this is, Leander !
Then thy death had not been charged as a crime to the Strait.

Translations.

Nor can the curv'd dolphins uplift themselves from the water ;
All their struggles to rise merciless winter prevents ;

And though Boreas sound with roar of wings in commotion,
In the blockaded gulf never a wave will there be ;

And the ships will stand hemmed in by the frost, as in marble,
Nor will the oar have power through the stiff waters to cleave.

Fast-bound in the ice have I seen the fishes adhering,
Yet notwithstanding this some of them still were alive.

Hence, if the savage strength of omnipotent Boreas freezes
Whether the salt-sea wave, whether the reflux stream,—

Straightway,—the Ister made level by arid blasts of the North-wind,—
Comes the barbaric foe borne on his swift-footed steed ;

Foe, that powerful made by his steed and his far-flying arrows,
All the neighbouring land void of inhabitants makes.

Some take flight, and none being left to defend their possessions,
Unprotected, their goods pillage and plunder become ;

Cattle and creaking carts, the little wealth of the country,
And what riches beside indigent peasants possess.

Some as captives are driven along, their hands bound behind them,
Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands.

Others, transfixed with barbéd arrows, in agony perish,
For the swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.

What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish,
And the hostile flames burn up the innocent cots.

Even when there is peace, the fear of war is impending ;
None, with the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.

Either this region sees, or fears a foe that it sees not,
And the sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect.

No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its vine-leaves,
No fermenting must fills and o'erflows the deep vats.

Apples the region denies ; nor would Acontius have found here
Aught upon which to write words for his mistress to read.

Naked and barren plains without leaves or trees we behold here,—
Places, alas ! unto which no happy man would repair.

Since then this mighty orb lies open so wide upon all sides,
Has this region been found only my prison to be ?

Translations.

TRISTIA, Book III, Elegy XII.

Now the zephyrs diminish the cold, and the year being ended,
Winter Mæotian seems longer than ever before ;

And the Ram that bore unsafely the burden of Helle,
Now makes the hours of the day equal with those of the night.

Now the boys and the laughing girls the violet gather,
Which the fields bring forth, nobody sowing the seed.

Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colours,
And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds.

Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her merciless mother,
Under the rafters builds cradles and dear little homes ;

And the blade that lay hid, covered up in the furrows of Ceres,
Now from the tepid ground raises its delicate head.

Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots forth from the tendrils,
But from the Getic shore distant afar is the vine !

Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the branches are swelling,
But from the Getic land distant afar is the tree !

Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to games in due order
Give place the windy wars of the vociferous bar.

Now they are riding the horses ; with light arms now they are playing,
Now with the ball, and now round rolls the swift-flying hoop :

Now, when the young athlete with flowing oil is anointed,
He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, overwearied, his limbs.

Thrives the stage ; and applause, with voices at variance, thunders,
And the Theatres three for the three Forums resound.

Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy,
Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, enjoys.

But all I see is the snow in the vernal sunshine dissolving,
And the waters no more delved from the indurate lake.

Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before o'er the Ister
Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his stridulous cart.

Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels already are steering,
And on this Pontic shore alien vessels will be.

Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted,
Who he may be, I shall ask ; wherefore and whence he hath come.

Strange indeed will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent,
And incautious unless ploughing the neighbouring sea.

Translations.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes,
Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly of harbours devoid.

Whether he knoweth Greek, or whether in Latin he speaketh,
Surely on this account he the more welcome will be.

Also perchance from the mouth of the Strait and the waters Propontic,
Unto the steady South-wind, some one is spreading his sails.

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me,
Which may become a part and an approach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Cæsar,
Which he has heard of, and vows paid to the Latin Jove ;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania, thou, the rebellious,
Under the feet, at last, of the Great Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not to have seen will afflict me,
Forthwith unto my house welcomed as guest shall he be.

Woe is me ! Is the house of Ovid in Scythian lands now ?
And doth punishment now give me its place for a home ?

Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not my house and my homestead,
But decree it to be only the inn of my pain.

ON THE TERRACE OF THE AIGALADES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MÉRY.

FROM this high portal, where up-
springs

The rose to touch our hands in
play,

We at a glance behold three
things,—

The Sea, the Town, and the High-
way.

And the Sea says : My shipwrecks
fear ;

I drown my best friends in the
deep ;

And those who braved my tempests,
here

Among my sea-weeds lie asleep !

The Town says : I am filled and
fraught

With tumult and with smoke and
care ;

My days with toil are overwrought,
And in my nights I gasp for air.

The Highway says : My wheel-
tracks guide

To the pale climates of the North ;
Where my last milestone stands

abide
The people to their death gone
forth.

Here, in the shade, this life of
ours,

Full of delicious air, glides by
Amid a multitude of flowers

As countless as the stars on high ;

These red-tiled roofs, this fruitful
soil,
Bathed with an azure all divine,
Where springs the tree that gives
us oil,

The grape that giveth us the wine;

Beneath these mountains stripped
of trees,

Whose tops with flowers are covered
o'er,

Where springtime of the Hesperides
Begins, but endeth nevermore;

Under these leafy vaults and walls,
That unto gentle sleep persuade;
This rainbow of the waterfalls,
Of mingled mist and sunshine
made;

Upon these shores, where all invites,
We live our languid life apart;
This air is that of life's delights,
The festival of sense and heart;

This limpid space of time prolong,
Forget to-morrow in to-day,
And leave unto the passing throng
The Sea, the Town, and the High-
way.

TO MY BROOKLET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DUCIS.

THOU brooklet, all unknown to
song,
Hid in the covert of the wood!
Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng,
Like thee I love the solitude.

O brooklet, let my sorrows past
Lie all forgotten in their graves,
Till in my thoughts remain at last
Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy
waves.

The lily by thy margin waits;—
The nightingale, the marguerite;
In shadow here he meditates
His nest, his love, his music sweet.

Near thee the self-collected soul
Knows naught of error or of crime;
Thy waters, murmuring as they roll,
Transform his musings into rhyme.

Ah, when, on bright autumnal eves,
Pursuing still thy course, shall I
Lisp the soft shudder of the leaves,
And hear the lapwing's plaintive
cry?

BARRÉGES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LEFRANC
DE POMPIGNAN.

I LEAVE you, ye cold mountain
chains,
Dwelling of warriors stark and frore!
You, may these eyes behold no
more,
Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views!
Ye rocks that mount up to the
clouds!
Of skies, unwrapped in misty
shrouds,
Impracticable avenues!

Ye torrents, that with might and
main
Break pathways through the rocky
walls,
With your terrific waterfalls
Fatigue no more my weary brain!

Arise, ye landscapes full of charms,
Arise, ye pictures of delight!
Ye brooks, that water in your flight
The flowers and harvests of our
farms!

Translations.

You I perceive, ye meadows green,
Where the Garonne the lowland fills,
Not far from that long chain of hills,
With intermingled vales between.

Yon wreath of smoke, that mounts
so high,

Methinks from my own hearth
must come ;

With speed, to that beloved home,
Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly !

And bear me thither, where the soul
In quiet may itself possess,
Where all things soothe the mind's
distress,

Where all things teach me and
console.

FORSAKEN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SOMETHING the heart must have
to cherish,

Must love and joy and sorrow
learn,

Something with passion clasp, or
perish,

And in itself to ashes burn.

So to this child my heart is clinging,
And its frank eyes, with look
intense,

Me from a world of sin are bringing
Back to a world of innocence.

Disdain must thou endure for ever ;
Strong may thy heart in danger
be !

Thou shalt not fail ! but ah, be
never

False as thy father was to me.

Never will I forsake thee, faithless,
And thou thy mother ne'er for-
sake,

Until her lips are white and breath-
less,

Until in death her eyes shall
break.

ALLAH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF
MAHLMANN.

ALLAH gives light in darkness,
Allah gives rest in pain,
Cheeks that are white with weeping
Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms
wither,

Years vanish with flying feet ;
But my heart will live on for ever,
That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling
Yonder would I take flight ;
There will the darkness vanish,
There will my eyes have sight.

Seven Sonnets and a Canzone.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

[The following translations are from the poems of Michael Angelo as revised by his nephew Michael Angelo the Younger, and were made before the publication of the original text by Guasti.]

I. THE ARTIST.

NOTHING the greatest artist can conceive
That every marble block doth not confine
Within itself; and only its design
The hand that follows intellect can achieve.
The ill I flee, the good that I believe,
In thee, fair lady, lofty and divine,
Thus hidden lie; and so that death be mine
Art, of desired success, doth me bereave.
Love is not guilty, then, nor thy fair face,
Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great disdain,
Of my disgrace, nor chance, nor destiny,
If in thy heart both death and love find place
At the same time, and if my humble brain,
Burning, can nothing draw but death from thee.

II. FIRE.

NOT without fire can any workman mould
The iron to his preconceived design,
Nor can the artist without fire refine
And purify from all its dross the gold;
Nor can revive the phoenix, we are told,
Except by fire. Hence if such death be mine
I hope to rise again with the divine,
Whom death augments, and time cannot make old.
O sweet, sweet death! O fortunate fire that burns
Within me still to renovate my days,
Though I am almost numbered with the dead!
If by its nature unto heaven returns
This element, me, kindled in its blaze,
Will it bear upward when my life is fled.

Seven Sonnets from Michael Angelo.

III. YOUTH AND AGE.

O GIVE me back the days when loose and free
To my blind passion were the curb and rein,
O give me back the angelic face again,
With which all virtue buried seems to be !
O give my panting footsteps back to me,
That are in age so slow and fraught with pain,
And fire and moisture in the heart and brain,
If thou wouldst have me burn and weep for thee !
If it be true thou livest alone, Amor,
On the sweet-bitter tears of human hearts,
In an old man thou canst not wake desire ;
Souls that have almost reached the other shore
Of a diviner love should feel the darts,
And be as tinder to a holier fire.

IV. OLD AGE.

THE course of my long life hath reached at last,
In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea,
The common harbour, where must rendered be
Account of all the actions of the past.
The impassioned fantasy, that, vague and vast,
Made art an idol and a king to me,
Was an illusion, and but vanity
Were the desires that lured me and harassed.
The dreams of love, that were so sweet of yore,
What are they now, when two deaths may be mine,—
One sure, and one forecasting its alarms ?
Painting and sculpture satisfy no more
The soul now turning to the Love Divine,
That oped, to embrace us, on the cross its arms.

V. TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

LADY, how can it chance—yet this we see
In long experience—that will longer last
A living image carved from quarries vast
Than its own maker, who dies presently ?
Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be,
And even Nature is by Art surpassed ;
This know I, who to Art have given the past,
But see that Time is breaking faith with me.
Perhaps on both of us long life can I
Either in colour or in stone bestow,
By now portraying each in look and mien ;
So that a thousand years after we die,
How fair thou wast, and I how full of woe,
And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

Seven Sonnets from Michael Angelo.

VI. TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

WHEN the prime mover of my many sighs
Heaven took through death from out her earthly place,
Nature, that never made so fair a face,
Remained ashamed, and tears were in all eyes.
O fate, unheeding my impassioned cries!
O hopes fallacious! O thou spirit of grace,
Where art thou now? Earth holds in its embrace
Thy lovely limbs, thy holy thoughts the skies.
Vainly did cruel death attempt to stay
The rumour of thy virtuous renown,
That Lethe's waters could not wash away!
A thousand leaves, since he hath stricken thee down,
Speak of thee, nor to thee could Heaven convey,
Except through death, a refuge and a crown.

VII. DANTE.

WHAT should be said of him cannot be said;
By too great splendour is his name attended;
To blame is easier those who him offended,
Than reach the faintest glory round him shed.
This man descended to the doomed and dead
For our instruction; then to God ascended;
Heaven opened wide to him its portals splendid,
Who from his country's, closed against him, fled.
Ungrateful land! To its own prejudice
Nurse of his fortunes; and this showeth well,
That the most perfect most of grief shall see.
Among a thousand proofs let one suffice,
That as his exile hath no parallel,
Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he.

CANZONE.

AH me! ah me! when thinking of the years,
The vanished years, alas, I do not find
Among them all one day that was my own!
Fallacious hopes, desires of the unknown,
Lamenting, loving, burning, and in tears
(For human passions all have stirred my mind),
Have held me, now I feel and know, confined
Both from the true and good still far away.
I perish day by day;
The sunshine fails, the shadows grow more dreary,
And I am near to fall, infirm and weary.

Ultima Thule.

DEDICATION.

TO G. W. G.

WITH favouring winds, o'er sunlit
seas,

We sailed for the Hesperides,
The land where golden apples grow ;
But that, ah ! that was long ago.

How far, since then, the ocean
streams

Have swept us from that land of
dreams,
That land of fiction and of truth,
The lost Atlantis of our youth !

Whither, ah, whither ? Are not
these

The tempest-haunted Hebrides,
Where sea-gulls scream, and
breakers roar

And wreck and seaweed line the
shore ?

Ultima Thule ! Utmost Isle !
Here in thy harbours for a while
We lower our sails ; a while we
rest
From the unending, endless quest.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

DEAD he lay among his books !
The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb¹ ;

¹ In the Hofkirche at Innsbruck.

So those volumes from their shelves
Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah ! his hand will never more
Turn their storied pages o'er :

Never more his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest !
He is gone, who was its guest ;

Gone, as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller ! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast, aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face ?

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night ?

Poet ! thou, whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse ;

Thou hast sung, with organ tone,
In Deukalion's life, thine own ;

On the ruins of the Past
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend ! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells ;

And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea ;

Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks !

THE CHAMBER OVER THE
GATE.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see,
In the Chamber over the Gate,
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more?
O Absalom, my son !

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day?
O Absalom, my son !

There is no far or near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son !

From the ages that are past
The voice sounds like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town ;
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son !

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair.
O Absalom, my son !

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs ;
The light goes out in our hearts ;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son !

That 'tis a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief ;
Ours is the bitterest loss
Ours is the heaviest cross ;
And for ever the cry will be
'Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son !'

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

Who presented to me, on my Seventy-second
Birthday, February 27, 1879, this Chair,
made from the Wood of the Village Black-
smith's Chestnut Tree.

AM I a king, that I should call my
own

This splendid ebony throne ?
Or by what reason, or what right
divine,
Can I proclaim it mine ?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of
song

It may to me belong ;
Only because the spreading chest-
nut tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches
made
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge,
beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed
alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn,
with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting
from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its
branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a
home at last,
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all
his pride
Repel the ocean tide,
But, seated in this chair, I can in
rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout
and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires
aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil
beat
The iron white with heat !

And thus, dear children, have ye
made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than three-score
years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory,
like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into
which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remem-
brance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless
now so long,
Blossom again in song.

JUGURTHA.

How cold are thy baths, Apollo !
Cried the African monarch, the
splendid,
As down to his death in the hollow
Dark dungeons of Rome he de-
scended,
Uncrowned unthroned, unat-
tended ;

How cold are thy baths, Apollo !

How cold are thy baths, Apollo !
Cried the Poet, unknown, unbe-
friended,
As the vision, that lured him to
follow,
With the mist and the darkness
blended,
And the dream of his life was
ended ;

How cold are thy baths, Apollo !



THE IRON PEN.

Made from a fetter of Bonnivard, the Prisoner
of Chillon ; the handle of wood from the
Frigate Constitution, and bound with a
circlet of gold, inset with three precious
stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine.

I THOUGHT this Pen would arise
From the casket where it lies—
Of itself would arise and write
My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the
pines,
I dreamed these gems from the
mines
Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine
Would glimmer as thoughts in the
lines ;

That this iron link from the chain
Of Bonnivard might retain
Some verse of the Poet who sang
Of the prisoner and his pain ;

That this wood from the frigate's
mast

Might write me a rhyme at last,
As it used to write on the sky
The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,
Like a Bishop lying in state
Lies the Pen, with its mitre of
gold,
And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say
That the light of that summer day
In the garden under the pines
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,
Caressed by the fragrant air,
With the shadow on your face,
And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone
Of a voice before unknown,
Saying, 'This is from me to
you—
From me, and to you alone.'

And in words not idle and vain
I shall answer and thank you again
For the gift, and the grace of the
gift,
O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And for ever this gift will be
As a blessing from you to me,
As a drop of the dew of your
youth
On the leaves of an aged tree.



ROBERT BURNS.

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul and fair,
Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those
fields

A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain;
Songs flush with purple bloom the
rye,

The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside
weed

Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream

Is clothed with beauty; gorse and
grass

And heather, where his footsteps
pass,
The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame
illumes

The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
He feels the force,

The treacherous undertow and stress
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;

The brushwood, hung
Above the tavern door, lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall
Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song
Rises o'er all elate and strong;

Its master-chords
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brother-
hood,

Its discords but an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!

Yet better sure
Is this, than wandering up and down
An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth ; his hand
Guides every plough ;
He sits beside each ingle-nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-
night,
A form of mingled mist and light
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine !
Welcome ! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost !

HELEN OF TYRE.

WHAT phantom is this that appears
Through the purple mist of the
years,

Itself but a mist like these ?
A woman of cloud and of fire ;
It is she ; it is Helen of Tyre,
The town in the midst of the seas.

O Tyre ! in thy crowded streets
The phantom appears and retreats,
And the Israelites that sell
Thy lilies and lions of brass,
Look up as they see her pass,
And murmur ' Jezebel ! '

Then another phantom is seen
At her side, in a gray gabardine,
With beard that floats to his
waist ;
It is Simon Magus, the Seer ;
He speaks, and she pauses to hear
The words he utters in haste.

He says : ' From this evil fame,
From this life of sorrow and shame,
I will lift thee and make thee
mine ;
Thou hast been Queen Candace,
And Helen of Troy, and shalt be
The Intelligence Divine ! '

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,
To the fallen and forlorn
Are whispered words of praise ;
For the famished heart believes
The falsehood that tempts and de-
ceives,
And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land
The wizard's beckoning hand,
As a leaf is blown by the gust,
Till she vanishes into night.
O reader, stoop down and write
With thy finger in the dust.

O town in the midst of the seas,
With thy rafts of cedar trees,
Thy merchandise and thy ships,
Thou, too, art become as naught,
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
A name upon men's lips.

ELEGIAC.

DARK is the morning with mist ; in
the narrow mouth of the har-
bour
Motionless lies the sea, under its
curtain of cloud ;
Dreamily glimmer the sails of ships
on the distant horizon,
Like to the towers of a town, built
on the verge of the sea.

Slowly and stately and still, they sail
forth into the ocean ;
With them sail my thoughts over
the limitless deep,
Farther and farther away, borne on
by unsatisfied longings,
Unto Hesperian isles, unto Au-
sonian shores.

Now they have vanished away, have
disappeared in the ocean ;
Sunk are the towers of the town
into the depths of the sea !

All have vanished but those that,
moored in the neighbouring
roadstead,
Sailless at anchor ride, looming so
large in the mist.

Vanished, too, are the thoughts, the
dim, unsatisfied longings ;
Sunk are the turrets of cloud into
the ocean of dreams ;
While in a haven of rest my heart
is riding at anchor,
Held by the chains of love, held
by the anchors of trust !

—+—
**OLD ST. DAVID'S AT
RADNOR.**

WHAT an image of peace and rest
Is this little church among its
graves !

All is so quiet ; the troubled breast,
The wounded spirit, the heart op-
pressed,
Here may find the repose it craves.

See, how the ivy climbs and expands
Over this humble hermitage,
And seems to caress with its little
hands

The rough, gray stones, as a child
that stands
Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of
age !

You cross the threshold ; and dim
and small
Is the space that serves for the
Shepherd's Fold ;

The narrow aisle, the bare, white
wall,
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and
tall,
Whisper and say : ' Alas ! we are
old.'

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton
Hardly more spacious is than this ;
But Poet and Pastor, blent in one,
Clothed with a splendour, as of the
sun,
That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without
That makes the building small
or great,
But the soul's light shining round
about,
And the faith that overcometh doubt,
And the love that stronger is than
hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,
Were I a pastor of Holy Church,
More than a Bishop's diocese
Should I prize this place of rest,
and release
From farther longing and farther
search.

Here would I stay, and let the world
With its distant thunder roar
and roll ;
Storms do not rend the sail that is
furled ;
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and
whirled
In an eddy of wind, is the an-
chored soul.

Folk-Songs.

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

In Saint Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted ;

And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and
scene

Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat to sift us, and we all
Are tempted ;

Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter ;

No heart hath armour so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow,
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,

Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows, crucified
And bleeding.

One look of that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness ;

We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed,
will ache ;

The reddening scars remain, and
make

Confession ;

Lost innocence returns no more ;

We are not what we were before
Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and
heat,

Rise from disaster and defeat

The stronger,

And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

MAIDEN AND WEATHER- COCK.

MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village
spire,

With your golden feathers all on fire,
Tell me, what can you see from
your perch

Above there over the tower of the
church ?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets
below,

And the people moving to and fro,
And beyond, without either roof or
street.

The great salt sea, and the fisher-
man's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in
Beyond the headlands and harbour
of Lynn,

And a young man standing on the
deck,

With a silken kerchief round his
neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,
And now he is kissing his finger-tips,
And now he is lifting and waving
his hand,

And blowing the kisses toward the
land.

MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the
sea,
That is bringing my lover back to
me,
Bringing my lover so fond and true,
Who does not change with the wind
like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that
blow,
It is only because they made me so,
And people would think it wondrous
strange
If I, a Weathercock, should not
change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair,
With your dreamy eyes and your
golden hair,
When you and your lover meet to-
day
You will thank me for looking some
other way.



THE WINDMILL.

BEHOLD ! a giant am I !
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the
rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms ;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And which ever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands ;
For he knows who makes him
thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest ;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din ;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.



THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE
FALLS.

THE tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew
calls ;
Along the sea-sands damp and
brown

The traveller hastens toward the
town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and
walls,
But the sea in the darkness calls
and calls ;
The little waves, with their soft
white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks ; the steeds
in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler
calls ;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Sonnets.

MY CATHEDRAL.

LIKE two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones ;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones—
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines ;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter ! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread !
Listen ! the choir is singing ; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing ! listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.

THE BURIAL OF THE POET.

RICHARD HENRY DANA.

IN the old churchyard of his native town,
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown.
The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall ;—
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.
And now the moon is shining on the scene,
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,
As once the winding-sheet of Saladin
With chapters of the Koran ; but, ah ! more
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these.

NIGHT.

INTO the darkness and the hush of night
Slowly the landscape sinks, and fades away,
And with it fade the phantoms of the day,
The ghosts of men and things, that haunt the light.
The crowd, the clamour, the pursuit, the flight,
The unprofitable splendour and display,
The agitations, and the cares that prey
Upon our hearts, all vanish out of sight.
The better life begins ; the world no more
Molests us ; all its records we erase
From the dull commonplace-book of our lives.
That like a palimpsest is written o'er
With trivial incidents of time and place,
And lo ! the ideal, hidden beneath, revives.

L'Envoi.



THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

As the birds come in the Spring,
We know not from where ;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air ;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground ;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound ;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree ;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea ;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge ;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge :

So come to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm, that belongs
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings ; and their fame
Is his, and not his ; and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the Angel says : ' Write ! '

In the Harbour.

BECALMED.

BECALMED upon the sea of Thought,
Still unattained the land it sought,
My mind, with loosely-hanging
sails,
Lies waiting the auspicious gales.

On either side, behind, before,
The ocean stretches like a floor,—
A level floor of amethyst,
Crowned by a golden dome of mist.

Blow, breath of inspiration, blow !
Shake and uplift this golden glow !
And fill the canvas of the mind
With wafts of thy celestial wind.

Blow, breath of song ! until I feel
The straining sail, the lifting keel,
The life of the awakening sea,
Its motion and its mystery !

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

As Seleucus narrates, Hermes describes the principles that rank as wholes in two myriads of books ; or, as we are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these principles in three myriads six thousand five hundred and twenty-five volumes. . . .

. . . Our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hermes.
—IAMBLICUS.

STILL through Egypt's desert places
Flows the lordly Nile ;
From its banks the great stone faces
Gaze with patient smile.
Still the pyramids imperious
Pierce the cloudless skies,
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,
Solemn, stony eyes.

But where are the old Egyptian
Demi-gods and kings ?
Nothing left but an inscription
Graven on stones and rings.
Where are Helios and Hephaestus,
Gods of eldest eld ?
Where is Hermes Trismegistus,
Who their secrets held ?

Where are now the many hundred
Thousand books he wrote ?
By the Thaumaturgists plundered,
Lost in lands remote ;
In oblivion sunk for ever,
As when o'er the land
Blows a storm-wind, in the river
Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly,
Seems this Theurgist,
In deep meditation mostly
Wrapped, as in a mist.
Vague, phantasmal, and unreal
To our thought he seems,
Walking in a world ideal,
In a land of dreams.

Was he one, or many, merging
Name and fame in one,
Like a stream, to which, converging,
Many streamlets run ?
Till, with gathered power proceeding
ing
Ampler sweep it takes,
Downward the sweet waters leading
From unnumbered lakes.

By the Nile I see him wandering,
Pausing now and then,
On the mystic union pondering
Between gods and men ;

Half believing, wholly feeling,
With supreme delight,
How the gods, themselves conceal-
ing,
Lift men to their height.
Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,
In the thoroughfare
Breathing, as if consecrated,
A diviner air ;
And amid discordant noises,
In the jostling throng,
Hearing far, celestial voices
Of Olympian song.
Whoso shall call his dreams fallacious?
Who has searched or sought
All the unexplored and spacious
Universe of thought ?
Who, in his own skill confiding,
Shall with rule and line
Mark the border-land dividing
Human and divine ?
Trismegistus ! three times greatest !
How thy name sublime
Has descended to this latest
Progeny of time !
Happy they whose written pages
Perish with their lives,
If amid the crumbling ages
Still their name survives !
Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately
Found I in the vast,
Weed-encumbered, sombre, stately,
Graveyard of the Past ;
And a presence moved before me
On that gloomy shore,
As a waft of wind, that o'er me
Breathed, and was no more.

—+—
THE POET'S CALENDAR.

JANUARY.

I.

JANUS am I ; oldest of potentates ;
Forward I look, and backward,
and below
I count, as god of avenues and gates,
The years that through my
portals come and go.

II.

I block the roads, and drift the
fields with snow ;
I chase the wild-fowl from the
frozen fen ;
My frosts congeal the rivers in
their flow,
My fires light up the hearths
and hearts of men.

FEBRUARY.

I am lustration ; and the sea is
mine !
I wash the sands and headlands
with my tide ;
My brow is crowned with branches
of the pine ;
Before my chariot-wheels the
fishes glide.
By me all things unclean are puri-
fied,
By me the souls of men washed
white again ;
E'en the unlovely tombs of those
who died
Without a dirge, I cleanse from
every stain.

MARCH.

I Martius am ! Once first, and now
the third !
To lead the Year was my ap-
pointed place ;
A mortal dispossessed me by a word,
And set there Janus with the
double face.
Hence I make war on all the
human race ;
I shake the cities with my hur-
ricanes ;
I flood the rivers and their banks
efface,
And drown the farms and ham-
lets with my rains.

APRIL.

I open wide the portals of the Spring
To welcome the procession of
the flowers,

In the Harbour.

With their gay banners, and the
birds that sing
Their song of songs from their
aerial towers.
I soften with my sunshine and my
showers
The heart of earth; with thoughts
of love I glide
Into the hearts of men; and with
the Hours
Upon the Bull with wreathèd
horns I ride.

MAY.

Hark! The sea-faring wild-fowl
loud proclaim
My coming, and the swarming
of the bees.
These are my heralds, and behold!
my name
Is written in blossoms on the
hawthorn-trees.
I tell the mariner when to sail the
seas;
I waft o'er all the land from far
away
The breath and bloom of the Hes-
perides,
My birthplace. I am Maia. I
am May.

JUNE.

Mine is the Month of Roses; yes,
and mine
The Month of Marriages! All
pleasant sights
And scents, the fragrance of the
blossoming vine,
The foliage of the valleys and
the heights.
Mine are the longest days, the
loveliest nights;
The mower's scythe makes music
to my ear;
I am the mother of all dear de-
lights;
I am the fairest daughter of the
year.

JULY.

My emblem is the Lion, and I breathe
The breath of Libyan deserts
o'er the land;
My sickle as a sabre I unsheathe,
And bent before me the pale
harvests stand.
The lakes and rivers shrink at my
command,
And there is thirst and fever in
the air;
The sky is changed to brass, the
earth to sand;
I am the Emperor whose name
I bear.

AUGUST.

The Emperor Octavian, called the
August,
I being his favourite, bestowed
his name
Upon me, and I hold it still in trust,
In memory of him and of his fame.
I am the Virgin, and my vestal
flame
Burns less intensely than the
Lion's rage;
Sheaves are my only garlands, and
I claim
The golden Harvests as my
heritage.

SEPTEMBER.

I bear the Scales, where hang in
equipoise
The night and day; and when
unto my lips
I put my trumpet, with its stress
and noise
Fly the white clouds like tattered
sails of ships;
The tree-tops lash the air with
sounding whips;
Southward the clamorous sea-
fowl wing their flight;
The hedges are all red with haws
and hips,
The Hunter's Moon reigns em-
press of the night.

OCTOBER.

My ornaments are fruits ; my garments leaves,
Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed ;
I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,
O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside.
Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride,
The dreamy air is full, and overflows
With tender memories of the summertide,
And mingled voices of the doves and crows.

NOVEMBER.

The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I,
Born of Ixion's and the cloud's embrace ;
With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly,
A steed Thessalian with a human face.
Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase
The leaves, half dead already with affright ;
I shroud myself in gloom ; and to the race
Of mortals bring nor comfort nor delight.

DECEMBER.

Riding upon the Goat, with snow-white hair,
I come, the last of all. This crown of mine
Is of the holly ; in my hand I bear
The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant cones of pine.
I celebrate the birth of the Divine,
And the return of the Saturnian reign ;—
My songs are carols sung at every shrine,
Proclaiming ' Peace on earth, good will to men.'

MAD RIVER,

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

TRAVELLER.

WHY dost thou wildly rush and roar,
Mad River, O Mad River ?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
This rocky shelf for ever ?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast ?
Why all this fret and flurry ?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From over-work and worry ?

THE RIVER.

What wouldst thou in these mountains seek,
O stranger from the city ?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty ?

TRAVELLER.

Yes ; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long,
And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted ;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open field I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing
cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and
bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating ;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and
charms

The rudeness of my labours ;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neigh-
bours.

Men call me Mad, and well they
may,

When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge
away,

Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating,

Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time ;

The mills are tired of waiting.



AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

UNTIL we meet again ! That is the
meaning

Of the familiar words, that men re-
peat

At parting in the street.

Ah yes, till then ! but when death
intervening
Rends us asunder, with what cease-
less pain

We wait for the Again !

The friends who leave us do not
feel the sorrow
Of parting as we feel it, who must
stay

Lamenting day by day,
And knowing, when we wake upon
the morrow,

We shall not find in its accustomed
place

The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,
Being released from earth, should
still retain

A sense of earthly pain ;

It were a double grief, if the true-
hearted,

Who loved us here, should on the
farther shore

Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflic-
tions,

That death is a beginning, not an
end,

We cry to them, and send
Farewells, that better might be
called predictions,

Being foreshadowings of the future,
thrown

Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our
reason,

And if by faith, as in old times was
said,

Women received their dead
Raised up to life, then only for a
season

Our partings are, nor shall we wait
in vain

Until we meet again !

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

[A FRAGMENT.]

I.

WHAT is this I read in history,
Full of marvel, full of mystery,
Difficult to understand?
Is it fiction, is it truth?
Children in the flower of youth,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Ignorant of what helps or harms,
Without armour, without arms,
Journeying to the Holy Land!

Who shall answer or divine?
Never since the world was made
Such a wonderful crusade
Started forth for Palestine.
Never while the world shall last
Will it reproduce the past;
Never will it see again
Such an army, such a band,
Over mountain, over main,
Journeying to the Holy Land.

Like a shower of blossoms blown
From the parent trees were they;
Like a flock of birds that fly
Through the unfrequented sky,
Holding nothing as their own,
Passed they into lands unknown,
Passed to suffer and to die.

O the simple, child-like trust!
O the faith that could believe
What the harnessed, iron-mailed
Knights of Christendom had failed,
By their prowess, to achieve,
They, the children, could and must!

Little thought the Hermit, preaching
Holy wars to knight and baron,
That the words dropped in his
teaching,

His entreaty, his beseeching,
Would by children's hands be
gleaned,

And the staff on which he leaned
Blossom like the rod of Aaron.

As a summer wind upheaves
The innumerable leaves
In the bosom of a wood,—
Not as separate leaves, but massed
All together by the blast,—
So for evil or for good
His resistless breath upheaved
All at once the many-leaved,
Many-thoughted multitude.

In the tumult of the air
Rock the boughs with all the nests
Cradled on their tossing crests;
By the fervour of his prayer
Troubled hearts were everywhere
Rocked and tossed in human
breasts.

For a century at least
His prophetic voice had ceased;
But the air was heated still
By his lurid words and will,
As from fires in far-off woods,
In the autumn of the year,
An unwonted fever broods
In the sultry atmosphere.

II.

In Cologne the bells were ringing,
In Cologne the nuns were singing
Hymns and canticles divine;
Loud the monks sang in their stalls,
And the thronging streets were loud
With the voices of the crowd;—
Underneath the city walls
Silent flowed the river Rhine.
From the gates, that summer day,
Clad in robes of hodden gray,
With the red cross on the breast,
Azure-eyed and golden-haired,
Forth the young crusaders fared;
While above the band devoted
Consecrated banners floated,
Fluttered many a flag and streamer,
And the cross o'er all the rest!
Singing lowly, meekly, slowly,
'Give us, give us back the holy
Sepulchre of the Redeemer!'
On the vast procession pressed,
Youths and maidens. . . .

III.

Ah ! what master hand shall paint
How they journeyed on their way,
How the days grew long and dreary,
How their little feet grew weary,
How their little hearts grew faint !

Ever swifter day by day
Flowed the homeward river ; ever
More and more its whitening current
Broke and scattered into spray,
Till the calmly-flowing river
Changed into a mountain torrent,
Rushing from its glacier green
Down through chasm and black
ravine.

Like a phoenix in its nest
Burned the red sun in the West,
Sinking in an ashen cloud ;
In the East, above the crest
Of the sea-like mountain chain,
Like a phoenix from its shroud,
Came the red sun back again.

Now around them, white with snow,
Closed the mountain peaks. Below,
Headlong from the precipice
Down into the dark abyss,
Plunged the cataract, white with
foam ;

And it said, or seemed to say :
' Oh return, while yet you may,
Foolish children, to your home,
There the Holy City is ! '

But the dauntless leader said :
' Faint not, though your bleeding
feet

O'er these slippery paths of sleet
Move but painfully and slowly ;
Other feet than yours have bled ;
Other tears than yours been shed.
Courage ! lose not heart or hope ;
On the mountains' southern slope
Lies Jerusalem the Holy ! '

As a white rose in its pride,
By the wind in summer-tide
Tossed and loosened from the
branch,

Showers its petals o'er the ground,
From the distant mountain's side,
Scattering all its snows around,
With mysterious, muffled sound,
Loosened, fell the avalanche.
Voices, echoes far and near,
Roar of winds and waters blending,
Mists uprising, clouds impending,
Filled them with a sense of fear,
Formless, nameless, never ending.

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THE CITY AND THE SEA.

THE panting City cried to the Sea,
' I am faint with heat,—O breathe
on me ! '

And the Sea said, ' Lo, I breathe !
but my breath
To some will belife, to others death ! '

As to Prometheus, bringing ease
In pain, come the Oceanides,

So to the City, hot with the flame
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind
came.

It came from the heaving breast of
the deep,
Silent as dreams are, and sudden
as sleep.

Life-giving, death-giving, which
will it be ;
O breath of the merciful, merciless
Sea ?



SUNDOWN.

THE summer sun is sinking low ;
Only the tree-tops redden and glow ;
Only the weathercock on the spire
Of the neighbouring church is a
flame of fire ;
All is in shadow below.

O beautiful, awful summer day,
What hast thou given, what taken
away?

Life and death, and love and hate,
Homes made happy or desolate,
Hearts made sad or gay!

On the road of life one mile-stone
more!

In the book of life one leaf turned
o'er!

Like a red seal is the setting sun
On the good and the evil men have
done,—

Naught can to-day restore!



PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

‘E VENNI DAL MARTIRIO A
QUESTA PACE.’

THESE words the Poet heard in
Paradise,

Uttered by one who, bravely
dying here,

In the true faith was living in
that sphere

Where the celestial cross of sacri-
fice

Spread its protecting arms athwart
the skies;

And set thereon, like jewels
crystal clear,

The souls magnanimous, that
knew not fear,

Flashed their effulgence on his
dazzled eyes.

Ah me! how dark the discipline of
pain,

Were not the suffering followed
by the sense

Of infinite rest and infinite release!

This is our consolation; and again
A great soul cries to us in our
suspense,

‘I came from martyrdom unto
this peace!’

DECORATION DAY.

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest
On this Field of the Grounded
Arms,

Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet

At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace;
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.



CHIMES.

SWEET chimes! that in the loneli-
ness of night

Salute the passing hour, and in
the dark

And silent chambers of the house-
hold mark

The movements of the myriad
orbs of light!

Through my closed eyelids, by the
inner sight,

I see the constellations in the arc
Of their great circles moving on,
and hark!

I almost hear them singing in
their flight.
Better than sleep it is to lie awake
O'er-canopied by the vast starry
dome
Of the immeasurable sky ; to feel
The slumbering world sink under
us, and make
Hardly an eddy,—a mere rush of
foam
On the great sea beneath a sink-
ing keel.

FOUR BY THE CLOCK.

FOUR by the clock ! and yet not
day ;
But the great world rolls and
wheels away,
With its cities on land, and its
ships at sea,
Into the dawn that is to be !

Only the lamp in the anchored bark
Sends its glimmer across the dark,
And the heavy breathing of the sea
Is the only sound that comes to me.

THE FOUR LAKES OF
MADISON.

FOUR limpid lakes,—four Naiades
Or sylvan deities are these,
In flowing robes of azure dressed ;
Four lovely handmaids, that uphold
Their shining mirrors, rimmed with
gold,

To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun
Drink of these waters as they run
Their swift diurnal round on
high ;

By night the constellations glow
Far down the hollow deeps below,
And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,
Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,
How visionary ye appear !
All like a floating landscape seems
In cloudland or the land of dreams,
Bathed in a golden atmosphere !

MOONLIGHT.

As a pale phantom with a lamp
Ascends some ruin's haunted stair,
So glides the moon along the damp
Mysterious chambers of the air.

Now hidden in cloud, and now re-
vealed,

As if this phantom, full of pain,
Were by the crumbling walls con-
cealed,
And at the windows seen again.

Until at last, serene and proud,
In all the splendour of her light,
She walks the terraces of cloud,
Supreme as Empress of the Night.

I look, but recognize no more
Objects familiar to my view ;
The very pathway to my door
Is an enchanted avenue.

All things are changed. One mass
of shade,

The elm-trees drop their curtains
down ;

By palace, park, and colonnade
I walk as in a foreign town.

The very ground beneath my feet
Is clothed with a diviner air ;
White marble paves the silent street
And glimmers in the empty
square.

Illusion ! Underneath there lies
The common life of every day ;
Only the spirit glorifies
With its own tints the sober gray.

In vain we look, in vain uplift
Our eyes to heaven, if we are
blind ;
We see but what we have the gift
Of seeing ; what we bring we find.



TO THE AVON.

FLOW on, sweet river ! like his verse
Who lies beneath this sculptured
hearse ;
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once ; I see him now
A boy with sunshine on his brow,
And hear in Stratford's quiet street
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge
Wading knee-deep amid the sedge ;
And lost in thought, as if thy stream
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows ;
And fain would follow where it goes,
To the wide world, that shall ere-
long
Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream ! That dream
is o'er ;
He stands upon another shore ;
A vaster river near him flows,
And still he follows where it goes.



ELEGIAC VERSE.

I.

PERADVENTURE of old, some bard
in Ionian Islands,
Walking alone by the sea, hearing
the wash of the waves,
Learned the secret from them of
the beautiful verse elegiac,
Breathing into his song motion
and sound of the sea.

For as the wave of the sea, upheav-
ing in long undulations,
Plunges loud on the sands, pauses,
and turns, and retreats,
So the Hexameter, rising and sing-
ing, with cadence sonorous,
Falls ; and in reflux rhythm
back the Pentameter flows¹.

II.

Not in his youth alone, but in age,
may the heart of the poet
Bloom into song, as the gorse
blossoms in autumn and spring.

III.

Not in tenderness wanting, yet
rough are the rhymes of our
poet ;
Though it be Jacob's voice,
Esau's, alas ! are the hands.

IV.

Let us be grateful to writers for
what is left in the inkstand ;
When to leave off is an art only
attained by the few.

V.

How can the Three be One ? you
ask me ; I answer by asking,
Hail and snow and rain, are they
not three, and yet one ?

VI.

By the mirage uplifted the land
floats vague in the ether,
Ships and the shadows of ships
hang in the motionless air ;
So by the art of the poet our com-
mon life is uplifted,
So, transfigured, the world floats
in a luminous haze.

VII.

Like a French poem is Life ; being
only perfect in structure
When with the masculine rhymes
mingled the feminine are.

¹ Compare Schiller :

Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells flüssige Säule ;
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch herab,
See also Coleridge's translation.

In the Harbour.

VIII.

Down from the mountain descends
the brooklet, rejoicing in freedom ;
Little it dreams of the mill hid
in the valley below ;
Glad with the joy of existence, the
child goes singing and laughing,
Little dreaming what toils lie in
the future concealed.

IX.

As the ink from our pen, so flow
our thoughts and our feelings
When we begin to write, how-
ever sluggish before.

X.

Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the
Fountain of Youth is within us ;
If we seek it elsewhere, old shall
we grow in the search.

XI.

If you would hit the mark, you must
aim a little above it ;
Every arrow that flies feels the
attraction of earth.

XII.

Wisely the Hebrews admit no
Present tense in their language ;
While we are speaking the word,
it is already the Past.

XIII.

In the twilight of age all things
seem strange and phantasmal,
As between daylight and dark
ghost-like the landscape ap-
pears.

XIV.

Great is the art of beginning, but
greater the art is of ending ;
Many a poem is marred by a
superfluous verse.



A FRAGMENT.

AWAKE ! arise ! the hour is late !
Angels are knocking at thy door !
They are in haste and cannot wait,
And once departed come no more.

Awake ! arise ! the athlete's arm
Loses its strength by too much
rest ;
The fallow land, the untilled farm,
Produces only weeds at best.

Translations.

PRELUDE.

AS treasures that men seek,
Deep-buried in sea-sands,
Vanish if they but speak,
And elude their eager hands,

So ye escape and slip,
O songs, and fade away,
When the word is on my lip
To interpret what ye say.

Were it not better, then,
To let the treasures rest
Hid from the eyes of men,
Locked in their iron chest?

I have but marked the place,
But half the secret told,
That, following this slight trace,
Others may find the gold.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WILL ever the dear days come
back again,
Those days of June, when lilacs
were in bloom,
And bluebirds sang their sonnets
in the gloom
Of leaves that roofed them in from
sun or rain?
I know not; but a presence will
remain
For ever and for ever in this room,
Formless, diffused in air, like a
perfume,—
A phantom of the heart, and not
the brain.
Delicious days! when every spoken
word

Was like a footfall nearer and
more near,
And a mysterious knocking at
the gate
Of the heart's secret places, and
we heard
In the sweet tumult of delight
and fear
A voice that whispered, 'Open,
I cannot wait!'

THE WINE OF JURANÇON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES
CORAN.

LITTLE sweet wine of Jurançon,
You are dear to my memory still!
With mine host and his merry song,
Under the rose-tree I drank my
fill.

Twenty years after, passing that
way,
Under the trellis I found again
Mine host, still sitting there *au frais*,
And singing still the same refrain.

The Jurançon, so fresh and bold,
Treats me as one it used to know;
Souvenirs of the days of old
Already from the bottle flow.

With glass in hand our glances met;
We pledge, we drink. How sour
it is!

Never Argenteuil piquette
Was to my palate sour as this!

And yet the vintage was good, in
sooth;

The selfsame juice, the selfsame
cask!

It was you, O gaiety of my youth,
That failed in the autumnal flask!

AT LA CHAUDEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH OF XAVIER
MARMIER.

At La Chaudeau,—'tis long since
then :

I was young,—my years twice ten ;
All things smiled on the happy boy,
Dreams of love and songs of joy,
Azure of heaven and wave below,
At La Chaudeau.

To La Chaudeau I come back old :
My head is gray, my blood is cold ;
Seeking along the meadow ooze,
Seeking beside the river Seymouse,
The days of my spring-time of
long ago
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau nor heart nor
brain

Ever grows old with grief and
pain ;

A sweet remembrance keeps off
age ;

A tender friendship doth still as-
suage

The burden of sorrow that one
may know

At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, had fate decreed
To limit the wandering life I lead,
Peradventure I still, forsooth,
Should have preserved my fresh
green youth,

Under the shadows the hill-tops
throw

At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, live on, my friends,
Happy to be where God intends ;
And sometimes, by the evening fire,
Think of him whose sole desire
Is again to sit in the old château
At La Chaudeau.



A QUIET LIFE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

LET him who will, by force or
fraud innate,

Of courtly grandeurs gain the
slippery height ;

I, leaving not the home of my
delight,

Far from the world and noise
will meditate.

Then, without pomps or perils of
the great,

I shall behold the day succeed
the night ;

Behold the alternate seasons take
their flight,

And in serene repose old age
await.

And so, whenever Death shall
come to close

The happy moments that my
days compose,

I, full of years, shall die, ob-
scure, alone !

How wretched is the man, with
honours crowned,

Who, having not the one thing
needful found,

Dies, known to all, but to him-
self unknown.

Personal Poems.

LOSS AND GAIN.

WHEN I compare
What I have lost with what I have
gained,
What I have missed with what
attained,
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware
How many days have been idly
spent;
How like an arrow the good intent
Has fallen short or been turned
aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this
wise?
Defeat may be victory in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the
tide.

AUTUMN WITHIN.

It is autumn; not without,
But within me is the cold.
Youth and spring are all about;
It is I that have grown old.

Birds are darting through the air,
Singing, building without rest;
Life is stirring everywhere,
Save within my lonely breast.

There is silence: the dead leaves
Fall and rustle and are still;
Beats no flail upon the sheaves,
Comes no murmur from the mill.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

As one who long hath fled with
panting breath
Before his foe, bleeding and near
to fall,
I turn and set my back against
the wall,
And look thee in the face,
triumphant Death.

I call for aid, and no one answereth;
I am alone with thee, who con-
querest all;
Yet me thy threatening form
doth not appal,
For thou art but a phantom and
a wraith.

Wounded and weak, sword broken
at the hilt,
With armour shattered, and with-
out a shield,

I stand unmoved; do with me
what thou wilt;
I can resist no more, but will not
yield.

This is no tournament where
cowards tilt;
The vanquished here is victor
of the field.

Personal Poems.

MEMORIES.

OF I remember those whom I
have known
In other days, to whom my heart
was led
As by a magnet, and who are
not dead,
But absent, and their memories
overgrown
With other thoughts and troubles
of my own,
As graves with grasses are, and
at their head
The stone with moss and lichens
so o'erspread,
Nothing is legible but the name
alone.
And is it so with them? After
long years,
Do they remember me in the
same way,
And is the memory pleasant as
to me?
I fear to ask; yet wherefore are
my fears?
Pleasures, like flowers, may
wither and decay,
And yet the root perennial may
be.

MY BOOKS.

SADLY as some old mediaeval
knight
Gazed at the arms he could no
longer wield,
The sword two-handed and the
shining shield
Suspended in the hall, and full
in sight,
While secret longings for the lost
delight
Of tourney or adventure in the
field
Came over him, and tears but
half concealed
Trembled and fell upon his beard
of white,
So I behold these books upon their
shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other
days;
Not wholly useless, though no
longer used,
For they remind me of my other
self,
Younger and stronger, and the
pleasant ways
In which I walked, now clouded
and confused.

L'Envoi.



POSSIBILITIES.

WHERE are the Poets, unto whom belong
The Olympian heights ; whose singing shafts were sent
Straight to the mark, and not from bows half bent,
But with the utmost tension of the thong ?
Where are the stately argosies of song,
Whose rushing keels made music as they went
Sailing in search of some new continent,
With all sail set, and steady winds and strong ?
Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught
In schools, some graduate of the field or street,
Who shall become a master of the art,
An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,
Fearless and first and steering with his fleet
For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

Michael Angelo.

Michel, più che mortal, Angel divino.

ARIOSTO.

Similamente operando all' artista
Ch' a l' abito dell' arte e man che trema.

DANTE, *Par.* xiii, st. 77.

DEDICATION.

NOTHING that is shall perish utterly,
But perish only to revive again
In other forms, as clouds restore in rain
The exhalations of the land and sea.
Men build their houses from the masonry
Of ruined tombs; the passion and the pain
Of hearts, that long have ceased to beat, remain
To throb in hearts that are, or are to be.
So from old chronicles, where sleep in dust
Names that once filled the world with trumpet tones,
I build this verse; and flowers of song have thrust
Their roots among the loose disjointed stones,
Which to this end I fashion as I must.
Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.

PART I.

I.

PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA.

The Castle Terrace. VITTORIA
COLONNA and JULIA GONZAGA.

Vittoria. Will you then leave me,
Julia, and so soon,
To pace alone this terrace like a
ghost?

Julia. To-morrow, dearest.

Vittoria. Do not say to-morrow.

A whole month of to-morrows were
too soon.

You must not go. You are a part
of me.

Julia. I must return to Fondi.

Vittoria. The old castle
Needs not your presence. No one
waits for you.

Stay one day longer with me.
They who go

Feel not the pain of parting; it is
they

Who stay behind that suffer. I
was thinking
But yesterday how like and how
unlike

Have been, and are, our destinies.
Your husband,
The good Vespasian, an old man,
who seemed

A father to you rather than a hus-
band,

Died in your arms; but mine, in
all the flower

And promise of his youth, was
taken from me

As by a rushing wind. The breath
of battle

Breathed on him, and I saw his
face no more,

Save as in dreams it haunts me.
As our love

Was for these men, so is our sorrow
for them.

Yours a child's sorrow, smiling
through its tears;

But mine the grief of an impas-
sioned woman,

Who drank her life up in one
draught of love.

Julia. Behold this locket. This
is the white hair

Of my Vespasian. This is the
flower-of-love,

This amaranth, and beneath it the
device

Non moritura. Thus my heart
remains

True to his memory; and the
ancient castle,

Where we have lived together,
where he died,

Is dear to me as Ischia is to you.

Vittoria. I did not mean to
chide you.

Julia. Let your heart

Find, if it can, some poor apology
For one who is too young, and

feels too keenly

The joy of life, to give up all her days

To sorrow for the dead. While I
am true

To the remembrance of the man I
loved

And mourn for still, I do not make
a show

Of all the grief I feel, nor live
secluded

And, like Veronica da Gámbara,
Drape my whole house in mourn-

ing, and drive forth

In coach of sable drawn by sable
horses,

As if I were a corpse. Ah, one
to-day

Is worth for me a thousand yester-
days.

Vittoria. Dear Julia! Friend-
ship has its jealousies

As well as love. Who waits for
you at Fondi?

Julia. A friend of mine and
yours; a friend and friar.

You have at Naples your Fra
Bernadino;

And I at Fondi have my Fra
Bastiano,

The famous artist, who has come
from Rome

To paint my portrait. That is not
a sin.

Vittoria. Only a vanity.

Julia. He painted yours.

Vittoria. Do not call up to me
those days departed

When I was young, and all was
bright about me,

And the vicissitudes of life were
things

But to be read of in old histories,
Though as pertaining unto me or

mine

Impossible. Ah, then I dreamed
your dreams,

And now, grown older, I look back
and see

They were illusions.

Julia. Yet without illusions

Michael Angelo.

What would our lives become, what
we ourselves?

Dreams or illusions, call them
what you will,

They lift us from the commonplace
of life

To better things.

Vittoria. Are there no brighter
dreams,

No higher aspirations, than the
wish

To please and to be pleased?

Julia. For you there are:
I am no saint; I feel the world we
live in

Comes before that which is to be
hereafter,

And must be dealt with first.

Vittoria. But in what way?

Julia. Let the soft wind that
wafts to us the odour

Of orange blossoms, let the laugh-
ing sea

And the bright sunshine bathing
all the world,

Answer the question.

Vittoria. And for whom
is meant

This portrait that you speak of?

Julia. For my friend
The Cardinal Ippolito.

Vittoria. For him?

Julia. Yes, for Ippolito the
Magnificent.

'Tis always flattering to a woman's
pride

To be admired by one whom all
admire.

Vittoria. Ah, Julia, she that makes
herself a dove

Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your
guard.

He is a Cardinal; and his adora-
tion

Should be elsewhere directed.

Julia. You forget
The horror of that night, when
Barbarossa,

The Moorish corsair, landed on
our coast

To seize me for the Sultan Soliman;
How in the dead of night, when all

were sleeping,

He scaled the castle wall; how I
escaped,

And in my night-dress, mounting
a swift steed,

Fled to the mountains, and took
refuge there

Among the brigands. Then of all
my friends

The Cardinal Ippolito was first
To come with his retainers to my

rescue.

Could I refuse the only boon he
asked

At such a time—my portrait?

Vittoria. I have heard
Strange stories of the splendours of

his palace,

And how, apparelled like a Spanish
Prince,

He rides through Rome with a
long retinue

Of Ethiopians and Numidians

And Turks and Tartars, in fantastic
dresses,

Making a gallant show. Is this
the way

A Cardinal should live?

Julia. He is so young;
Hardly of age, or little more than

that;

Beautiful, generous, fond of arts
and letters,

A poet, a musician, and a scholar;
Master of many languages, and a

player

On many instruments. In Rome,
his palace

Is the asylum of all men dis-
tinguished

In art or science, and all Florentines
Escaping from the tyranny of his

cousin,

Duke Alessandro.

Michael Angelo.

Vittoria. I have seen his
portrait,
Painted by Titian. You have
painted it
In brighter colours.

Julia. And my Cardinal,
At Itri, in the courtyard of his palace,
Keeps a tame lion!

Vittoria. And so counterfeits
St. Mark, the Evangelist!

Julia. Ah, your tame lion
Is Michael Angelo.

Vittoria. You speak a name
That always thrills me with a noble
sound,

As of a trumpet! Michael Angelo!
A lion all men fear and none can
tame;

A man that all men honour, and the
model

That all should follow; one who
works and prays,
For work is prayer, and consecrates
his life

To the sublime ideal of his art,
Till art and life are one; a man
who holds

Such place in all men's thoughts,
that when they speak

Of great things done, or to be done,
his name

Is ever on their lips.

Julia. You too can paint
The portrait of your hero, and in
colours

Brighter than Titian's; I might
warn you also

Against the dangers that beset your
path;

But I forbear.

Vittoria. If I were made of
marble,

Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo,
He might admire me: being but
flesh and blood,

I am no more to him than other
women;

That is, am nothing.

Julia. Does he ride through
Rome

Upon his little mule, as he was
wont,

With his slouched hat, and boots
of Cordovan,

As when I saw him last?

Vittoria. Pray do not jest.
I cannot couple with his noble
name

A trivial word! Look, how the
setting sun

Lights up Castel-a-mare and Sor-
rento,

And changes Capri to a purple
cloud!

And there Vesuvius with its plume
of smoke,

And the great city stretched upon
the shore

As in a dream!

Julia. Parthenope the Siren!

Vittoria. And yon long line of
lights, those sunlit windows
Blaze like the torches carried in
procession

To do her honour! It is beautiful!

Julia. I have no heart to feel the
beauty of it!

My feet are weary, pacing up and
down

These level flags, and wearier still
my thoughts

Treading the broken pavement of
the Past.

It is too sad. I will go in and rest,
And make me ready for to-mor-
row's journey.

Vittoria. I will go with you; for
I would not lose

One hour of your dear presence.
'Tis enough

Only to be in the same room with
you.

I need not speak to you, nor hear
you speak;

If I but see you, I am satisfied.

[*They go in.*]

Michael Angelo.

II.

MONOLOGUE.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio*. *He is at work on the cartoon of the Last Judgment.*

Michael A. Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals
Come here to lay this heavy task
upon me?

Were not the paintings on the
Sistine ceiling
Enough for them? They saw the
Hebrew leader

Waiting, and clutching his tem-
pestuous beard,
But heeded not. The bones of
Julius

Shook in their sepulchre. I heard
the sound;

They only heard the sound of their
own voices.

Are there no other artists here in
Rome

To do this work, that they must
needs seek me?

Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian,
might have done it;

But he is lost to art. The Papal
Seals,

Like leaden weights upon a dead
man's eyes,

Press down his lids; and so the
burden falls

On Michael Angelo, Chief Archi-
tect

And Painter of the Apostolic
Palace.

That is the title they cajole me with,
To make me do their work and
leave my own;

But having once begun, I turn not
back.

Blow, ye bright angels, on your
golden trumpets

To the four corners of the earth,
and wake

The dead to judgment! Ye record-
ing angels,

Open your books and read! Ye
dead, awake!

Rise from your graves, drowsy and
drugged with death,

As men who suddenly aroused from
sleep

Look round amazed, and know not
where they are!

In happy hours, when the imagina-
tion

Wakes like a wind at midnight, and
the soul

Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy
To be uplifted on its wings, and
listen

To the prophetic voices in the air
That call us onward. Then the
work we do

Is a delight, and the obedient hand
Never grows weary. But how
different is it

In the disconsolate, discouraged
hours,

When all the wisdom of the world
appears

As trivial as the gossip of a nurse
In a sick-room, and all our work
seems useless.

What is it guides my hand, what
thoughts possess me,

That I have drawn her face among
the angels,

Where she will be hereafter? O
sweet dreams,

That through the vacant chambers
of my heart

Walk in the silence, as familiar
phantoms

Frequent an ancient house, what
will ye with me?

'Tis said that Emperors write their
names in green

When under age, but when of age
in purple.

Michael Angelo.

So Love, the greatest Emperor of
them all,
Writes his in green at first, but
afterwards
In the imperial purple of our blood.
First love or last love,—which of
these two passions
Is more omnipotent? Which is
more fair,
The star of morning or the evening
star?
The sunrise or the sunset of the
heart?
The hour when we look forth to the
unknown,
And the advancing day consumes
the shadows,
Or that when all the landscape of
our lives
Lies stretched behind us, and
familiar places
Gleam in the distance, and sweet
memories
Rise like a tender haze, and
magnify
The objects we behold, that soon
must vanish?

What matters it to me, whose coun-
tenance
Is like the Laocoön's, full of pain;
whose forehead
Is a ploughed harvest-field, where
three-score years
Have sown in sorrow and have
reaped in anguish;
To me, the artisan, to whom all
women
Have been as if they were not, or
at most
A sudden rush of pigeons in the
air,
A flutter of wings, a sound, and
then a silence?
I am too old for love; I am too
old
To flatter and delude myself with
visions

Of never-ending friendship with fair
women,
Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,
In which the things that cannot be
take shape,
And seem to be, and for the moment
are. [Convent bells ring.

Distant and near and low and loud
the bells,
Dominican, Benedictine, and Fran-
ciscan,
Jangle and wrangle in their airy
towers,
Discordant as the brotherhoods
themselves
In their dim cloisters. The de-
scending sun
Seems to caress the city that he
loves,
And crowns it with the aureole of
a saint.
I will go forth and breathe the air
a while.

III.

SAN SILVESTRO.

*A Chapel in the Church of San
Silvestro on Monte Cavallo.*
VITTORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO
TOLOMMEL, and others.

Vittoria. Here let us rest a while,
until the crowd
Has left the church. I have already
sent
For Michael Angelo to join us here.
Claudio. After Fra Bernardino's
wise discourse
On the Pauline Epistles, certainly
Some words of Michael Angelo on
Art
Were not amiss, to bring us back to
earth.
Michael A. (at the door). How
like a Saint or Goddess she
appears;

Michael Angelo.

Diana or Madonna, which I know not !

In attitude and aspect formed to be

At once the artist's worship and despair !

Vittoria. Welcome, Maestro.

We were waiting for you.

Michael A. I met your messenger upon the way,
And hastened hither.

Vittoria. It is kind of you
To come to us, who linger here like gossips

Wasting the afternoon in idle talk.
These are all friends of mine and friends of yours.

Michael A. If friends of yours, then are they friends of mine.
Pardon me, gentlemen. But when I entered

I saw but the Marchesa.

Vittoria. Take this seat
Between me and Ser Claudio Tolommei,

Who still maintains that our Italian tongue

Should be called Tuscan. But for that offence

We will not quarrel with him.

Michael A. Eccellenza—

Vittoria. Ser Claudio has banished Eccellenza

And all such titles from the Tuscan tongue.

Claudio. 'Tis the abuse of them and not the use
I deprecate.

Michael A. The use or the abuse
It matters not. Let them all go together,

As empty phrases and frivolities,
And common as gold-lace upon the collar

Of an obsequious lackey.

Vittoria. That may be,
But something of politeness would go with them ;

We should lose something of the stately manners
Of the old school.

Claudio. Undoubtedly.

Vittoria. But that
Is not what occupies my thoughts at present,

Nor why I sent for you, Messer Michele.

It was to counsel me. His Holiness
Has granted me permission, long desired,

To build a convent in this neighbourhood,

Where the old tower is standing, from whose top

Nero looked down upon the burning city.

Michael A. It is an inspiration !

Vittoria. I am doubtful
How I shall build ; how large to make the convent,

And which way fronting.

Michael A. Ah, to build, to build !
That is the noblest art of all the arts.

Painting and sculpture are but images,

Are merely shadows cast by outward things

On stone or canvas, having in themselves

No separate existence. Architecture,

Existing in itself, and not in seeming

A something it is not, surpasses them

As substance shadow. Long, long years ago,

Standing one morning near the Baths of Titus,

I saw the statue of Laocoön
Rise from its grave of centuries,

like a ghost
Writhing in pain ; and as it tore away

The knotted serpents from its limbs, I heard,

Michael Angelo.

Or seemed to hear, the cry of agony
From its white, parted lips. And
still I marvel
At the three Rhodian artists, by
whose hands
This miracle was wrought. Yet he
beholds
Far nobler works who looks upon
the ruins
Of temples in the Forum here in
Rome.
If God should give me power in
my old age
To build for Him a temple half as
grand
As those were in their glory, I
should count
My age more excellent than youth
itself,
And all that I have hitherto accom-
plished
As only vanity.

Vittoria. I understand you.
Art is the gift of God, and must
be used
Unto His glory. That in Art is
highest
Which aims at this. When Saint
Hilarion blessed
The horses of Italicus, they won
The race at Gaza, for his benedic-
tion
O'erpowered all magic; and the
people shouted
That Christ had conquered Marnas.
So that art
Which bears the consecration and
the seal
Of holiness upon it will prevail
Over all others. Those few words
of yours
Inspire me with new confidence to
build.
What think you? The old walls
might serve, perhaps,
Some purpose still. The tower can
hold the bells.

Michael A. If strong enough.

Vittoria. If not, it can be
strengthened.
Michael A. I see no bar nor
drawback to this building,
And on our homeward way, if it
shall please you,
We may together view the site.
Vittoria. I thank you.
I do not venture to request so much.
Michael A. Let us now go to the
old walls you spake of,
Vossignoria—
Vittoria. What, again, Maestro?
Michael A. Pardon me, Messer
Claudio, if once more
I use the ancient courtesies of
speech.
I am too old to change.

IV.

CARDINAL IPPOLITO.

*A richly furnished apartment in
the Palace of CARDINAL IPPO-
LITO. Night. JACOPO NARDI,
an old man, alone.*

Nardi. I am bewildered. These
Numidian slaves,
In strange attire; these endless
antechambers;
This lighted hall, with all its golden
splendours,
Pictures, and statues! Can this
be the dwelling
Of a disciple of that lowly Man
Who had not where to lay his head?
These statues
Are not of Saints; nor is this a
Madonna,
This lovely face, that with such
tender eyes
Looks down upon me from the
painted canvas.
My heart begins to fail me. What
can he

Who lives in boundless luxury at
Rome
Care for the imperilled liberties of
Florence,
Her people, her Republic? Ah, the
rich
Feel not the pangs of banishment.

All doors
Are open to them, and all hands
extended.

The poor alone are outcasts; they
who risked

All they possessed for liberty, and
lost;

And wander through the world
without a friend,

Sick, comfortless, distressed, un-
known, uncared for.

Enter CARDINAL IPPOLITO, *in*
Spanish cloak and slouched hat.

Ippolito. I pray you pardon me
that I have kept you
Waiting so long alone.

Nardi. I wait to see
The Cardinal.

Ippolito. I am the Cardinal;
And you?

Nardi. Jacopo Nardi.

Ippolito. You are welcome.
I was expecting you. Filippo
Strozzi

Had told me of your coming.

Nardi. 'Twas his son
That brought me to your door.

Ippolito. Pray you, be seated.
You seem astonished at the garb I
wear;

But at my time of life, and with my
habits,

The petticoats of a Cardinal would
be—

Troublesome; I could neither ride
nor walk,

Nor do a thousand things, if I were
dressed

Like an old dowager. It were
putting wine

Young as the young Astyanax into
goblets

As old as Priam.

Nardi. Oh, your Eminence
Knows best what you should wear.

Ippolito. Dear Messer Nardi,
You are no stranger to me. I have
read

Your excellent translation of the
books

Of Titus Livius, the historian
Of Rome, and model of all his-
torians

That shall come after him. It does
you honour;

But greater honour still the love you
bear

To Florence, our dear country,
and whose annals

I hope your hand will write, in
happier days

Than we now see.

Nardi. Your Eminence will
pardon

The lateness of the hour.

Ippolito. The hours
I count not

As a sun-dial; but am like a
clock,

That tells the time as well by night
as day.

So, no excuse. I know what brings
you here.

You come to speak of Florence.

Nardi. And her woes.

Ippolito. The Duke, my cousin,
the black Alessandro,

Whose mother was a Moorish slave,
that fed

The sheep upon Lorenzo's farm,
still lives

And reigns.

Nardi. Alas, that such a
scourge

Should fall on such a city!

Ippolito. When he dies,
The Wild Boar in the gardens of
Lorenzo,

The beast obscene, should be the
monument
Of this bad man.

Nardi. He walks the streets
at night
With revellers, insulting honest
men.

No house is sacred from his lusts.
The convents

Are turned by him to brothels,
and the honour

Of women and all ancient pious
customs

Are quite forgotten now. The
offices

Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri
Have been abolished. All the
magistrates

Are now his creatures. Liberty is
dead.

The very memory of all honest
living

Is wiped away, and even our Tus-
can tongue

Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

Ippolito. And worst of all, his
impious hand has broken

The Martinella,—our great battle
bell,

That, sounding through three cen-
turies, has led

The Florentines to victory,—lest
its voice

Should waken in their souls some
memory

Of far-off times of glory.

Nardi. What a change
Ten little years have made! We
all remember

Those better days, when Niccolà
Capponi,

The Gonfaloniere, from the windows
Of the Old Palace, with the blast
of trumpets,

Proclaimed to the inhabitants that
Christ

Was chosen King of Florence; and
already

Christ is dethroned, and slain, and
in his stead

Reigns Lucifer! Alas, alas, for
Florence!

Ippolito. Lilies with lilies, said
Savonarola;

Florence and France! But I say
Florence only,

Or only with the Emperor's hand
to help us

In sweeping out the rubbish.

Nardi. Little hope
Of help is there from him. He has
betrothed

His daughter Margaret to this
shameless Duke.

What hope have we from such an
Emperor?

Ippolito. Baccio Valori and Phi-
lippo Strozzi,

Once the Duke's friends and in-
timates, are with us,

And Cardinals Salvati and Ridolfi.
We shall soon see, then, as Valori
says,

Whether the Duke can best spare
honest men,

Or honest men the Duke.

Nardi. We have determined
To send ambassadors to Spain, and
lay

Our griefs before the Emperor,
though I fear

More than I hope.

Ippolito. The Emperor is busy
With this new war against the
Algerines,

And has no time to listen to com-
plaints

From our ambassadors; nor will
I trust them,

But go myself. All is in readiness
For my departure, and to-morrow
morning

I shall go down to Itri, where I
meet

Dante da Castiglione and some
others

Michael Angelo.

Republicans and fugitives from
Florence,
And then take ship at Gaëta, and go
To join the Emperor in his new
crusade
Against the Turk. I shall have
time enough
And opportunity to plead our cause.

Nardi (rising). It is an inspira-
tion, and I hail it
As of good omen. May the power
that sends it
Bless our beloved country, and
restore
Its banished citizens. The soul of
Florence
Is now outside its gates. What
lies within
Is but a corpse, corrupted and
corrupting.
Heaven help us all. I will not
tarry longer,
For you have need of rest. Good-
night.

Ippolito. Good-night.

*Enter FRA SEBASTIANO; Turkish
attendants.*

Ippolito. Fra Bastiano, how your
portly presence
Contrasts with that of the spare
Florentine
Who has just left me!

Fra Seb. As we passed
each other,
I saw that he was weeping.

Ippolito. Poor old man!

Fra Seb. Who is he?

Ippolito. Jacopo Nardi.

A brave soul;
One of the Fuoruseiti, and the best
And noblest of them all; but he
has made me
Sad with his sadness. As I look
on you
My heart grows lighter. I behold
a man
Who lives in an ideal world, apart

From all the rude collisions of our
life,
In a calm atmosphere.

Fra Seb. Your Eminence
Is surely jesting. If you knew the
life

Of artists as I know it, you might
think

Far otherwise.

Ippolito. But wherefore should
I jest?

The world of art is an ideal world,—
The world I love, and that I fain
would live in;

So speak to me of artists and of art,
Of all the painters, sculptors, and
musicians

That now illustrate Rome.

Fra Seb. Of the musicians,
I know but Goudimel, the brave
maestro

And chapel-master of his Holiness,
Who trains the Papal choir.

Ippolito. In church this morning,
I listened to a mass of Goudimel,
Divinely chanted. In the Incar-
natus,

In lieu of Latin words, the tenor
sang

With infinite tenderness, in plain
Italian,

A Neapolitan love-song.

Fra Seb. You amaze me
Was it a wanton song?

Ippolito. Not a divine one.
I am not over-scrupulous, as you
know,

In word or deed, yet such a song
as that,

Sung by the tenor of the Papal
choir,

And in a Papal mass, seemed out
of place;

There's something wrong in it.

Fra Seb. There's
something wrong

In everything. We cannot make
the world

Michael Angelo.

Go right. 'Tis not my business
to reform

The Papal choir.

Ippolito. Nor mine, thank
Heaven!

Then tell me of the artists.

Fra Seb. Naming one
I name them all; for there is only
one:

His name is Messer Michael An-
gelo.

All art and artists of the present
day

Centre in him.

Ippolito. You count yourself
as nothing?

Fra Seb. Or less than nothing,
since I am at best

Only a portrait-painter; one who
draws

With greater or less skill, as best
he may,

The features of a face.

Ippolito. And you have had
The honour, nay, the glory, of por-
traying

Julia Gonzaga! Do you count as
nothing

A privilege like that? See there
the portrait

Rebuking you with its divine ex-
pression.

Are you not penitent? He whose
skillful hand

Painted that lovely picture has
not right

To vilipend the art of portrait-
painting.

But what of Michael Angelo?

Fra Seb. But lately,
Strolling together down the crowded
Corso,

We stopped, well pleased, to see
your Eminence

Pass on an Arab steed, a noble
creature,

Which Michael Angelo, who is a
lover

Of all things beautiful, especially
When they are Arab horses, much
admired,

And could not praise enough.

Ippolito (to an attendant). Has-
san, to-morrow,

When I am gone, but not till I am
gone,—

Becareful about that,—take Barba-
rossa

To Messer Michael Angelo, the
sculptor,

Who lives there at Macello dei
Corvi,

Near to the Capitol; and take
besides

Some ten mule-loads of provender,
and say

Your master sends them to him as
a present.

Fra Seb. A princely gift. Though
Michael Angelo

Refuses presents from his Holiness,
Yours he will not refuse.

Ippolito. You think him like
Thymætes, who received the
wooden horse

Into the walls of Troy. That book
of Virgil

Have I translated in Italian verse,
And shall, some day, when we have
leisure for it,

Be pleased to read you. When I
speak of Troy

I am reminded of another town
And of a lovelier Helen, our dear
Countess

Julia Gonzaga. You remember,
surely,

The adventure with the corsair
Barbarossa,

And all that followed?

Fra Seb. A most strange
adventure;

A tale as marvellous and full of
wonder

As any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti;
Almost incredible!

Ippolito. Were I a painter
I should not want a better theme
than that :
The lovely lady fleeing through
the night
In wild disorder ; and the brigands'
camp
With the red fire-light on their
swarthy faces.
Could you not paint it for me ?

Fra Seb. No, not I.
It is not in my line.

Ippolito. Then you shall paint
The portrait of the corsair, when
we bring him
A prisoner chained to Naples ; for
I feel
Something like admiration for a
man
Who dared this strange adventure.

Fra Seb. I will do it ;
But catch the corsair first.

Ippolito. You may begin
To-morrow with the sword. Has-
san, come hither ;
Bring me the Turkish scimitar that
hangs
Beneath the picture yonder. Now
unsheathe it.

'Tis a Damascus blade ; you see
the inscription

In Arabic : *La Allah illa Allah*,—
There is no God but God.

Fra Seb. How beautiful
In fashion and in finish ! It is
perfect.

The Arsenal of Venice cannot boast
A finer sword.

Ippolito. Youlikeit ? It is yours.

Fra Seb. You do not mean it.

Ippolito. I am not
a Spaniard

To say that it is yours and not to
mean it.

I have at Itri a whole armoury
Full of such weapons. When you
paint the portrait
Of Barbarossa it will be of use.

You have not been rewarded as you
should be
For painting the Gonzaga. Throw
this bauble
Into the scale, and make the
balance equal.
Till then suspend it in your studio ;
You artists like such trifles.

Fra Seb. I will keep it
In memory of the donor. Many
thanks.

Ippolito. Fra Bastian, I am
growing tired of Rome,
The old dead city, with the old
dead people ;
Priests everywhere, like shadows
on a wall,
And morning, noon, and night the
ceaseless sound

Of convent bells. I must be gone
from here ;

Though Ovid somewhere says that
Rome is worthy
To be the dwelling-place of all the
Gods,

I must be gone from here. To-
morrow morning

I start for Itri, and go thence by sea
To join the Emperor, who is making
war

Upon the Algerines ; perhaps to
sink

Some Turkish galleys, and bring
back in chains

The famous corsair. Thus would
I avenge

The beautiful Gonzaga.

Fra Seb. An achievement
Worthy of Charlemagne, or of
Orlando.

Berni and Ariosto both shall add
A canto to their poems, and describe
you

As Furioso and Innamorato.

Now I must say good-night.

Ippolito. You must not go ;
First you shall sup with me. My
seneschal,

Michael Angelo.

Giovan Andrea dal Borgo a San Sepolcro,—

I like to give the whole sonorous name,

It sounds so like a verse of the *Aeneid*,—

Has brought me eels fresh from the Lake of Fondi,

And Lucrine oysters cradled in their shells :

These, with red Fondi wine, the Caecuban

That Horace speaks of, under a hundred keys

Kept safe, until the heir of Posthumus

Shall stain the pavement with it, make a feast

Fit for Lucullus, or Fra Bastian even ;

So we will go to supper, and be merry.

Fra Seb. Beware ! Remember that Bolsena's eels

And Vernage wine once killed a Pope of Rome !

Ippolito. 'Twas a French Pope ; and then so long ago ;

Who knows ?—perhaps the story is not true.

V.

BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES.

Room in the Palace of JULIA GONZAGA. *Night.* JULIA GONZAGA, GIOVANNI VALDESSO.

Julia. Do not go yet.

Valdesso. The night is far advanced ;

I fear to stay too late, and weary you

With these discussions.

Julia. I have much to say. I speak to you, Valdesso, with that frankness

Which is the greatest privilege of friendship,—

Speak as I hardly would to my confessor,

Such is my confidence in you.

Valdesso. Dear Countess, If loyalty to friendship be a claim Upon your confidence, then I may claim it.

Julia. Then sit again, and listen unto things

That nearer are to me than life itself.

Valdesso. In all things I am happy to obey you, And happiest then when you command me most.

Julia. Laying aside all useless rhetoric,

That is superfluous between us two, I come at once unto the point, and say,

You know my outward life, my rank and fortune ;

Countess of Fondi, Duchess of Trajetto,

A widow rich and flattered, for whose hand

In marriage princes ask, and ask it only

To be rejected. All the world can offer

Lies at my feet. If I remind you of it,

It is not in the way of idle boasting, But only to the better understanding Of what comes after.

Valdesso. God hath given you also

Beauty and intellect ; and the signal grace

To lead a spotless life amid temptations

That others yield to.

Julia. But the inward life,— That you know not ; 'tis known but to myself,

And is to me a mystery and a pain.

Michael Angelo.

A soul disquieted, and ill at ease,
A mind perplexed with doubts and
apprehensions,
A heart dissatisfied with all around
me,
And with myself, so that sometimes
I weep,
Discouraged and disgusted with
the world.

Valdesso. Whene'er we cross a
river at a ford,
If we would pass in safety, we
must keep
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the
shore beyond,
For if we cast them on the flowing
stream
The head swims with it ; so if we
would cross
The running flood of things here
in the world,
Our souls must not look down, but
fix their sight
On the firm land beyond.

Julia. I comprehend you.
You think I am too worldly ; that
my head
Swims with the giddy whirl of
life about me.
Is that your meaning ?

Valdesso. Yes ; your meditations
Are more of this world and its
vanities

Than of the world to come.

Julia. Between the two
I am confused.

Valdesso. Yet have I seen you
listen
Enraptured when Fra Bernardino
preached
Of faith and hope and charity.

Julia. I listen,
But only as to music without
meaning.

It moves me for the moment, and
I think

How beautiful it is to be a saint,
As dear Vittoria is ; but I am weak

And wayward, and I soon fall back
again

To my old ways so very easily.
There are too many week-days for
one Sunday.

Valdesso. Then take the Sunday
with you through the week,
And sweeten with it all the other
days.

Julia. In part I do so ; for to put
a stop
To idle tongues, what men might
say of me

If I lived all alone here in my palace,
And not from a vocation that I feel
For the monastic life, I now am
living

With Sister Caterina at the convent
Of Santa Chiara, and I come here
only

On certain days, for my affairs, or
visits

Of ceremony, or to be with friends.
For I confess, to live among my
friends

Is Paradise to me ; my Purgatory
Is living among people I dislike.
And so I pass my life in these two
worlds,

This palace and the convent.

Valdesso. It was then
The fear of man, and not the love
of God,

That led you to this step. Why
will you not

Give all your heart to God ?

Julia. If God commands it,
Wherefore hath He not made me
capable

Of doing for Him what I wish to do
As easily as I could offer Him

This jewel from my hand, this
gown I wear,

Or aught else that is mine ?

Valdesso. The hindrance lies
In that original sin, by which all fell.

Julia. Ah me, I cannot bring my
troubled mind

Michael Angelo.

To wish well to that Adam, our
first parent,

Who by his sin lost Paradise for us,
And brought such ills upon us.

Valdesso. We ourselves,
When we commit a sin, lose Para-
dise

As much as he did. Let us think
of this,

And how we may regain it.

Julia. Teach me, then,
To harmonize the discord of my
life,

And stop the painful jangle of these
wires.

Valdesso. That is a task impos-
sible, until

You tune your heart-strings to a
higher key

Than earthly melodies.

Julia. How shall I do it?
Point out to me the way of this
perfection,

And I will follow you; for you
have made

My soul enamoured with it, and I
cannot

Rest satisfied until I find it out.

But lead me privately, so that the
world

Hear not my steps; I would not
give occasion

For talk among the people.

Valdesso. Now at last
I understand you fully. Then,
what need

Is there for us to beat about the
bush?

I know what you desire of me.

Julia. What rudeness!
If you already know it, why not
tell me?

Valdesso. Because I rather wait
for you to ask it

With your own lips.

Julia. Do me the kindness, then,
To speak without reserve; and
with all frankness,

If you divine the truth, will I con-
fess it.

Valdesso. I am content.

Julia. Then speak.

Valdesso. You would be free
From the vexatious thoughts that
come and go

Through your imagination, and
would have me

Point out some royal road and
lady-like

Which you may walk in, and not
wound your feet;

You would attain to the divine
perfection,

And yet not turn your back upon
the world;

You would possess humility within,
But not reveal it in your outward
actions;

You would have patience, but with-
out the rude

Occasions that require its exercise;
You would despise the world, but in
such fashion

The world should not despise you
in return;

Would clothe the soul with all the
Christian graces,

Yet not despoil the body of its
gauds;

Would feed the soul with spiritual
food,

Yet not deprive the body of its
feasts;

Would seem angelic in the sight of
God,

Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of
men;

In short, would lead a holy Chris-
tian life

In such a way that even your
nearest friend

Would not detect therein one
circumstance

To show a change from what it was
before.

Have I divined your secret?

Michael Angelo.

Julia. You have drawn
The portrait of my inner self as truly
As the most skilful painter ever
painted

A human face.

Valdesso. This warrants me in
saying

You think you can win heaven by
compromise,
And not by verdict.

Julia. You have often told me
That a bad compromise was better
even

Than a good verdict.

Valdesso. Yes, in suits at law ;
Not in religion. With the human
soul

There is no compromise. By faith
alone

Can man be justified.

Julia. Hush, dear Valdesso ;
That is a heresy. Do not, I pray
you,

Proclaim it from the house-top, but
preserve it

As something precious, hidden in
your heart,

As I, who half believe and tremble
at it.

Valdesso. I must proclaim the
truth.

Julia. Enthusiast !
Why must you ? You imperil both
yourself

And friends by your imprudence.
Pray, be patient.

You have occasion now to show
that virtue

Which you lay stress upon. Let
us return

To our lost pathway. Show me by
what steps

I shall walk in it.

[*Convent bells are heard.*]

Valdesso. Hark ! the convent
bells

Are ringing ; it is midnight ; I
must leave you.

And yet I linger. Pardon me,
dear Countess,

Since you to-night have made me
your confessor,

If I so far may venture, I will warn
you

Upon one point.

Julia. What is it ? Speak,
I pray you,

For I have no concealments in
my conduct ;

All is as open as the light of day.

What is it you would warn me of ?

Valdesso. Your friendship
With Cardinal Ippolito.

Julia. What is there
To cause suspicion or alarm in
that,

More than in friendships that I
entertain

With you and others ? I ne'er sat
with him

Alone at night, as I am sitting now
With you, Valdesso.

Valdesso. Pardon me ; the
portrait

That Fra Bastiano painted was for
him.

Is that quite prudent ?

Julia. That is the same question
Vittoria put to me, when I last saw
her.

I make you the same answer. That
was not

A pledge of love, but of pure grati-
tude.

Recall the adventure of that dread-
ful night

When Barbarossa with two
thousand Moors

Landed upon the coast, and in the
darkness

Attacked my castle. Then, with-
out delay,

The Cardinal came hurrying down
from Rome

To rescue and protect me. Was
it wrong

Michael Angelo.

That in an hour like that I did not weigh

Too nicely this or that, but granted him

A boon that pleased him, and that flattered me?

Valdesso. Only beware lest, in disguise of friendship

Another corsair, worse than Barbarossa,

Steal in and seize the castle, not by storm

But strategy. And now I take my leave.

Julia. Farewell; but ere you go look forth and see

How night hath hushed the clamour and the stir

Of the tumultuous streets. The cloudless moon

Roofs the whole city as with tiles of silver;

The dim, mysterious sea in silence sleeps;

And straight into the air Vesuvius lifts

His plume of smoke. How beautiful it is! [*Voices in the street.*]

Giovan Andrea. Poisoned at Itri.

Another Voice. Poisoned? Who is poisoned?

Giovan Andrea. The Cardinal Ippolito, my master.

Call it malaria. It was very sudden. [*Julia swoons.*]

VI.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

A room in the Torre Argentina.

VITTORIA COLONNA and JULIA GONZAGA.

Vittoria. Come to my arms and to my heart once more;

My soul goes out to meet you and embrace you,

For we are of the sisterhood of sorrow.

I know what you have suffered.

Julia. Name it not.

Let me forget it.

Vittoria. I will say no more.

Let me look at you. What a joy it is

To see your face, to hear your voice again!

You bring with you a breath as of the morn,

A memory of the far-off happy days When we were young. When did you come from Fondi?

Julia. I have not been at Fondi since—

Vittoria. Ah me!

You need not speak the word; I understand you.

Julia. I came from Naples by the lovely valley, The Terra di Lavoro.

Vittoria. And you find me But just returned from a long journey northward.

I have been staying with that noble woman

Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara.

Julia. Oh, tell me of the Duchess.

I have heard

Flaminio speak her praises with such warmth

That I am eager to hear more of her

And of her brilliant court.

Vittoria. You shall hear all. But first sit down and listen

patiently While I confess myself.

Julia. What deadly sin Have you committed?

Vittoria. Not a sin; a folly. I chid you once at Ischia, when you told me

That brave Fra Bastian was to paint your portrait.

Michael Angelo.

Julia. Well I remember it.
Vittoria. Then chide me now,
For I confess to something still more strange.
Old as I am, I have at last consented
To the entreaties and the supplications
Of Michael Angelo—
Julia. To marry him?
Vittoria. I pray you, do not jest with me! You know,
Or you should know, that never such a thought
Entered my breast. I am already married.
The Marquis of Pescara is my husband,
And death has not divorced us.
Julia. Pardon me.
Have I offended you?
Vittoria. No, but have hurt me.
Unto my buried lord I give myself,
Unto my friend the shadow of myself,—
My portrait. It is not from vanity,
But for the love I bear him.
Julia. I rejoice
To hear these words. Oh, this will be a portrait
Worthy of both of you! [*A knock.*]
Vittoria. Hark! he is coming.
Julia. And shall I go or stay?
Vittoria. By all means stay.
The drawing will be better for your presence;
You will enliven me.
Julia. I shall not speak;
The presence of great men doth take from me
All power of speech. I only gaze at them
In silent wonder, as if they were gods,
Or the inhabitants of some other planet.

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.
Vittoria. Come in.
Michael A. I fear my visit is ill-timed;
I interrupt you.
Vittoria. No; this is a friend
Of yours as well as mine,—the Lady Julia,
The Duchess of Trajetto.
Michael A. (to JULIA). I salute you.
'Tis long since I have seen your face, my lady;
Pardon me if I say that having seen it,
One never can forget it.
Julia. You are kind
To keep me in your memory.
Michael A. It is
The privilege of age to speak with frankness.
You will not be offended when I say
That never was your beauty more divine.
Julia. When Michael Angelo condescends to flatter
Or praise me, I am proud, and not offended.
Vittoria. Now this is gallantry enough for one;
Show me a little.
Michael A. Ah, my gracious lady,
You know I have not words to speak your praise.
I think of you in silence. You conceal
Your manifold perfections from all eyes,
And make yourself more saint-like day by day,
And day by day men worship you the more.
But now your hour of martyrdom has come.
You know why I am here.

Michael Angelo.

Vittoria. Ah yes, I know it ;
And meet my fate with fortitude.

You find me
Surrounded by the labours of your
hands :

The Woman of Samaria at the
Well,
The Mater Dolorosa, and the
Christ

Upon the Cross, beneath which
you have written

Those memorable words of Ali-
ghieri,

'Men have forgotten how much
blood it costs.'

Michael A. And now I come to
add one labour more,
If you will call that labour which is
pleasure,
And only pleasure.

Vittoria. How shall I be
seated ?

*Michael A. (opening his port-
folio).* Just as you are. The
light falls well upon you.

Vittoria. I am ashamed to steal
the time from you
That should be given to the Sistine
Chapel.

How does that work go on ?

Michael A. (drawing). But
tardily.

Old men work slowly. Brain and
hand alike

Are dull and torpid. To die young
is best,

And not to be remembered as old
men

Tottering about in their decrepi-
tude.

Vittoria. My dear Maestro !
have you, then, forgotten
The story of Sophocles in his old
age ?

Michael A. What story is it ?

Vittoria. When his
sons accused him,
Before the Areopagus, of dotage,

For all defence he read there to his
Judges

The Tragedy of *Œdipus Colo-
neus*—

The work of his old age.

Michael A. 'Tis an illusion,
A fabulous story, that will lead old
men

Into a thousand follies and conceits.

Vittoria. So you may show to
cavillers your painting
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine
Chapel.

Michael A. Now you and Lady
Julia shall resume
The conversation that I inter-
rupted.

Vittoria. It was of no great im-
port ; nothing more

Nor less than my late visit to
Ferrara,

And what I saw there in the ducal
palace.

Will it not interrupt you ?

Michael A. Not the least.

Vittoria. Well, first, then, of
Duke Ercole : a man

Cold in his manners, and reserved
and silent,

And yet magnificent in all his
ways ;

Not hospitable unto new ideas,
But from state policy, and certain
reasons

Concerning the investiture of the
duchy,

A partisan of Rome, and con-
sequently

Intolerant of all the new opinions.

Julia. I should not like the
Duke. These silent men,

Who only look and listen, are like
wells

That have no water in them, deep
and empty.

How could the daughter of a king of
France

Wed such a duke ?

Michael Angelo.

Michael A. The men that
women marry,
And why they marry them, will
always be
A marvel and a mystery to the
world.

Vittoria. And then the Duchess,
—how shall I describe her,
Or tell the merits of that happy
nature,
Which pleases most when least it
thinks of pleasing?
Not beautiful, perhaps, in form and
feature,
Yet with an inward beauty, that
shines through
Each look and attitude and word
and gesture;
A kindly grace of manner and be-
haviour,
A something in her presence and
her ways
That makes her beautiful beyond
the reach
Of mere external beauty; and in
heart
So noble and devoted to the truth,
And so in sympathy with all who
strive
After the higher life.

Julia. She draws me to her
As much as her Duke Ercole repels
me.

Vittoria. Then the devout and
honourable women
That grace her court, and make it
good to be there;
Francesca Bucyronia, the true-
hearted,
Lavinia della Rovere and the
Orsini,
The Magdalena and the Cheru-
bina,
And Anne de Parthenai, who sings
so sweetly;
All lovely women, full of noble
thoughts
And aspirations after noble things.

Julia. Boccaccio would have
envied you such dames.

Vittoria. No; his Fiammettas
and his Philomenas
Are fitter company for Ser Gio-
vanni;

I fear he hardly would have com-
prehended
The women that I speak of.

Michael A. Yet he wrote
The story of Griselda. That is
something

To set down in his favour.

Vittoria. With these ladies
Was a young girl, Olympia Morata,
Daughter of Fulvio, the learned
scholar,

Famous in all the universities;
A marvellous child, who at the
spinning-wheel,

And in the daily round of house-
hold cares,

Hath learned both Greek and
Latin; and is now

A favourite of the Duchess and
companion

Of Princess Anne. This beautiful
young Sappho

Sometimes recited to us Grecian
odes

That she had written, with a voice
whose sadness

Thrilled and o'ermastered me, and
made me look

Into the future time, and ask my-
self

What destiny will be hers.

Julia. A sad one, surely.
Frost kills the flowers that blossom
out of season;

And these precocious intellects
portend

A life of sorrow or an early death.

Vittoria. About the court were
many learned men;

Chilian Sinapius from beyond the
Alps,

And Celio Curione, and Manzolli,

Michael Angelo.

The Duke's physician ; and a pale
young man,
Charles d'Espeville of Geneva,
whom the Duchess
Doth much delight to talk with
and to read,
For he hath written a book of
Institutes
The Duchess greatly praises, though
some call it
The Koran of the heretics.

Julia. And what poets
Were there to sing you madrigals,
and praise
Olympia's eyes and Cherubina's
tresses ?

Vittoria. No ; for great Ariosto
is no more.
The voice that filled those halls
with melody
Has long been hushed in death.

Julia. You should
have made
A pilgrimage unto the poet's
tomb,
And laid a wreath upon it, for the
words
He spake of you.

Vittoria. And of yourself
no less,
And of our master, Michael Angelo.

Michael A. Of me ?
Vittoria. Have you
forgotten that he calls you
Michael, less man than angel, and
divine ?

You are ungrateful.
Michael A. A mere play on
words.

That adjective he wanted for a
rhyme,

To match with Gian Bellino and
Urbino.

Vittoria. Bernardo Tasso is no
longer there,
Nor the gay troubadour of Gas-
cony,
Clement Marot, surnamed by flat-
terers

The Prince of Poets and the Poet
of Princes,
Who, being looked upon with much
disfavour

By the Duke Ercole, has fled to
Venice.

Michael A. There let him stay
with Pietro Aretino,
The Scourge of Princes, also called
Divine.

The title is so common in our
mouths,
That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi,
Who play their bag-pipes in the
streets of Rome

At the Epiphany, will bear it soon,
And will deserve it better than
some poets.

Vittoria. What bee hath stung
you ?

Michael A. One that
makes no honey ;
One that comes buzzing in through
every window,
And stabs men with his sting. A
bitter thought

Passed through my mind, but it is
gone again ;
I spake too hastily.

Julia. I pray you, show me
What you have done.

Michael A. Not yet ; it is
not finished.

PART SECOND.

I.

MONOLOGUE.

A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S house.

Michael A. Fled to Viterbo,
the old Papal city
Where once an Emperor, humbled
in his pride,
Held the Pope's stirrup, as his
Holiness
Alighted from his mule ! A fugitive
From Cardinal Caraffa's hate, who
hurls
His thunders at the house of the
Colonna,
With endless bitterness !—Among
the nuns
In Santa Catarina's convent hid-
den,
Herself in soul a nun ! And now
she chides me
For my too frequent letters, that
disturb
Her meditations, and that hinder
me
And keep me from my work ; now
graciously
She thanks me for the crucifix I
sent her,
And says that she will keep it :
with one hand
Inflicts a wound, and with the
other heals it.

(Reading.)

' Profoundly I believed that God
would grant you
A supernatural faith to paint this
Christ ;
I wished for that which I now see
fulfilled
So marvellously, exceeding all my
wishes.

Nor more could be desired, or even
so much.

And greatly I rejoice that you
have made

The angel on the right so beautiful ;
For the Archangel Michael will
place you,

You, Michael Angelo, on that new
day,

Upon the Lord's right hand ! And
waiting that,

How can I better serve you than
to pray

To this sweet Christ for you, and
to beseech you

To hold me altogether yours in all
things.'

Well, I will write less often, or no
more,

But wait her coming. No one
born in Rome

Can live elsewhere ; but he must
pine for Rome,

And must return to it. I, who am
born

And bred a Tuscan and a Floren-
tine,

Feel the attraction, and I linger here
As if I were a pebble in the pave-
ment

Trodden by priestly feet. This I
endure,

Because I breathe in Rome an at-
mosphere

Heavy with odours of the laurel
leaves

That crowned great heroes of the
sword and pen,

In ages past. I feel myself exalted
To walk the streets in which a

Virgil walked,

Or Trajan rode in triumph ; but
far more,

Michael Angelo.

And most of all, because the great
Colonna
Breathes the same air I breathe, and
is to me
An inspiration. Now that she is gone,
Rome is no longer Rome till she
return.
This feeling overmasters me. I
know not
If it be love, this strong desire to be
Forever in her presence; but I know
That I, who was the friend of
solitude,
And ever was best pleased when
most alone,
Now weary grow of my own com-
pany.
For the first time old age seems
lonely to me.

(Opening the Divina Commedia.)

I turn for consolation to the leaves
Of the great master of our Tuscan
tongue,
Whose words, like coloured garnet-
shirls in lava,
Betray the heat in which they were
engendered.
A mendicant, he ate the bitter bread
Of others, but repaid their meagre
gifts
With immortality. In courts of
princes
He was a by-word, and in streets
of towns
Was mocked by children, like the
Hebrew prophet,
Himself a prophet. I too know the
cry,
Go up, thou bald head! from a
generation
That, wanting reverence, wanteth
the best food
The soul can feed on. There's not
room enough
For age and youth upon this little
planet.
Age must give way. There was
not room enough

Even for this great poet. In his
song
I hear reverberate the gates of
Florence,
Closing upon him, never more to
open;
But mingled with the sound are
melodies
Celestial from the gates of paradise.
He came, and he is gone. The
people knew not
What manner of man was passing
by their doors,
Until he passed no more; but in
his vision
He saw the torments and beatitudes
Of souls condemned or pardoned,
and hath left
Behind him this sublime Apo-
calypse.

I strive in vain to draw here on the
margin
The face of Beatrice. It is not hers,
But the Colonna's. Each hath his
ideal,
The image of some woman excellent,
That is his guide. No Grecian art,
nor Roman,
Hath yet revealed such loveliness
as hers.

II.

VITERBO.

*VITTORIA COLONNA at the Convent
window.*

Vittoria. Parting with friends is
temporary death,
As all death is. We see no more
their faces,
Nor hear their voices, save in
memory;
But messages of love give us as-
surance
That we are not forgotten. Who
shall say

Michael Angelo.

That from the world of spirits comes
no greeting,
No message of remembrance? It
may be
The thoughts that visit us, we know
not whence,
Sudden as inspiration, are the
whispers
Of disembodied spirits, speaking
to us
As friends, who wait outside a prison
wall,
Through the barred windows speak
to those within. [A pause.]

As quiet as the lake that lies
beneath me,
As quiet as the tranquil sky above
me,
As quiet as a heart that beats no
more,
This convent seems. Above, below,
all peace!
Silence and solitude, the soul's best
friends,
Are with me here, and the tumultu-
ous world
Makes no more noise than the
remotest planet.
O gentle spirit, unto the third circle
Of heaven among the blessed souls
ascended,
Who, living in the faith and dying
for it,
Have gone to their reward, I do
not sigh
For thee as being dead, but for my-
self
That I am still alive. Turn those
dear eyes,
Once so benignant to me, upon
mine,
That open to their tears such uncon-
trolled
And such continual issue. Still
awhile
Have patience; I will come to thee
at last.

A few more goings in and out these
doors,
A few more chimings of these con-
vent bells,
A few more prayers, a few more
sighs and tears,
And the long agony of this life will
end,
And I shall be with thee. If I am
wanting
To thy well-being, as thou art to
mine,
Have patience; I will come to thee
at last.
Ye minds that loiter in these cloister
gardens,
Or wander far above the city walls,
Bear unto him this message, that
I ever
Or speak or think of him, or weep
for him.
By unseemly hands uplifted in the
light
Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud
Floats, with its white apparel
blown abroad,
And wafted up to heaven. It fades
away,
And melts into the air. Ah, would
that I
Could thus be wafted unto thee,
Francesco,
A cloud of white, an incorporeal
spirit!

III.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND BEN-
VENUTO CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO; BENVENUTO
CELLINI *in gay attire.*

Benvenuto. A good day and good
year to the divine
Maestro Michael Angelo, the sculp-
tor!

Michael A. Welcome, my Ben-
venuto.

Michael Angelo.

Benvenuto. That is what
My father said, the first time he
beheld

This handsome face. But say
farewell, not welcome.

I come to take my leave. I start
for Florence

As fast as horse can carry me.
I long

To set once more upon its level flags
These feet, made sore by your vile
Roman pavements.

Come with me; you are wanted
there in Florence.

The Sacristy is not finished.

Michael A. Speak not of it!
How damp and cold it was! How
my bones ached

And my head reeled, when I was
working there!

I am too old. I will stay here in
Rome,

Where all is old and crumbling, like
myself,

To hopeless ruin. All roads lead
to Rome.

Benvenuto. And all lead out of it.

Michael A. There is a charm,
A certain something in the atmo-
sphere,

That all men feel and no man can
describe.

Benvenuto. Malaria?

Michael A. Yes, malaria
of the mind,
Out of this tomb of the majestic
Past;

The fever to accomplish some great
work

That will not let us sleep. I must
go on

Until I die.

Benvenuto. Do you ne'er think
of Florence?

Michael A. Yes; whenever
I think of anything beside my work,
I think of Florence. I remember,
too,

The bitter days I passed among the
quarries

Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta;
Road-building in the marshes;
stupid people,

And cold and rain incessant, and
mad gusts

Of mountain wind, like howling
dervishes,

That spun and whirled the eddying
snow about them

As if it were a garment; aye, vexa-
tions

And troubles of all kinds, that ended
only

In loss of time and money.

Benvenuto. True, Maestro;
But that was not in Florence. You
should leave

Such work to others. Sweeter
memories

Cluster about you, in the pleasant
city

Upon the Arno.

Michael A. In my waking
dreams

I see the marvellous dome of
Brunelleschi,

Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and
Giotto's tower;

And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci
glides

With folded hands amid my troubled
thoughts,

A splendid vision! Time rides with
the old

At a great pace. As travellers on
swift steeds

See the near landscape fly and flow
behind them,

While the remoter fields and dim
horizons

Go with them, and seem wheeling
round to meet them,

So in old age things near us slip
away,

And distant things go with us.
Pleasantly

Michael Angelo.

Come back to me the days when, as
a youth,
I walked with Ghirlandajo in the
gardens
Of Medici, and saw the antique
statues,
The forms august of gods and god-
like men,
And the great world of art revealed
itself

To my young eyes. Then all that
man hath done
Seemed possible to me. Alas!
how little

Of all I dreamed of has my hand
achieved!

Benvenuto. Nay, let the Night
and Morning, let Lorenzo
And Julian in the Sacristy at Flor-
ence,
Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine
Chapel,
And the Last Judgment answer.
Is it finished?

Michael A. The work is nearly
done. But this Last Judgment
Has been the cause of more vexation
to me

Than it will be of honour. Ser
Biagio,

Master of ceremonies at the Papal
court,

A man punctilious and over nice,
Calls it improper; says that those
nude forms,

Showing their nakedness in such
shameless fashion,

Are better suited to a common
bagnio,

Or wayside wine-shop, than a
Papal Chapel.

To punish him I painted him as
Minos,

And leave him there as master of
ceremonies

In the Infernal Regions. What
would you

Have done to such a man?

Benvenuto. I would have
killed him.

When any one insults me, if I can,
I kill him, kill him.

Michael A. Oh, you gentlemen,
Who dress in silks and velvets, and
wear swords,
Are ready with your weapons, and
have all
A taste for homicide.

Benvenuto. I learned that lesson
Under Pope Clement at the siege
of Rome,
Some twenty years ago. As I was
standing

Upon the ramparts of the Campo
Santo

With Alessandro Bene, I beheld
A sea of fog, that covered all the plain,
And hid from us the foe; when sud-
denly,

A misty figure, like an apparition,
Rose up above the fog, as if on
horseback.

At this I aimed my arquebus, and
fired.

The figure vanished; and there
rose a cry

Out of the darkness, long and fierce
and loud,

With imprecations in all languages.
It was the Constable of France,

the Bourbon,
That I had slain.

Michael A. Rome should be
grateful to you.

Benvenuto. But has not been;
you shall hear presently.

During the siege I served as bom-
bardier,

There in Saint Angelo. His Holi-
ness,

One day, was walking with his Car-
dinals

On the round bastion, while I stood
above

Among my falconets. All thought
and feeling,

Michael Angelo.

All skill in art and all desire of fame,
Were swallowed up in the delightful music

Of that artillery. I saw far off,
Within the enemy's trenches on the Prati,

A Spanish cavalier in scarlet cloak;
And firing at him with due aim and range,

I cut the gay Hidalgo in two pieces.
The eyes are dry that wept for him in Spain.

His Holiness, delighted beyond measure

With such display of gunnery, and amazed

To see the man in scarlet cut in two,

Gave me his benediction, and absolved me

From all the homicides I had committed

In service of the Apostolic Church,
Or should commit thereafter. From that day

I have not held in very high esteem
The life of man.

Michael A. And who absolved
Pope Clement?

Now let us speak of Art.

Benvenuto. Of what you will.

Michael A. Say, have you seen
our friend Fra Bastian lately,
Since by a turn of fortune he became
Friar of the Signet?

Benvenuto. Faith, a pretty artist,
To pass his days in stamping leaden seals

On Papal bulls!

Michael A. He has grown fat
and lazy,
As if the lead clung to him like a sinker.

He paints no more, since he was
sent to Fondi

By Cardinal Ippolito to paint
The fair Gonzaga. Ah, you should
have seen him

As I did, riding through the city gate,
In his brown hood, attended by
four horsemen,

Completely armed, to frighten the
banditti.

I think he would have frightened
them alone,

For he was rounder than the O of
Giotto.

Benvenuto. He must have looked
more like a sack of meal

Than a great painter.

Michael A. Well, he is not great,
But still I like him greatly. *Benvenuto,*

Have faith in nothing but in industry.

Be at it late and early; persevere,
And work right on through censure
and applause,

Or else abandon Art.

Benvenuto. No man works
harder

Than I do. I am not a moment idle.

Michael A. And what have you
to show me?

Benvenuto. This gold ring,
Made for his Holiness, — my latest
work,

And I am proud of it. A single diamond,

Presented by the Emperor to the
Pope.

Targhetta of Venice set and tinted
it;

I have reset it, and retinted it
Divinely, as you see. The jewellers
Say I've surpassed Targhetta.

Michael A. Let me see it.
A pretty jewel!

Benvenuto. That is not the expression.

Pretty is not a very pretty word
To be applied to such a precious
stone,

Given by an Emperor to a Pope,
and set

By Benvenuto!

Michael Angelo.

Michael A. Messer Benvenuto,
I lose all patience with you; for
the gifts
That God hath given you are of
such a kind
They should be put to far more
noble uses
Than setting diamonds for the Pope
of Rome.
You can do greater things.

Benvenuto. The God
who made me
Knows why he made me what I
am,—a goldsmith,
A mere artificer.

Michael A. Oh no; an artist,
Richly endowed by nature, but who
wraps
His talent in a napkin, and con-
sumes
His life in vanities.

Benvenuto. Michael Angelo
May say what Benvenuto would
not bear
From any other man. He speaks
the truth.

I know my life is wasted and con-
sumed
In vanities; but I have better hours
And higher aspirations than you
think.

Once, when a prisoner at Saint An-
gelo,
Fasting and praying in the mid-
night darkness,
In a celestial vision I beheld
A crucifix in the sun, of the same
substance

As is the sun itself. And since
that hour

There is a splendour round about
my head,

That may be seen at sunrise and
at sunset

Above my shadow on the grass.
And now

I know that I am in the grace of
God,

And none henceforth can harm me.

Michael A. None but one,—
None but yourself, who are your
greatest foe.

He that respects himself is safe
from others;

He wears a coat of mail that none
can pierce.

Benvenuto. I always wear one.

Michael A. O incorrigible!
At least, forget not the celestial
vision.

Man must have something higher
than himself

To think of.

Benvenuto. That I know full well.
Now listen.

I have been sent for into France,
where grow

The Lilies that illumine heaven
and earth,

And carry in mine equipage the
model

Of a most marvellous golden salt-
cellar

For the king's table; and here in
my brain

A statue of Mars Armipotent for
the fountain

Of Fontainebleau, colossal, wonder-
ful.

I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor.
And so farewell, great Master.

Think of me

As one who, in the midst of all his
follies,

Had also his ambition, and aspired
To better things.

Michael A. Do not forget the
vision.

(*Sitting down again to the Divina
Commedia.*)

Now in what circle of his poem
sacred

Would the great Florentine have
placed this man?

Whether in Phlegethon, the river of
blood,

Michael Angelo.

Or in the fiery belt of Purgatory,
I know not, but most surely not
with those
Who walk in leaden cloaks.
Though he is one
Whose passions, like a potent
alkahest,
Dissolve his better nature, he is not
That despicable thing, a hypocrite ;
He doth not cloak his vices, nor
deny them.
Come back, my thoughts, from him
to Paradise.

IV.

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

MICHAEL ANGELO ; FRA SEBAS-
TIANO DEL PIOMBO.

Michael A. (not turning round).
Who is it ?

Fra Seb. Wait, for I am out
of breath
In climbing your steep stairs.

Michael A. Ah, my Bastiano,
If you went up and down as many
stairs

As I do still, and climbed as many
ladders,
It would be better for you. Pray
sit down.

Your idle and luxurious way of living
Will one day take your breath away
entirely,
And you will never find it.

Fra Seb. Well, what then ?
That would be better, in my appre-
hension,
Than falling from a scaffold.

Michael A. That was
nothing.

It did not kill me ; only lamed me
slightly ;

I am quite well again.

Fra Seb. But why, dear
Master,
Why do you live so high up in your
house,
When you could live below and
have a garden,
As I do ?

Michael A. From this window
I can look
On many gardens ; o'er the city
roofs
See the Campagna and the Alban
hills :
And all are mine.

Fra Seb. Can you sit down
in them
On summer afternoons, and play
the lute,
Or sing, or sleep the time away ?

Michael A. I never
Sleep in the day-time ; scarcely
sleep at night.

I have not time. Did you meet
Benvenuto
As you came up the stair ?

Fra Seb. He ran against me
On the first landing, going at full
speed ;

Dressed like the Spanish captain in
a play,
With his long rapier and his short
red cloak.

Why hurry through the world at
such a pace ?
Life will not be too long.

Michael A. It is his
nature,—

A restless spirit, that consumes
itself
With useless agitations. He o'er-
leaps

The goal he aims at. Patience is a
plant

That grows not in all gardens.
You are made

Of quite another clay.

Fra Seb. And thank God
for it.

Michael Angelo.

And now, being somewhat rested,
I will tell you

Why I have climbed these formidable stairs.

I have a friend, Francesco Berni, here,

A very charming poet and companion,

Who greatly honours you and all your doings,

And you must sup with us.

Michael A. Not I, indeed. I know too well what artists' suppers are.

You must excuse me.

Fra Seb. I will not excuse you.

You need repose from your incessant work ;

Some recreation, some bright hours of pleasure.

Michael A. To me, what you and other men call pleasure is only pain. Work is my recreation,

The play of faculty ; a delight like that

Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish in darting through the water,—nothing more.

I cannot go. The Sibylline leaves of life

Grow precious now, when only few remain.

I cannot go.

Fra Seb. Berni, perhaps, will read

A canto of the Orlando Inamorato.

Michael A. That is another reason for not going.

If aught is tedious and intolerable, It is a poet reading his own verses.

Fra Seb. Berni thinks somewhat better of your verses

Than you of his. He says that you speak things,

And other poets words. So, pray you, come.

Michael A. If it were now the Improvisatore,

Luigi Pulci, whom I used to hear With Benvenuto, in the streets of

Florence,
I might be tempted. I was younger then,

And singing in the open air was pleasant.

Fra Seb. There is a Frenchman here, named Rabelais,

Once a Franciscan friar, and now a doctor,

And secretary to the embassy :

A learned man, who speaks all languages,

And wittiest of men ; who wrote a book

Of the Adventures of Gargantua, So full of strange conceits one roars with laughter

At every page ; a jovial boon-companion

And lover of much wine. He too is coming.

Michael A. Then you will not want me, who am not witty,

And have no sense of mirth, and love not wine.

I should be like a dead man at your banquet.

Why should I seek this Frenchman Rabelais ?

And wherefore go to hear Francesco Berni,

When I have Dante Alighieri here, The greatest of all poets ?

Fra Seb. And the dullest ; And only to be read in episodes.

His day is past. Petrarca is our poet.

Michael A. Petrarca is for women and for lovers,

And for those soft Abati, who delight To wander down long garden walks in summer,

Tinkling their little sonnets all day long,

As lap-dogs do their bells.

Michael Angelo.

Fra Seb. I love Petrarca.
How sweetly of his absent love he
sings
When journeying in the forest of
Ardennes!
'I seem to hear her, hearing the
boughs and breezes
And leaves and birds lamenting,
and the waters
Murmuring flee along the verdant
herbage.'

Michael A. Enough. It is all
seeming, and no being.
If you would know how a man
speaks in earnest,
Read here this passage, where
Saint Peter thunders
In Paradise against degenerate
Popes
And the corruptions of the Church,
till all
The heaven about him blushes like
a sunset.
I beg you to take note of what he
says
About the Papal seals, for that
concerns
Your office and yourself.

Fra Seb. (reading). Is this the
passage?
'Nor I be made the figure of a seal
To privileges venal and mendaci-
cious;
Whereat I often redden and flash
with fire!'—
That is not poetry.

Michael A. What is it, then?

Fra Seb. Vituperation; gall
that might have spurted
From Aretino's pen.

Michael A. Name not that
man!
A profligate, whom your Francesco
Berni
Describes as having one foot in
the brothel
And the other in the hospital; who
lives

By flattering or maligning, as best
serves

His purpose at the time. He writes
to me

With easy arrogance of my Last
Judgment,

In such familiar tone that one
would say

The great event already had oc-
curred,

And he was present, and from
observation

Informed me how the picture
should be painted.

Fra Seb. What unassuming,
unobtrusive men

These critics are! Now, to have
Aretino

Aiming his shafts at you brings
back to mind

The Gascon archers in the square
of Milan,

Shooting their arrows at Duke
Sforza's statue,

By Leonardo, and the foolish rabble
Of envious Florentines, that at
your David

Threw stones at night. But Are-
tino praised you.

Michael A. His praises were
ironical. He knows

How to use words as weapons, and
to wound

While seeming to defend. But
look, Bastiano,

See how the setting sun lights up
that picture!

Fra Seb. My portrait of Vittoria
Colonna.

Michael A. It makes her look
as she will look hereafter,

When she becomes a saint!
Fra Seb. A noble woman!

Michael A. Ah, these old hands
can fashion fairer shapes

In marble, and can paint diviner
pictures,

Since I have known her.

Fra Seb. And you like this picture;
And yet it is in oils, which you detest.

Michael A. When that barbarian Jan Van Eyck discovered
The use of oil in painting, he degraded
His art into a handicraft, and made it
Sign-painting, merely, for a country inn
Or wayside wine-shop. 'Tis an art for women,
Or for such leisurely and idle people
As you, *Fra Bastiano*. Nature paints not
In oils, but frescoes the great dome of heaven
With sunsets, and the lovely forms of clouds
And flying vapours.

Fra Seb. And how soon they fade!
Behold yon line of roofs and belfries painted
Upon the golden background of the sky,
Like a Byzantine picture, or a portrait
Of Cimabue. See how hard the outline,
Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded into shadow.
Yet that is Nature.

Michael A. She is always right.
The picture that approaches sculpture nearest
Is the best picture.

Fra Seb. Leonardo thinks
The open air too bright. We ought to paint
As if the sun were shining through a mist.
'Tis easier done in oil than in distemper.

Michael A. Do not revive again the old dispute;
I have an excellent memory for forgetting,
But I still feel the hurt. Wounds are not healed
By the unbending of the bow that made them.

Fra Seb. So say Petrarca and the ancient proverb.

Michael A. But that is past.
Now I am angry with you,
Not that you paint in oils, but that, grown fat
And indolent, you do not paint at all.

Fra Seb. Why should I paint?
Why should I toil and sweat,
Who now am rich enough to live at ease,
And take my pleasure?

Michael A. When Pope Leo died,
He who had been so lavish of the wealth
His predecessors left him, who received
A basket of gold-pieces every morning,
Which every night was empty, left behind
Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

Fra Seb. I care for banquets, not for funerals,
As did his Holiness. I have forbidden
All tapers at my burial, and procession
Of priests and friars and monks; and have provided
The cost thereof be given to the poor!

Michael A. You have done wisely, but of that I speak not.
Ghiberti left behind him wealth and children;
But who to-day would know that he had lived,

If he had never made those gates
of bronze
In the old Baptistery,—those gates
of bronze,
Worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

His wealth is scattered to the winds;
his children

Are long since dead; but those
celestial gates

Survive, and keep his name and
memory green.

Fra Seb. But why should I
fatigue myself? I think

That all things it is possible to
paint

Have been already painted; and
if not,

Why, there are painters in the
world at present

Who can accomplish more in two
short months

Than I could in two years; so it
is well

That some one is contented to do
nothing,

And leave the field to others.

Michael A. O blasphemer!
Not without reason do the people
call you

Sebastian del Piombo, for the lead
Of all the Papal bulls is heavy
upon you,

And wraps you like a shroud.

Fra Seb. Misericordia!
Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine,
and sharp

The words you speak, because the
heart within you

Is sweet unto the core.

Michael A. How changed
you are

From the Sebastiano I once knew,
When poor, laborious, emulous to
excel,

You strove in rivalry with Badas-
sare

And Raphael Sanzio.

Fra Seb. Raphael is dead;
He is but dust and ashes in his
grave,

While I am living and enjoying
life,

And so am victor. One live Pope
is worth

A dozen dead ones.

Michael A. Raphael is not
dead;

He doth but sleep; for how can
he be dead

Who lives immortal in the hearts
of men?

He only drank the precious wine
of youth,

The outbreak of the grapes, before
the vintage

Was trodden to bitterness by the
feet of men.

The gods have given him sleep.
We never were

Nor could be foes, although our
followers,

Who are distorted shadows of our-
selves,

Have striven to make us so; but
each one worked

Unconsciously upon the other's
thoughts,

Both giving and receiving. He
perchance

Caught strength from me, and I
some greater sweetness

And tenderness from his more
gentle nature.

I have but words of praise and ad-
miration

For his great genius; and the
world is fairer

That he lived in it.

Fra Seb. We at least are
friends;

So come with me.

Michael A. No, no; I am
best pleased

When I'm not asked to banquets.
I have reached

A time of life when daily walks are
shortened,
And even the houses of our dearest
friends,
That used to be so near, seem far
away.

Fra Seb. Then we must sup with-
out you. We shall laugh
At those who toil for fame, and
make their lives

A tedious martyrdom, that they
may live

A little longer in the mouths of
men!

And so, good-night.

Michael A. Good-night, my
Fra Bastiano.

[*Returning to his work.*]

How will men speak of me when I
am gone,

When all this colourless, sad life is
ended,

And I am dust? They will remem-
ber only

The wrinkled forehead, the marred
countenance,

The rudeness of my speech, and
my rough manners,

And never dream that underneath
them all

There was a woman's heart of
tenderness.

They will not know the secret of
my life,

Locked up in silence, or but vaguely
hinted

In uncouth rhymes, that may per-
chance survive

Some little space in memories of
men!

Each one performs his life-work,
and then leaves it;

Those that come after him will
estimate

His influence on the age in which
he lived.

V.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND TITIAN.

Palazzo Belvedere. TITIAN'S
studio. A painting of Danaë
with a curtain before it. TITIAN,
MICHAEL ANGELO, and GIORGIO
VASARI.

Michael A. So you have left at
last your still lagoons,
Your City of Silence floating in the
sea,

And come to us in Rome.

Titian. I come to learn,
But I have come too late. I should
have seen

Rome in my youth, when all my
mind was open

To new impressions. Our Vasari
here

Leads me about, a blind man,
groping darkly

Among the marvels of the past.
I touch them,

But do not see them.

Michael A. There are things
in Rome

That one might walk bare-footed
here from Venice

But to see once, and then to die
content.

Titian. I must confess that these
majestic ruins

Oppress me with their gloom. I
feel as one

Who in the twilight stumbles
among tombs,

And cannot read the inscriptions
carved upon them.

Michael A. I felt so once; but I
have grown familiar

With desolation, and it has become
No more a pain to me, but a de-
light.

Titian. I could not live here. I
must have the sea,

Michael Angelo.

And the sea-mist, with sunshine
interwoven

Like cloth of gold; must have
beneath my windows

The laughter of the waves, and at
my door

Their pattering footsteps, or I am
not happy.

Michael A. Then tell me of your
city in the sea,

Paved with red basalt of the Paduan
hills.

Tell me of art in Venice. Three
great names,

Giorgione, Titian, and the Tinto-
retto,

Illustrate your Venetian school, and
send

A challenge to the world. The
first is dead,

But Tintoretto lives.

Titian. And paints
with fire,

Sudden and splendid, as the light-
ning paints

The cloudy vault of heaven.

Giorgio. Does he still keep
Above his door the arrogant in-
scription

That once was painted there,—

‘The colour of Titian,

With the design of Michael An-
gelo’?

Titian. Indeed, I know not.

’Twas a foolish boast,

And does no harm to any but himself.

Perhaps he has grown wiser.

Michael A. When you two
Are gone, who is there that remains
behind

To seize the pencil falling from
your fingers?

Giorgio. Oh, there are many
hands upraised already

To clutch at such a prize, which
hardly wait

For death to loose your grasp,—a
hundred of them:

Schiavone, Bonifazio, Campagnola,
Moretto, and Moroni; who can
count them,

Or measure their ambition?

Titian. When we are gone,
The generation that comes after
us

Will have far other thoughts than
ours. Our ruins

Will serve to build their palaces or
tombs.

They will possess the world that
we think ours,

And fashion it far otherwise.

Michael A. I hear
Your son Orazio and your nephew
Marco

Mentioned with honour.

Titian. Ay, brave lads,
brave lads.

But time will show. There is a
youth in Venice,

One Paul Cagliari, called the
Veronese,

Still a mere stripling, but of such
rare promise

That we must guard our laurels, or
may lose them.

Michael A. These are good
tidings; for I sometimes fear
That, when we die, with us all art
will die.

’Tis but a fancy. Nature will
provide

Others to take our places. I rejoice
To see the young spring forward

in the race,

Eager as we were, and as full of
hope

And the sublime audacity of youth.

Titian. Mendicants are forgotten.
The great world

Goes on the same. Among the
myriads

Of men that live, or have lived, or
shall live,

What is a single life, or thine or
mine,

That we should think all Nature
would stand still
If we were gone? We must make
room for others.

Michael A. And now, Maestro,
pray unveil your picture
Of Danaë, of which I hear such
praise.

Titian (drawing back the curtain).
What think you?

Michael A. That Acrisius did
well
To lock such beauty in a brazen
tower,
And hide it from all eyes.

Titian. The model truly
Was beautiful.

Michael A. And more, that
you were present,
And saw the showery Jove from
high Olympus
Descend in all his splendour.

Titian. From your lips
Such words are full of sweetness.

Michael A. You have caught
These golden hues from your
Venetian sunsets.

Titian. Possibly.

Michael A. Or from sunshine
through a shower
On the lagoons, or the broad
Adriatic.

Nature reveals herself in all our
arts.

The pavements and the palaces of
cities

Hint at the nature of the neigh-
bouring hills.

Red lavas from the Euganean
quarries

Of Padua pave your streets; your
palaces

Are the white stones of Istria, and
gleam

Reflected in your waters and your
pictures.

And thus the works of every artist
show

Something of his surroundings and
his habits.

The uttermost that can be reached
by colour

Is here accomplished. Warmth
and light and softness

Mingle together. Never yet was
flesh

Painted by hand of artist, dead or
living,

With such divine perfection.

Titian. I am grateful
For so much praise from you, who
are a master;

While mostly those who praise and
those who blame

Know nothing of the matter, so
that mainly

Their censure sounds like praise,
their praise like censure.

Michael A. Wonderful! won-
derful! The charm of colour
Fascinates me the more that in my-
self

The gift is wanting. I am not a
painter.

Giorgio. Messer Michele, all
the arts are yours,

Not one alone; and therefore I
may venture

To put a question to you.

Michael A. Well, speak on.

Giorgio. Two nephews of the
Cardinal Farnese

Have made me umpire in dispute
between them

Which is the greater of the sister
arts,

Painting or sculpture. Solve for
me the doubt.

Michael A. Sculpture and paint-
ing have a common goal,

And whosoever would attain to it,
Whichever path he take, will find
that goal

Equally hard to reach.

Giorgio. No doubt, no doubt;
But you evade the question.

Michael Angelo.

Michael A. When I stand
In presence of this picture, I concede
That painting has attained its uttermost ;
But in the presence of my sculptured figures
I feel that my conception soars beyond
All limit I have reached.

Giorgio. You still
evade me.

Michael A. *Giorgio Vasari*, I often said
That I account that painting as the best
Which most resembles sculpture.
Here before us
We have the proof. Behold those rounded limbs !
How from the canvas they detach themselves,
Till they deceive the eye, and one would say,
It is a statue with a screen behind it !

Titian. Signori, pardon me ;
but all such questions
Seem to me idle.

Michael A. Idle as the wind.
And now, Maestro, I will say once more

How admirable I esteem your work,
And leave you, without further interruption.

Titian. Your friendly visit hath
much honoured me.

Giorgio. Farewell.

Michael A. (to GIORGIO, going out). If the Venetian painters
knew
But half as much of drawing as of colour,
They would indeed work miracles
in art,
And the world see what it hath
never seen.

VI.

PALAZZO CESARINI.

VITTORIA COLONNA *seated in an arm-chair* ; JULIA GONZAGA
standing near her.

Julia. It grieves me that I find
you still so weak
And suffering.

Vittoria. No, not suffering ; only
dying.

Death is the chillness that precedes
the dawn ;

We shudder for a moment, then
awake

In the broad sunshine of the other
life.

I am a shadow, merely, and these
hands,

These cheeks, these eyes, these
tresses that my husband

Once thought so beautiful, and I
was proud of

Because he thought them so, are
faded quite,—

All beauty gone from them.

Julia. Ah no, not that.
Paler you are, but not less beautiful.

Vittoria. Hand me the mirror.
I would fain behold

What change comes o'er our features
when we die.

Thank you. And now sit down
beside me here.

How glad I am that you have come
to-day,

Above all other days, and at the
hour

When most I need you !

Julia. Do you ever need me ?

Vittoria. Always, and most of
all to-day and now.

Do you remember, *Julia*, when we
walked,

One afternoon, upon the castle terrace

At Ischia, on the day before you left me?

Julia. Well I remember; but it seems to me
Something unreal, that has never been,—
Something that I have read of in a book,
Or heard of some one else.

Vittoria. Ten years and more
Have passed since then; and many things have happened
In those ten years, and many friends have died:

Marco Flaminio, whom we all admired
And loved as our Catullus; dear Valdesso,
The noble champion of free thought and speech;
And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

Julia. Oh, do not speak of him! His sudden death
O'ercomes me now, as it o'ercame me then.

Let me forget it; for my memory
Serves me too often as an unkind friend,
And I remember things I would forget,
While I forget the things I would remember.

Vittoria. Forgive me; I will speak of him no more.

The good Fra Bernardino has departed,
Has fled from Italy, and crossed the Alps,
Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because he taught
That He who made us all without our help
Could also save us without aid of ours.

Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara,

That Lily of the Loire, is bowed by winds

That blow from Rome; Olympia Morata

Banished from court because of this new doctrine.

Therefore be cautious. Keep your secret thought

Locked in your breast.

Julia. I will be very prudent. But speak no more, I pray; it wearies you.

Vittoria. Yes, I am very weary. Read to me.

Julia. Most willingly. What shall I read?

Vittoria. Petrarca's Triumph of Death. The book lies on the table;
Beside the casket there. Read where you find
The leaf turned down. 'Twas there I left off reading.

Julia (reads).

'Not as a flame that by some force is spent,
But one that of itself consumeth quite,
Departed hence in peace the soul content,
In fashion of a soft and lucent light
Whose nutriment by slow gradation goes,
Keeping until the end its lustre bright.

Not pale, but whiter than the sheet of snows

That without wind on some fair hill-top lies,

Her weary body seemed to find repose.

Like a sweet slumber in her lovely eyes,
When now the spirit was no longer there,

Was what is dying called by the unwise.

E'en Death itself in her fair face seemed fair.'—

Is it of Laura that he here is speaking?—

Michael Angelo.

She doth not answer, yet is not asleep ;

Her eyes are full of light and fixed on something

Above her in the air. I can see naught

Except the painted angels on the ceiling.

Vittoria ! speak ! What is it ? Answer me !—

She only smiles, and stretches out her hands.

[The mirror falls and breaks.]

Vittoria. Not disobedient to the heavenly vision !

Pescara ! my Pescara ! *[Dies.]*

Julia. Holy Virgin !
Her body sinks together,—she is dead !

[Kneels, and hides her face in VITTORIA'S lap.]

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.

Julia. Hush ! make no noise.

Michael A. How is she ?

Julia. Never better.

Michael A. Then she is dead !

Julia. Alas ! yes, she is dead !

Even death itself in her fair face seems fair.

Michael A. How wonderful ! The light upon her face
Shines from the windows of another world.

Saints only have such faces. Holy Angels !

Bear her like sainted Catherine to her rest !

[Kisses VITTORIA'S hand.]

PART THIRD.

I.

MONOLOGUE.

Macello de' Corvi. A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S house. MICHAEL ANGELO standing before a model of St. Peter's.

Michael A. Better than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi,
And less than thou I will not ! If the thought

Could, like a windlass, lift the ponderous stones,
And swing them to their places ; if a breath

Could blow this rounded dome into the air,

As if it were a bubble, and these statues

Spring at a signal to their sacred stations,

As sentinels mount guard upon a wall,

Then were my task completed.
Now, alas !

Naught am I but a Saint Sebaldus, holding

Upon his hand the model of a church,

As German artists paint him ; and what years,

What weary years, must drag themselves along,

Ere this be turned to stone !
What hindrances

Must block the way ; what idle interferences

Of Cardinals and Canons of Saint Peter's,

Who nothing know of art beyond the colour

Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building

Save that of their own fortunes !
And what then ?

I must then the shortcoming of my means

Piece out by stepping forward, as
the Spartan
Was told to add a step to his short
sword. [A pause.]

And is Fra Bastian dead? Is all
that light
Gone out, that sunshine darkened ;
all that music
And merriment, that used to make
our lives
Less melancholy, swallowed up in
silence,
Like madrigals sung in the street
at night
By passing revellers? It is strange
indeed
That he should die before me. 'Tis
against
The laws of nature that the young
should die,
And the old live ; unless it be that
some
Have long been dead who think
themselves alive,
Because not buried. Well, what
matters it,
Since now that greater light, that
was my sun,
Is set, and all is darkness, all is
darkness!
Death's lightnings strike to right
and left of me,
And, like a ruined wall, the world
around me
Crumbles away, and I am left alone.
I have no friends, and want none.
My own thoughts
Are now my sole companions,—
thoughts of her,
That like a benediction from the
skies
Come to me in my solitude and
soothe me.
When men are old, the incessant
thought of Death
Follows them like their shadow ;
sits with them

At every meal ; sleeps with them
when they sleep ;
And when they wake already is
awake,
And standing by their bedside.
Then, what folly
It is in us to make an enemy
Of this importunate follower, not
a friend !
To me a friend, and not an enemy,
Has he become since all my friends
are dead.

II.

VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO.

POPE JULIUS III, *seated by the
Fountain of Acqua Vergine, sur-
rounded by Cardinals.*

Julius. Tell me, why is it ye are
discontent,
You, Cardinals Salviati and Mar-
cello,
With Michael Angelo? What has
he done,
Or left undone, that ye are set
against him?
When one Pope dies, another is soon
made ;
And I can make a dozen Cardinals,
But cannot make one Michael An-
gelo.
Card. Salviati. Your Holiness,
we are not set against him ;
We but deplore his incapacity.
He is too old.

Julius. You, Cardinal Salviati,
Are an old man. Are you incapa-
ble?
'Tis the old ox that draws the
straightest furrow.

Card. Marcello. Your Holiness
remembers he was charged
With the repairs upon Saint Mary's
bridge ;

Michael Angelo.

Made cofferdams, and heaped up
load on load

Of timber and travertine; and yet
for years

The bridge remained unfinished,
till we gave it

To Baccio Bigio.

Julius. Always Baccio Bigio!
Is there no other architect on earth?
Was it not he that sometime had in
charge

The harbour of Ancona?

Card. Marcello. Ay, the same.

Julius. Then let me tell you that
your Baccio Bigio

Did greater damage in a single day
To that fair harbour than the sea
had done

Or would do in ten years. And
him you think

To put in place of Michael An-
gelo

In building the Basilica of Saint
Peter!

The ass that thinks himself a stag
discovers

His error when he comes to leap
the ditch.

Card. Marcello. He does not
build; he but demolishes

The labours of Bramante and San
Gallo.

Julius. Only to build more
grandly.

Card. Marcello. But time passes:
Year after year goes by, and yet
the work

Is not completed. Michael Angelo
Is a great sculptor, but no archi-
tect.

His plans are faulty.

Julius. I have seen his model,
And have approved it. But here
comes the artist.

Beware of him. He may make
Persians of you,

To carry burdens on your backs
for ever.

The same: MICHAEL ANGELO.

Julius. Come forward, dear
Maestro! In these gardens
All ceremonies of our court are
banished.

Sit down beside me here.

Michael A. (sitting down). How
graciously

Your Holiness commiserates old age
And its infirmities!

Julius. Say its privileges.
Art I respect. The building of this
palace

And laying out these pleasant
garden walks

Are my delight, and if I have not
asked

Your aid in this, it is that I forbear
To lay new burdens on you at an age
When you need rest. Here I escape
from Rome

To be at peace. The tumult of the
city

Scarce reaches here.

Michael A. How beautiful it is,
And quiet almost as a hermitage!

Julius. We live as hermits here;
and from these heights

O'erlook all Rome, and see the
yellow Tiber

Cleaving in twain the city like a
sword,

As far below there as Saint Mary's
bridge.

What think you of that bridge?

Michael A. I would advise
Your Holiness not to cross it, or
not often;

It is not safe.

Julius. It was repaired of late.

Michael A. Some morning you
will look for it in vain;

It will be gone. The current of the
river

Is undermining it.

Julius. But you repaired it.

Michael A. I strengthened all its
piers, and paved its road
With travertine. He who came
after me
Removed the stone, and sold it,
and filled in
The space with gravel.

Julius. Cardinal Salviati
And Cardinal Marcello, do you
listen?

This is your famous Nanni Baccio
Bigio.

Michael (aside). There is some
mystery here. These Cardinals
Stand lowering at me with un-
friendly eyes.

Julius. Now let us come to what
concerns us more
Than bridge or gardens. Some
complaints are made
Concerning the Three Chapels in
Saint Peter's ;
Certain supposed defects or imper-
fections,
You doubtless can explain.

Michael A. This is no longer
The golden age of art. Men have
become
Iconoclasts and critics. They de-
light not
In what an artist does, but set them-
selves
To censure what they do not com-
prehend.

You will not see them bearing a
Madonna
Of Cimabue to the church in
triumph,
But tearing down the statue of a
Pope

To cast it into cannon. Who are
they

That bring complaints against me ?

Julius. Deputies
Of the commissioners ; and they
complain

Of insufficient light in the Three
Chapels.

Michael A. Your Holiness, the
insufficient light
Is somewhere else, and not in the
Three Chapels.

Who are the deputies that make
complaint ?

Julius. The Cardinals Salviati
and Marcello,
Here present.

Michael A. (rising). With per-
mission, Monsignori,
What is it ye complain of ?

Card. Marcello. We regret
You have departed from Bramante's
plan,

And from San Gallo's.

Michael A. Since the
ancient time

No greater architect has lived on
earth

Than Lazzari Bramante. His de-
sign,

Without confusion, simple, clear,
well-lighted,

Merits all praise, and to depart
from it

Would be departing from the truth.
San Gallo,

Building about with columns, took
all light

Out of this plan ; left in the choir
dark corners

For infinite ribaldries, and lurking
places

For rogues and robbers ; so that
when the church

Was shut at night, not five and
twenty men

Could find them out. It was San
Gallo, then,

That left the church in darkness,
and not I.

Card. Marcello. Excuse me ; but
in each of the Three Chapels
Is but a single window.

Michael A. Monsignore,
Perhaps you do not know that in
the vaulting

Michael Angelo.

Above there are to go three other windows.

Card. Salviati. How should we know? You never told us of it.

Michael A. I neither am obliged, nor will I be,

To tell your Eminence or any other What I intend or ought to do.

Your office

Is to provide the means, and see that thieves

Do not lay hands upon them. The designs

Must all be left to me.

Card. Marcello. Sir architect, You do forget yourself, to speak thus rudely

In presence of his Holiness, and to us

Who are his cardinals.

Michael A. (putting on his hat).

I do not forget

I am descended from the Counts Conossa,

Linked with the Imperial line, and with Matilda,

Who gave the Church Saint Peter's Patrimony.

I, too, am proud to give unto the Church

The labour of these hands, and what of life

Remains to me. My father Buonarrotti

Was Podestà of Chiusi and Caprese. I am not used to have men speak to me

As if I were a mason, hired to build A garden wall, and paid on Saturdays

So much an hour.

Card. Salviati (aside). No wonder that Pope Clement

Never sat down in presence of this man,

Lest he should do the same; and always bade him

Put on his hat, lest he unasked should do it!

Michael A. If any one could die of grief and shame,

I should. This labour was imposed upon me;

I did not seek it; and if I assumed it,

'Twas not for love of fame or love of gain,

But for the love of God. Perhaps old age

Deceived me, or self-interest, or ambition;

I maybe doing harm instead of good. Therefore, I pray your Holiness,

release me;

Take off from me the burden of this work;

Let me go back to Florence.

Julius. Never, never, While I am living.

Michael A. Doth your Holiness Remember what the Holy Scriptures say

Of the inevitable time, when those Who look out of the windows shall

be darkened, And the almond-tree shall flourish?

Julius. That is in Ecclesiastes.

Michael A. And the grasshopper Shall be a burden, and desire shall

fail, Because man goeth unto his long home.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all

Is vanity.

Julius. Ah, were to do a thing As easy as to dream of doing it,

We should not want for artists. But the men

Who carry out in act their great designs

Are few in number; ay, they may be counted

Upon the fingers of this hand. Your place

Is at Saint Peter's.

Michael Angelo.

Michael A. I have had my dream,
And cannot carry out my great conception,
And put it into act.

Julius. Then who can do it ?
You would but leave it to some
Baccio Bigio
To mangle and deface.

Michael A. Rather than that,
I will still bear the burden on my
shoulders

A little longer. If your Holiness
Will keep the world in order, and
will leave
The building of the church to me,
the work

Will go on better for it. Holy
Father,

If all the labours that I have endured,

And shall endure, advantage not
my soul,

I am but losing time.

Julius (laying his hands on MICHAEL ANGELO'S shoulders).

You will be gainer
Both for your soul and body.

Michael A. Not events
Exasperate me, but the funest conclusions

I draw from these events; the sure
decline

Of art, and all the meaning of that
word ;

All that embellishes and sweetens
life,

And lifts it from the level of low
cares

Into the purer atmosphere of
beauty ;

The faith in the Ideal ; the inspiration

That made the canons of the church
of Seville

Say, ' Let us build, so that all men
hereafter

Will say that we were madmen.'
Holy Father,

I beg permission to retire from
here.

Julius. Go ; and my benediction
be upon you.

[MICHAEL ANGELO goes out.

My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo
Must not be dealt with as a common
mason.

He comes of noble blood, and for
his crest

Bears two bulls' horns ; and he has
given us proof

That he can toss with them. From
this day forth

Unto the end of time, let no man
utter

The name of Baccio Bigio in my
presence.

All great achievements are the
natural fruits

Of a great character. As trees bear
not

Their fruits of the same size and
quality,

But each one in its kind with equal
ease,

So are great deeds as natural to
great men

As mean things are to small ones.
By his work

We know the master. Let us not
perplex him.

III.

BINDO ALTOVITI.

A street in Rome. BINDO ALTOVITI, standing at the door of his house. MICHAEL ANGELO, passing.

Bindo. Good-morning, Messer
Michael Angelo !

Michael A. Good morning, Messer Bindo Altoviti !

Bindo. What brings you forth so
early ?

Michael Angelo.

Michael A. The same reason
That keeps you standing sentinel at
your door,—

The air of this delicious summer
morning.

What news have you from Florence?

Bindo. Nothing new ;
The same old tale of violence and
wrong.

Since the disastrous day at Monte
Murlo,

When in procession, through San
Gallo's gate,

Bareheaded, clothed in rags, on
sorry steeds,

Philippo Strozzi and the good
Valori

Were led as prisoners down the
streets of Florence,

Amid the shouts of an ungrateful
people,

Hope is no more, and liberty no
more.

Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns
supreme.

Michael A. Florence is dead :
her houses are but tombs ;

Silence and solitude are in her
streets.

Bindo. Ah yes ; and often I repeat
the words

You wrote upon your statue of the
Night,

There in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo:
'Grateful to me is sleep ; to be of
stone

More grateful, while the wrong and
shame endure ;

To see not, feel not, is a benediction ;
Therefore awake me not ; oh, speak
in whispers.'

Michael A. Ah, Messer Bindo,
the calamities,

The fallen fortunes, and the desola-
tion

Of Florence are to me a tragedy
Deeper than words, and darker than
despair.

I, who have worshipped freedom
from my cradle,

Have loved her with the passion of
a lover,

And clothed her with all lovely at-
tributes

That the imagination can conceive,
Or the heart conjure up, now see
her dead,

And trodden in the dust beneath
the feet

Of an adventurer ! It is a grief
Too great for me to bear in my
old age.

Bindo. I say no news from
Florence : I am wrong,

For Benvenuto writes that he is
coming

To be my guest in Rome.

Michael A. Those are
good tidings.

He hath been many years away
from us.

Bindo. Pray you, come in.

Michael A. I have
not time to stay,

And yet I will. I see from here
your house

Is filled with works of art. That
bust in bronze

Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the
master

That works in such an admirable
way,

And with such power and feeling ?
Bindo. Benvenuto.

Michael A. Ah ? Benvenuto ?
'Tis a masterpiece !

It pleases me as much, and even
more,

Than the antiques about it ; and
yet they

Are of the best one sees. But you
have placed it

By far too high. The light comes
from below,

And injures the expression. Were
these windows

Above and not beneath it, then indeed
 It would maintain its own among
 these works
 Of the old masters, noble as they
 are.
 I will go in and study it more
 closely
 I always prophesied that Benvenuto,
 With all his follies and fantastic
 ways,
 Would show his genius in some
 work of art
 That would amaze the world, and
 be a challenge
 Unto all other artists of his time.
 [They go in.]

IV.

IN THE COLISEUM.

MICHAEL ANGELO *and* TOMASO
 DE' CAVALIERI.

Cavalieri. What have you here
 alone, Messer Michele?

Michael A. I come to learn.

Cavalieri. You are
 already master,
 And teach all other men.

Michael A. Nay, I know
 nothing;
 Not even my own ignorance, as
 some

Philosopher hath said. I am a
 schoolboy
 Who hath not learned his lesson,
 and who stands
 Ashamed and silent in the awful
 presence

Of the great master of antiquity
 Who built these walls cyclopean.

Cavalieri. Gaudentius
 His name was, I remember. His
 reward

Was to be thrown alive to the wild
 beasts

Here where we now are standing.

Michael A. Idle tales.
Cavalieri. But you are greater
 than Gaudentius was,
 And your work nobler.

Michael A. Silence, I beseech
 you.

Cavalieri. Tradition says that
 fifteen thousand men
 Were toiling for ten years incessantly
 Upon this amphitheatre.

Michael A. Behold
 How wonderful it is! The queen
 of flowers,
 The marble rose of Rome! Its
 petals torn

By wind and rain of thrice five
 hundred years;

Its mossy sheath half rent away,
 and sold

To ornament our palaces and
 churches,

Or to be trodden under feet of man
 Upon the Tiber's bank; yet what
 remains

Still opening its fair bosom to the
 sun,

And to the constellations that at
 night

Hang poised above it like a swarm
 of bees.

Cavalieri. The rose of Rome,
 but not of Paradise;

Not the white rose our Tuscan poet
 saw,

With saints for petals. When this
 rose was perfect,

Its hundred thousand petals were
 not saints,

But senators in their Thessalian
 caps,

And all the roaring populace of
 Rome;

And even an Empress and the
 Vestal Virgins,

Who came to see the gladiators die,
 Could not give sweetness to a rose
 like this.

Michael A. I spake not of its
uses, but its beauty.

Cavalieri. The sand beneath
our feet is saturate
With blood of martyrs; and these
rifted stones
Are awful witnesses against a people
Whose pleasure was the pain of
dying men.

Michael A. Tomaso Cavalieri, on
my word,
You should have been a preacher,
not a painter!

Think you that I approve such
cruelties,

Because I marvel at the architects
Who built these walls, and curved
these noble arches?

Oh, I am put to shame, when I
consider

How mean our work is, when com-
pared with theirs!

Look at these walls about us and
above us!

They have been shaken by earth-
quakes, have been made

A fortress, and been battered by
long sieges;

The iron clamps, that held the
stones together,

Have been wrenched from them;
but they stand erect

And firm, as if they had been hewn
and hollowed

Out of the solid rock, and were a
part

Of the foundations of the world
itself.

Cavalieri. Your work, I say
again, is nobler work,

In so far as its end and aim are
nobler;

And this is but a ruin, like the rest.
Its vaulted passages are made the
caverns

Of robbers, and are haunted by the
ghosts

Of murdered men.

Michael A. A thousand wild
flowers bloom

From every chink, and the birds
build their nests

Among the ruined arches, and
suggest

New thoughts of beauty to the
architect.

Now let us climb the broken stairs
that lead

Into the corridors above, and study
The marvel and the mystery of that
art

In which I am a pupil, not a master.
All things must have an end; the
world itself

Must have an end, as in a dream
I saw it.

There came a great hand out of
heaven, and touched

The earth, and stopped it in its
course. The seas

Leaped, a vast cataract, into the
abyss;

The forests and the fields slid off,
and floated

Like wooded islands in the air.
The dead

Were hurled forth from their
sepulchres; the living

Were mingled with them, and them-
selves were dead,—

All being dead; and the fair,
shining cities

Dropped out like jewels from a
broken crown.

Naught but the core of the great
globe remained,

A skeleton of stone. And over it
The wrack of matter drifted like

a cloud,
And then recoiled upon itself, and fell

Back on the empty world, that with
the weight

Reeled, staggered, righted, and
then headlong plunged

Into the darkness, as a ship, when
struck

By a great sea, throws off the waves
at first
On either side, then settles and
goes down
Into the dark abyss, with her dead
crew.

Cavalieri. But the earth does
not move.

Michael A. Who knows?
who knows?

There are great truths that pitch
their shining tents
Outside our walls, and though but
dimly seen

In the gray dawn, they will be
manifest

When the light widens into perfect
day.

A certain man, Copernicus by name,
Sometime professor here in Rome,
has whispered

It is the earth, and not the sun,
that moves.

What I beheld was only in a dream,
Yet dreams sometimes anticipate
events,

Being unsubstantial images of
things

As yet unseen.

V.

BENVENUTO AGAIN.

Macello de' Corvi. MICHAEL
ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Michael A. So, Benvenuto, you
return once more

To the Eternal City. 'Tis the
centre

To which all gravitates. One finds
no rest

Elsewhere than here. There may
be other cities

That please us for a while, but
Rome alone

Completely satisfies. It becomes
to all

A second native land by predi-
lection,

And not by accident of birth alone.

Benvenuto. I am but just arrived,
and am now lodging

With Bindo Altoviti. I have been
To kiss the feet of our most Holy

Father,

And now am come in haste to kiss
the hands

Of my miraculous Master.

Michael A. And to find him

Grown very old.

Benvenuto. You know that
precious stones

Never grow old.

Michael A. Half sunk beneath
the horizon,

And yet not gone. Twelve years
are a long while.

Tell me of France.

Benvenuto. It were too long
a tale

To tell you all. Suffice in brief
to say

The King received me well, and
loved me well;

Gave me the annual pension that
before me

Our Leonardo had, nor more nor
less,

And for my residence the Tour de
Nesle,

Upon the river-side.

Michael A. A princely lodging.

Benvenuto. What in return I did
now matters not,

For there are other things, of
greater moment,

I wish to speak of. First of all,
the letter

You wrote me, not long since,
about my bust

Of Bindo Altoviti, here in Rome.
You said,

'My Benvenuto, I for many years
Have known you as the greatest
of all goldsmiths,

Michael Angelo.

And now I know you as no less a sculptor.'

Ah, generous Master! How shall I e'er thank you
For such kind language?

Michael A. By believing it.
I saw the bust at Messer Bindo's house,

And thought it worthy of the ancient masters,
And said so. That is all.

Benvenuto. It is too much;
And I should stand abashed here in your presence,
Had I done nothing worthier of your praise
Than Bindo's bust.

Michael A. What have you done that's better?

Benvenuto. When I left Rome for Paris, you remember
I promised you that if I went a goldsmith
I would return a sculptor. I have kept
The promise I then made.

Michael A. Dear Benvenuto, I recognized the latent genius in you,
But feared your vices.

Benvenuto. I have turned them all
To virtues. My impatient, wayward nature,
That made me quick in quarrel, now has served me
Where meekness could not, and where patience could not,
As you shall hear now. I have cast in bronze
A statue of Perseus, holding thus aloft

In his left hand the head of the Medusa,
And in his right the sword that severed it;
His right foot planted on the lifeless corse;
His face superb and pitiful, with eyes

Down-looking on the victim of his vengeance.

Michael A. I see it as it should be.
Benvenuto. As it will be
When it is placed upon the Ducal Square,
Half-way between your David and the Judith
Of Donatello.

Michael A. Rival of them both!
Benvenuto. But ah, what infinite trouble have I had
With Bandinello, and that stupid beast,
The major-domo of Duke Cosimo, Francesco Ricci, and their wretched agent

Gorini, who came crawling round about me
Like a black spider, with his whining voice
That sounded like the buzz of a mosquito!

Oh, I have wept in utter desperation,
And wished a thousand times I had not left

My Tour de Nesle, nor e'er returned to Florence,
Or thought of Perseus. What malignant falsehoods

They told the Grand Duke, to impede my work,
And make me desperate!

Michael A. The nimble lie
Is like the second-hand upon a clock;
We see it fly; while the hour-hand of truth

Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,
And wins at last, for the clock will not strike
Till it has reached the goal.

Benvenuto. My obstinacy
Stood me in stead, and helped me to o'ercome
The hindrances that envy and ill-will
Put in my way.

Michael A. When anything
is done
People see not the patient doing of it,
Nor think how great would be the
loss to man
If it had not been done. As in
a building
Stone rests on stone, and wanting
the foundation
All would be wanting, so in human
life
Each action rests on the foregone
event,
That made it possible, but is for-
gotten
And buried in the earth.

Benvenuto. Even Bandinello,
Who never yet spake well of any-
thing,
Speaks well of this ; and yet he told
the Duke
That, though I cast small figures
well enough,
I never could cast this.

Michael A. But you have
done it,
And proved Ser Bandinello a false
prophet.
That is the wisest way.

Benvenuto. And ah, that
casting!
What a wild scene it was, as late at
night,
A night of wind and rain, we heaped
the furnace
With pine of Serristori, till the
flames
Caught in the rafters over us, and
threatened
To send the burning roof upon our
heads ;
And from the garden side the wind
and rain
Poured in upon us, and half quenched
our fires.
I was beside myself with desperation.
A shudder came upon me, then a
fever ;

I thought that I was dying, and
was forced
To leave the workshop, and to
throw myself
Upon my bed, as one who has no
hope.
And as I lay there, a deformed old
man
Appeared before me, and with dis-
mal voice,
Like one who doth exhort a criminal
Led forth to death, exclaimed,
' Poor Benvenuto,
Thy work is spoiled ! There is no
remedy !'
Then, with a cry so loud it might
have reached
The heaven of fire, I bounded to
my feet,
And rushed back to my workmen.
They all stood
Bewildered and desponding ; and
I looked
Into the furnace, and beheld the
mass
Half molten only, and in my despair
I fed the fire with oak, whose ter-
rible heat
Soon made the sluggish metal shine
and sparkle.
Then followed a bright flash, and
an explosion,
As if a thunderbolt had fallen
among us.
The covering of the furnace had
been rent
Asunder, and the bronze was flowing
over ;
So that I straightway opened all
the sluices
To fill the mould. The metal ran
like lava,
Sluggish and heavy ; and I sent my
workmen
To ransack the whole house, and
bring together
My pewter plates and pans, two
hundred of them,

And cast them one by one into the
furnace

To liquefy the mass, and in a mo-
ment

The mould was filled ! I fell upon
my knees

And thanked the Lord ; and then
we ate and drank

And went to bed, all hearty and
contented.

It was two hours before the break
of day.

My fever was quite gone.

Michael A. A strange adventure,
That could have happened to no
man alive

But you, my Benvenuto.

Benvenuto. As my workmen said
To major-domo Ricci afterward,
When he inquired of them : 'Twas
not a man,

But an express great devil.'

Michael A. And the statue ?

Benvenuto. Perfect in every
part, save the right foot
Of Perseus, as I had foretold the
Duke.

There was just bronze enough to
fill the mould ;

Not a drop over, not a drop too
little.

I looked upon it as a miracle

Wrought by the hand of God.

Michael A. And now I see
How you have turned your vices
into virtues.

Benvenuto. But wherefore do I
prate of this ? I came
To speak of other things. Duke
Cosimo

Through me invites you to return
to Florence,

And offers you great honours, even
to make you

One of the Forty-Eight, his Sena-
tors.

Michael A. His Senators ! That
is enough. Since Florence

Was changed by Clement Seventh
from a Republic

Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish
To be a Florentine. That dream
is ended.

The Grand Duke Cosimo now
reigns supreme ;

All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me !
I hoped to see my country rise to
heights

Of happiness and freedom yet un-
reached

By other nations, but the climbing
wave

Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides
again

Back to the common level, with a
hoarse

Death rattle in its throat. I am
too old

To hope for better days. I will
stay here

And die in Rome. The very weeds,
that grow

Among the broken fragments of her
ruins,

Are sweeter to me than the garden
flowers

Of other cities ; and the desolate
ring

Of the Campagna round about her
walls

Fairer than all the villas that en-
circle

The towns of Tuscany.

Benvenuto. But your old friends !

Michael A. All dead by violence.

Baccio Valori

Has been beheaded ; Guicciardini
poisoned ;

Philippo Strozzi strangled in his
prison.

Is Florence then a place for honest
men

To flourish in ? What is there to
prevent

My sharing the same fate ?

Benvenuto. Why, this : if all

Michael Angelo.

Your friends are dead, so are your enemies.

Michael A. Is Aretino dead?

Benvenuto. He lives in Venice, And not in Florence.

Michael A. 'Tis the same to me.

This wretched mountebank, whom flatterers

Call the Divine, as if to make the word

Unpleasant in the mouths of those who speak it

And in the ears of those who hear it, sends me

A letter written for the public eye, And with such subtle and infernal malice,

I wonder at his wickedness. 'Tis he Is the express great devil, and not you.

Some years ago he told me how to paint

The scenes of the Last Judgment.

Benvenuto. I remember.

Michael A. Well, now he writes to me that, as a Christian, He is ashamed of the unbounded freedom

With which I represent it.

Benvenuto. Hypocrite!

Michael A. He says I showman-kind that I am wanting

In piety and religion, in proportion As I profess perfection in my art.

Profess perfection? Why, 'tis only men

Like Bugiardini who are satisfied With what they do. I never am content,

But always see the labours of my hand

Fall short of my conception.

Benvenuto. I perceive

The malice of this creature. He would taint you

With heresy, and in a time like this! 'Tis infamous!

Michael A. I represent the angels

Without their heavenly glory, and the saints

Without a trace of earthly modesty.

Benvenuto. Incredible audacity!

Michael A. The heathen Veiled their Diana with some drape-ry,

And when they represented Venus naked

They made her by her modest attitude,

Appear half clothed. But I, who am a Christian,

Do so subordinate belief to art That I have made the very violation

Of modesty in martyrs and in vir-gins

A spectacle at which all men would gaze

With half-averted eyes even in a brothel.

Benvenuto. He is at home there, and he ought to know

What men avert their eyes from in such places;

From the Last Judgment chiefly, I imagine.

Michael A. But divine Provi-dence will never leave

The boldness of my marvellous work unpunished;

And the more marvellous it is, the more

'Tis sure to prove the ruin of my fame!

And finally, if in this composition I had pursued the instructions that he gave me

Concerning heaven and hell and paradise,

In that same letter, known to all the world,

Nature would not be forced, as she is now,

To feel ashamed that she invested me

Michael Angelo.

With such great talent ; that I
stand myself
A very idol in the world of art.

He taunts me also with the Mausoleum

Of Julius, still unfinished, for the reason

That men persuaded the inane old man

It was of evil augury to build

His tomb while he was living ; and he speaks

Of heaps of gold this Pope bequeathed to me,

And calls it robbery ;—that is what he says.

What prompted such a letter ?

Benvenuto. Vanity.

He is a clever writer, and he likes

To draw his pen, and flourish it in the face

Of every honest man, as swordsmen do

Their rapiers on occasion, but to show

How skillfully they do it. Had you followed

The advice he gave, or even thanked him for it,

You would have seen another style of fence.

'Tis but his wounded vanity, and the wish

To see his name in print. So give it not

A moment's thought ; it soon will be forgotten.

Michael A. I will not think of it, but let it pass

For a rude speech thrown at me in the street,

As boys threw stones at Dante.

Benvenuto. And what answer shall I take back to Grand Duke Cosimo ?

He does not ask your labour or your service ;

Only your presence in the city of Florence,

With such advice upon his work in hand

As he may ask, and you may choose to give.

Michael A. You have my answer. Nothing he can offer

Shall tempt me to leave Rome.

My work is here,

And only here, the building of Saint Peter's.

What other things I hitherto have done

Have fallen from me, are no longer mine ;

I have passed on beyond them, and have left them

As milestones on the way. What lies before me,

That is still mine, and while it is unfinished

No one shall draw me from it, or persuade me,

By promises of ease, or wealth, or honour,

Till I behold the finished dome uprise

Complete, as now I see it in my thought.

Benvenuto. And will you paint no more ?

Michael A. No more.

Benvenuto. 'Tis well.

Sculpture is more divine, and more like Nature,

That fashions all her works in high relief,

And that is sculpture. This vast ball, the Earth,

Was moulded out of clay, and baked in fire ;

Men, women, and all animals that breathe

Are statues, and not paintings. Even the plants,

The flowers, the fruits, the grasses, were first sculptured,

And coloured later. Painting is a lie,
A shadow merely.

Michael A. Truly, as you say,
Sculpture is more than painting.

It is greater
To raise the dead to life than to
create

Phantoms that seem to live. The
most majestic

Of the three sister arts is that which
builds ;

The eldest of them all, to whom the
others

Are but the handmaids and the
servitors,

Being but imitation, not creation.
Henceforth I dedicate myself to her.

Benvenuto. And no more from
the marble hew those forms
That fill us all with wonder ?

Michael A. Many statues
Will there be room for in my
work. Their station
Already is assigned them in my
mind.

But things move slowly. There are
hindrances,

Want of material, want of means,
delays

And interruptions, endless inter-
ference

Of Cardinal Commissioners, and
disputes

And jealousies of artists, that annoy
me.

But I will persevere until the work
Is wholly finished, or till I sink
down

Surprised by death, that unexpected
guest,

Who waits for no man's leisure,
but steps in,

Unasked and unannounced, to put
a stop

To all our occupations and designs.
And then perhaps I may go back
to Florence ;

This is my answer to Duke Cosimo.

VI.

URBINO'S FORTUNE.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio*. MI-
CHAEL ANGELO and URBINO.

Michael A. (*pausing in his
work*). Urbino, thou and I
are both old men.

My strength begins to fail me.

Urbino. Eccellenza,
That is impossible. Do I not see
you

Attack the marble blocks with the
same fury

As twenty years ago ?

Michael A. 'Tis an old habit
I must have learned it early from
my nurse

At Setignano, the stone-mason's
wife :

For the first sounds I heard were of
the chisel

Chipping away the stone.

Urbino. At every stroke
You strike fire with your chisel.

Michael A. Ay, because
The marble is too hard.

Urbino. It is a block
That Topolino sent you from Car-
rara.

He is a judge of marble.

Michael A. I remember.
With it he sent me something of
his making,—

A Mercury, with long body and
short legs,

As if by any possibility

A messenger of the gods could have
short legs.

It was no more like Mercury than
you are,

But rather like those little plaster
figures

That peddlers hawk about the
villages

As images of saints. But luckily

Michael Angelo.

For Topolino, there are many people

Who see no difference between what is best

And what is only good, or not even good ;

So that poor artists stand in their esteem

On the same level with the best, or higher.

Urbino. How Eccellenza laughed!

Michael A. Poor Topolino ! All men are not born artists, nor will labour

E'er make them artists.

Urbino. No, no more Than Emperors, or Popes, or Cardinals.

One must be chosen for it. I have been

Your colour-grinder six and twenty years,

And am not yet an artist.

Michael A. Some have eyes That see not ; but in every block of marble

I see a statue,—see it as distinctly As if it stood before me shaped and perfect

In attitude and action. I have only To hew away the stone walls that imprison

The lovely apparition, and reveal it To other eyes as mine already see it.

But I grow old and weak. What wilt thou do

When I am dead, Urbino ?

Urbino. Eccellenza, I must then serve another master.

Michael A. Never ! Bitter is servitude at best. Already So many years hast thou been serving me ;

But rather as a friend than as a servant.

We have grown old together. Dost thou think

So meanly of this Michael Angelo As to imagine he would let thee serve,

When he is free from service ? Take this purse,

Two thousand crowns in gold.

Urbino. Two thousand crowns !

Michael A. Ay, it will make thee rich. Thou shalt not die A beggar in a hospital.

Urbino. Oh, Master ! *Michael A.* I cannot have them with me on the journey

That I am undertaking. The last garment

That men will make for me will have no pockets.

Urbino (kissing the hand of MICHAEL ANGELO). My generous master !

Michael A. Hush !

Urbino. My Providence !

Michael A. Not a word more. Go now to bed, old man.

Thou hast served Michael Angelo. Remember,

Henceforward thou shalt serve no other master.

VII.

THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *alone in the woods.*

Michael A. How still it is among these ancient oaks !

Surges and undulations of the air Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them fall

With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietudes

Become old age. These huge centennial oaks,

That may have heard in infancy the trumpets

Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride
 Man's brief existence, that with all
 his strength
 He cannot stretch beyond the
 hundredth year.
 This little acorn, turbaned like
 the Turk,
 Which with my foot I spurn, may
 be an oak
 Hereafter, feeding with its bitter
 mast
 The fierce wild boar, and tossing
 in its arms
 The cradled nests of birds, when all
 the men
 That now inhabit this vast universe,
 They and their children, and their
 children's children,
 Shall be but dust and mould, and
 nothing more.
 Through openings in the trees I see
 below me
 The valley of Clitumnus, with its
 farms
 And snow-white oxen grazing in
 the shade
 Of the tall poplars on the river's
 brink.
 O Nature, gentle mother, tender
 nurse !
 I, who have never loved thee as I
 ought,
 But wasted all my years immured
 in cities,
 And breathed the stifling atmo-
 sphere of streets,
 Now come to thee for refuge.
 Here is peace.
 Yonder I see the little hermitages
 Dotting the mountain side with
 points of light,
 And here St. Julian's convent, like
 a nest
 Of curlews, clinging to some windy
 cliff.
 Beyond the broad, illimitable plain
 Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's
 quoit,

That, by the envious Zephyr blown
 aside,
 Struck Hyacinthus dead, and
 stained the earth
 With his young blood, that blos-
 somed into flowers.
 And now, instead of these fair deities,
 Dread demons haunt the earth ;
 hermits inhabit
 The leafy homes of sylvan Hama-
 dryads ;
 And jovial friars, rotund and rubi-
 cund,
 Replace the old Silenus with his ass.

Here underneath these venerable
 oaks,
 Wrinkled and brown and gnarled
 like them with age,
 A brother of the monastery sits,
 Lost in his meditations. What
 may be
 The questions that perplex, the
 hopes that cheer him ?
 Good-evening, holy father.

Monk. God be with you.

Michael A. Pardon a stranger if
 he interrupt

Your meditations.

Monk. It was but a dream,—
 The old, old dream, that never will
 come true ;
 The dream that all my life I have
 been dreaming,
 And yet is still a dream.

Michael A. All men have dreams.
 I have had mine ; but none of them
 came true ;

They were but vanity. Sometimes
 I think

The happiness of man lies in pur-
 suing,

Not in possessing ; for the things
 possessed

Lose half their value. Tell me of
 your dream.

Monk. The yearning of my heart,
 my sole desire,

Michael Angelo.

That like the sheaf of Joseph
stands upright,
While all the others bend and bow
to it;
The passion that torments me, and
that breathes
New meaning into the dead forms
of prayer,
Is that with mortal eyes I may
behold
The Eternal City.

Michael A. Rome?

Monk. There is but one;
The rest are merely names. I
think of it
As the Celestial City, paved with
gold,
And sentinelled with angels.

Michael A. Would it were.
I have just fled from it. It is
beleagured

By Spanish troops, led by the Duke
of Alva.

Monk. But still for me 'tis the
Celestial City,
And I would see it once before
I die.

Michael A. Each one must bear
his cross.

Monk. Were it a cross
That had been laid upon me, I
could bear it,
Or fall with it. It is a crucifix;
I am nailed hand and foot, and
I am dying!

Michael A. What would you see
in Rome?

Monk. His Holiness.

Michael A. Him that was once
the Cardinal Caraffa?
You would but see a man of four-
score years,
With sunken eyes, burning like
carbuncles,
Who sits at table with his friends
for hours,
Cursing the Spaniards as a race of
Jews

And miscreant Moors. And with
what soldiery

Think you he now defends the
Eternal City?

Monk. With legions of bright
angels.

Michael A. So he calls them;
And yet in fact these bright angelic
legions

Are only German Lutherans.

Monk (crossing himself). Heaven
protect us!

Michael A. What further would
you see?

Monk. The Cardinals,
Going in their gilt coaches to High
Mass.

Michael A. Men do not go to
Paradise in coaches.

Monk. The catacombs, the con-
vents, and the churches;
The ceremonies of the Holy Week
In all their pomp, or, at the
Epiphany,
The Feast of the Santissima
Bambino

At Ara Coeli. But I shall not see
them.

Michael A. These pompous
ceremonies of the Church
Are but an empty show to him who
knows

The actors in them. Stay here in
your convent,
For he who goes to Rome may see
too much.

What would you further?

Monk. I would see
the painting
Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine
Chapel.

Michael A. The smoke of incense
and of altar candles
Has blackened it already.

Monk. Woe is me!
Then I would hear Allegri's Mi-
serere,
Sung by the Papal choir.

Michael A. A dismal dirge !
I am an old, old man, and I have
lived
In Rome for thirty years and more,
and know
The jarring of the wheels of that
great world,
Its jealousies, its discords, and its
strife.
Therefore I say to you, remain
content
Here in your convent, here among
your woods,
Where only there is peace. Go
not to Rome.
There was of old a monk of Wit-
tenberg
Who went to Rome ; you may
have heard of him ;
His name was Luther ; and you
know what followed.

[*The convent bell rings.*

Monk (rising). It is the convent
bell ; it rings for vespers.
Let us go in ; we both will pray for
peace.

VIII.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *studio*. MI-
CHAEL ANGELO, *with a light,*
working upon the Dead Christ.
Midnight.

Michael A. O Death, why is it
I cannot portray
Thy form and features ? Do I stand
too near thee ?
Or dost thou hold my hand, and
draw me back,
As being thy disciple, not thy
master ?
Let him who knows not what old
age is like
Have patience till it comes, and he
will know.

I once had skill to fashion Life and
Death
And Sleep, which is the counterfeit
of Death ;
And I remember what Giovanni
Strozzi
Wrote underneath my statue of the
Night
In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago !
Grateful to me is sleep ! More
grateful now
Than it was then ; for all my friends
are dead ;
And she is dead, the noblest of
them all.
I saw her face, when the great
sculptor Death,
Whom men should call Divine, had
at a blow
Stricken her into marble ; and I
kissed
Her cold white hand. What was
it held me back
From kissing her fair forehead, and
those lips,
Those dead, dumb lips ? Grateful
to me is sleep !

Enter GIORGIO VASARI.

Giorgio. Good-evening, or good-
morning, for I know not
Which of the two it is.

Michael A. How came you in ?
Giorgio. Why, by the door, as
all men do.

Michael A. Ascanio
Must have forgotten to bolt it.

Giorgio. Probably.
Am I a spirit, or so like a spirit,
That I could slip through bolted
door or window ?
As I was passing down the street,
I saw
A glimmer of light, and heard the
well-known chink
Of chisel upon marble. So I en-
tered,

Michael Angelo.

To see what keeps you from your
bed so late.

*Michael A. (coming forward
with the lamp).* You have
been revelling with your boon
companions,

Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me
At an untimely hour.

Giorgio. The Pope hath sent me.
His Holiness desires to see again
The drawing you once showed him
of the dome

Of the Basilica.

Michael A. We will look for it.

Giorgio. What is the marble
group that glimmers there
Behind you?

Michael A. Nothing, and yet
everything,—

As one may take it. It is my own
tomb,

That I am building.

Giorgio. Do not hide it
from me.

By our long friendship and the love
I bear you,

Refuse me not!

*Michael A. (letting fall the
lamp).* Life hath become
to me

An empty theatre,—its lights extin-
guished,

The music silent, and the actors
gone;

And I alone sit musing on the
scenes

That once have been. I am so old
that Death

Oft plucks me by the cloak, to come
with him;

And some day, like this lamp, shall
I fall down,

And my last spark of life will be
extinguished.

Ah me! ah me! what darkness of
despair!

So near to death, and yet so far
from God!

Miscellaneous Poems.

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light ;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire ;
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall !
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all !

II.

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day ;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies,
Forgotten they lie ;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearthstone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall ;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all !

THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

THE golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like
clouds,
Dissolved in glory float,
And midway of the radiant flood,
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well,
And which is earth and which is
heaven,
The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for us life's evening hour,
Soft fading shall descend,
May glory, born of earth and heaven,
The earth and heaven blend.

Flooded with peace the spirits float,
With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends and heaven
begins,
The soul shall scarcely know.



VIA SOLITARIA.

ALONE I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with
his own ;
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of
June ;
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping
voices

Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm-tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery
spray ;
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, Summer
flowers ;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes ;
They gaze on other fields than ours,
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the
sheath ;

Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,
And, therefore, life and health
must crave,

Though she who gave the world its
beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from
thee,
And wait, until with glad thanks-
giving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveller stands,
One absent long from home and
nation
In other lands.

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and
gloom,
To hear, approaching in the dis-
tance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another
mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shores a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh! vision of de-
light!—
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that
breakest,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call Thee blessed when thou
makest
The parted—one.



THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.

WHAT say the Bells of San Blas
To the ships that southward pass
From the harbour of Mazatlan?
To them it is nothing more
Than the sound of surf on the
shore,—
Nothing more to master or man.

Miscellaneous Poems.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what seems
Are often one and the same,—
The Bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
And are something more than
a name.

For bells are the voice of the Church;
They have tones that touch and
search

The hearts of young and old;
One sound to all, yet each
Lends a meaning to their speech,
And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,
Of an age that is fading fast,
Of a power austere and grand;
When the flag of Spain unfurled
Its folds o'er this western world,
And the Priest was lord of the
land.

The chapel that once looked down
On the little seaport town
Has crumbled into the dust;
And on oaken beams below
The bells swing to and fro,
And are green with mould and
rust.

'Is, then, the old faith dead,'
They say, 'and in its stead
Is some new faith proclaimed,
That we are forced to remain
Naked to sun and rain,
Unsheltered and ashamed?'

'Once in our tower aloof
We rang over wall and roof
Our warnings and our complaints;
And round about us there
The white doves filled the air,
Like the white souls of the saints.

'The saints! Ah, have they grown
Forgetful of their own?
Are they asleep, or dead,
That open to the sky
Their ruined Missions lie,
No longer tenanted?'

'Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was
filled;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build.

'Then from our tower again
We will send over land and main
Our voices of command,
Like exiled kings who return
To their thrones, and the people
learn
That the Priest is lord of the
land!'

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again!
The Past is deaf to your prayer:
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

Notes.

Page 27. *Coplas de Manrique.*

This poem of Manrique is a great favourite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Closa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle.

'O World ! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed !
Alas ! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom ;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair ;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts ;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

Page 40. *King Christian.*

Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel, a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess re-

ceived the popular title of Tordenskiold, or Thunder-shield. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

Page 46. *The Skeleton in Armour.*

This Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour ; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*, for 1838-1839, says :—

'There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed,—the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century,—that style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon and sometimes Norman architecture.

'On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date

of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses; for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill, is what an architect will easily discern.

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many a citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim, with Sancho: 'God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head.'

Page 47. *Skoal!*

In Scandinavia, this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

Page 49. *The Luck of Edenhall.*

The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the 'shards of the Luck of Edenhall,' still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir

Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.

Page 50. *The Elected Knight.*

This strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.

Page 52. *The Children of the Lord's Supper.*

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, 'God bless you!' The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heirloom,—to dip the curdled milk from the

pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and, hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarian peasant-women, travelling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little Garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long, tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babies that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks

from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, 'How quietly they rest, all the departed!'

Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower, that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant-girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavour to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer-time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber;

and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest, and pray for hospitality. 'How many are you?' asks the bride's father. 'At least three hundred,' is the answer; and to this the host replies, 'Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome: and in token thereof receive this cup.' Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon

the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of Heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones,—
'I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honour, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave.'

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavour to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-coloured leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colours come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapoury folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant-girls throw straws at the timbered-roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsmen come to their wedding. Merry Christmas indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons, but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yule-cake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with

apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales, too, of Jöns Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga¹.

And now the glad, leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribbons streaming in the wind, and a noisy weather-cock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. Oh, how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews and shadows and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants,—

'Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep our town
From fire and brand
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

¹ Titles of Swedish popular tales.

Page 52. *The Feast of the Leafy Pavilions.*

In Swedish, *Löfhyddohögtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

Page 52. *Hörberg.*

The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

Page 53. *Wallin.*

A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Page 73. *As Lope says.*

'La cólera
de un Español sentado no se templa,
sino le representan en dos horas
hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis.'

Lope de Vega.

Page 75. *Abernuncio Satanas!*

'Digo, Señora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abrenuncio, habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decís, dijo el Duque.'—*Don Quixote*, Part II, ch. 35.

Page 81. *Fray Carrillo.*

The allusion here is to a Spanish epigram.

'Siempre Fray Carrillo estás
cansándonos acá fuera;
quien en tu celda estuviera
para no verte jamás!'

Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 611.

Page 81. *Padre Francisco.*

This is from an Italian popular song.

'Padre Francesco,
Padre Francesco!'
—Cosa volete del Padre Francesco?—
'V'è una bella ragazzina
Che si vuole confessar!'
Fatte l'entrare, fatte l'entrare!
Che la voglio confessare.'

*Kopisch. Volksthümliche Poesien aus allen
Mundarten Italiens und seiner Inseln,*
p. 194.

Page 82. *Ave! cujus calcem clare.*

From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse*, p. 109.

Page 86. *The gold of the Busné.*

Busné is the name given by the Gipsies to all who are not of their race.

Page 88. *Count of the Calés.*

The Gipsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincali; or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain*. London, 1841.

Page 89. *Asks if his money-bags would rise.*

'¿Y volviéndome á un lado, ví á un Avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar l' xos sus tripas no hablaba, porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel dia todos los enterrados), si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos?'—*El Sueño de las Cala eras.*

Page 89. *And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.*

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid*.

'Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador.'

Line 3044.

Page 89. *The river of his thoughts.*

This expression is from Dante:

'Si che chiaro
Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.'

Byron has likewise used the expression; though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

Page 90. *Mari Franca.*

A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer:

'Porque casó Mari Franca
quatro leguas de Salamanca.'

Page 90. *Ay, soft, emerald eyes.*

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this colour of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well-known *Villancico*:

'Ay ojuelos verdes,
ay los mis ojuelos,
ay hagan los cielos
que de mí te acuerdes!'

'Tengo confianza
de mis verdes ojos.'

Böhl de Faber, Floresta, No. 255.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds: *Purgatorio*, xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, 'Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare.'

Page 91. *The Avenging Child.*

See the ancient ballads of *El Infante Venjador*, and *Calayons*.

Page 91. *All are sleeping.*

From the Spanish. *Böhl de Faber, Floresta*, No. 282.

Page 99. *Good night.*

From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

Page 107. *The evil eye.*

'In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querelar nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

'The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag's horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children's necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare's tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths' shops at Seville.'—BORROW'S *Zincali*, Vol. I. ch. ix.

Page 108. *On the top of a mountain I stand.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's *Zincali*; or an *Account of the Gipsies in Spain*.

The Gipsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted:

John-Dorados, pieces of gold.

Pigeon, a simpleton.

In your morocco, stripped.

Doves, sheets.

Moon, a shirt.

Chirelin, a thief.

Murcigalleros, those who steal at nightfall.

Rastilleros, footpads.

Hermit, highway-robber.

Planets, candles.

Commandments, the fingers.

Saint Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep.

Lanterns, eyes.

Goblin, police-officer.

Papagayo, a spy.

Vineyards and Dancing John, to take flight.

Page 113. *If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

From the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista on page 114.

Page 117. *All the Foresters of Flanders.*

The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for

having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

Page 117. *Stately dames, like queens attended.*

When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France, visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed: 'Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses, et des reines.'

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and, being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied, 'We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner.'

Page 117. *Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.*

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Page 117. *I beheld the gentle Mary.*

Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the

princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Marie was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of *Nuremberg* as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pfinzing's poem of *Teuerdank*. Having been imprisoned by the revolted burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

Page 117. *The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day; to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Eperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

Page 117. *Saw the fight at Minnewater.*

When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to

their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *Chaperons Blancs*. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by labouring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders and Protector of Bruges. His superb chateau of Wondelghem was pillaged and burnt; and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterwards he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village of Nevèle; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burned by the Count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the Count retired to faithful Bruges.

Page 117. *The Golden Dragon's nest.*

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, '*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*' 'My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.'

Page 120. *That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus:—

'*Nürnberg's Hand
Geht durch alle Land.*'

'*Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land.*'

Page 120. *Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.*

Melchior Pfingz was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See page 117.

Page 120. *In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.*

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who laboured upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

Page 120. *In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.*

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly painted windows cover it with varied colours.

Page 121. *Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.*

The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, as well as the most

voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

Page 121. *As in Adam Puschman's song.*

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision :—

'An old man,
Gray and white, and dove-like,
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,
And read in a fair, great book,
Beautiful with golden clasps.'

Page 129. *Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder.*

'A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia, during the Revolution, on matters of business, after these had been discussed and settled in council, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Saltlicks on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, "that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Big-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians : that the Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain, on a rock of which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one

at length, it wounded him in the side; whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.'"—JEFFERSON'S *Notes on Virginia*, Query VI.

Page 132. *Walter von der Vogelweid.*

Walter von der Vogelweid, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

Page 136. *Like imperial Charlemagne.*

Charlemagne may be called by pre-eminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, 'to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns.'

Page 142. The story of EVANGELINE is founded on a painful occurrence which took place in the early period of British colonization in the northern part of America.

In the year 1713, Acadia, or, as it is now named, Nova Scotia, was ceded to Great Britain by the French. The wishes of the inhabitants seem to have been little consulted in the change, and they with great difficulty were induced to take the oaths of allegiance to the British Government. Some time after this, war having again broken out between the French and British in Canada, the Acadians were accused of having assisted the French, from whom they were descended, and connected by many ties of friendship, with provisions and ammunition, at the siege of Beau Séjour. Whether the accusation was

founded on fact or not, has not been satisfactorily ascertained: the result, however, was most disastrous to the primitive, simple-minded Acadians. The British Government ordered them to be removed from their homes, and dispersed throughout the other colonies, at a distance from their much-loved land. This resolution was not communicated to the inhabitants till measures had been matured to carry it into immediate effect; when the Governor of the colony, having issued a summons calling the whole people to a meeting, informed them that their lands, tenements, and cattle of all kinds were forfeited to the British crown, that he had orders to remove them in vessels to distant colonies, and they must remain in custody till their embarkation.

The poem is descriptive of the fate of some of the persons involved in these calamitous proceedings.

Page 178.

*Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place.*

I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage by stating that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully sparred and rigged. I have availed myself of the exception as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus:—

‘In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully sparred and rigged. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day and—was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!’

Page 182. *Sir Humphrey Gilbert.*

‘When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral

was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, “We are as near heaven by sea as by land.” In the following night, the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look-out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22nd of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral.’—BELKNAP’S *American Biography*, I. 203.

Page 192. *A Christmas Carol.*

The following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertiault’s *Coup d’Œil sur les Noels en Bourgogne*, prefixed to the Paris edition of *Les Noels Bourguignons de Bernard de la Monnoye (Gui Barbeai)*, 1842.

‘Every year at the approach of Advent, people refresh their memories, clear their throats, and begin preluding, in the long evenings by the fireside, those carols whose invariable and eternal theme is the coming of the Messiah. They take from old closets pamphlets, little collections begrimed with dust and smoke, to which the press, and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs; and as soon as the first Sunday of Advent sounds, they gossip, they gad about, they sit together by the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and white wine, but singing with one common voice the grotesque praises of the *Little Jesus*. There are very few villages even, which, during all the evenings of Advent, do not hear some of these curious canticles shouted in their streets, to the nasal drone of bagpipes. In this case the minstrel comes as a reinforcement to the singers at the fireside; he brings and adds his dose of joy (spontaneous or mercenary, it matters little which) to the joy which breathes around the hearth-stone; and when the voices vibrate and resound, one

voice more is always welcome. There, it is not the purity of the notes which makes the concert, but the quantity, —*non qualitas, sed quantitas*; then (to finish at once with the minstrel), when the Saviour has at length been born in the manger, and the beautiful Christmas Eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his round among the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small coin the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

More or less until Christmas Eve, all goes on in this way among our devout singers, with the difference of some gallons of wine or some hundreds of chestnuts. But this famous eve once come, the scale is pitched upon a higher key; the closing evening must be a memorable one. The toilet is begun at nightfall; then comes the hour of supper, admonishing divers appetites; and groups, as numerous as possible, are formed to take together this comfortable evening repast. The supper finished, a circle gathers around the hearth, which is arranged and set in order this evening after a particular fashion, and which at a later hour of the night is to become the object of special interest to the children. On the burning brands an enormous log has been placed. This log assuredly does not change its nature, but it changes its name during this evening: it is called the *Suche* (the Yule-log). "Look you," say they to the children, "if you are good this evening, Noel" (for with children one must always personify) "will rain down sugar-plums in the night." And the children sit demurely, keeping as quiet as their turbulent little natures will permit. The groups of older persons, not always as orderly as the children, seize this good opportunity to surrender themselves with merry hearts and boisterous voices to the chanted worship of the miraculous Noel. For this final solemnity, they have kept the most powerful, the most enthusiastic, the most electrifying carols. Noel! Noel! Noel! This magic word resounds on all sides: it seasons

every sauce, it is served up with every course. Of the thousands of canticles which are heard on this famous eve, ninety-nine in a hundred begin and end with this word; which is, one may say, their Alpha and Omega, their crown and footstool. This last evening, the merry-making is prolonged. Instead of retiring at ten or eleven o'clock, as is generally done on all the preceding evenings, they wait for the stroke of midnight: this word sufficiently proclaims to what ceremony they are going to repair. For ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the bells have been calling the faithful with a triple-bob-major; and each one, furnished with a little taper streaked with various colours (the Christmas Candle), goes through the crowded streets, where the lanterns are dancing like Will-o'-the-Wisps, at the impatient summons of the multitudinous chimes. It is the Midnight Mass. Once inside the church, they hear with more or less piety the Mass, emblematic of the coming of the Messiah. Then in tumult and great haste they return homeward, always in numerous groups; they salute the Yule-log; they pay homage to the hearth; they sit down at table; and, amid songs which reverberate louder than ever, make this meal of after-Christmas, so long looked for, so cherished, so joyous, so noisy, and which it has been thought fit to call, we hardly know why, *Rossignon*. The supper eaten at nightfall is no impediment, as you may imagine, to the appetite's returning; above all, if the going to and from church has made the devout eaters feel some little shafts of the sharp and biting north-wind. *Rossignon* then goes on merrily,—sometimes far into the morning hours; but, nevertheless, gradually throats grow hoarse, stomachs are filled, the Yule-log burns out, and at last the hour arrives when each one, as best he may, regains his domicile and his bed, and puts with himself between the sheets the material for a good sore-throat or a good indigestion, for the morrow. Previous to this, care has been taken

to place in the slippers, or wooden shoes of the children, the sugar-plums, which shall be for them, on their waking, the welcome fruits of the Christmas log.'

In the Glossary, the *Sucbe*, or Yule-log, is thus defined:—

'This is a huge log, which is placed on the fire on Christmas Eve, and which in Burgundy is called, on this account, *lai Sucbe de Noei*. Then the father of the family, particularly among the middle classes, sings solemnly Christmas carols with his wife and children, the smallest of whom he sends into the corner to pray that the Yule-log may bear him some sugar-plums. Meanwhile, little parcels of them are placed under each end of the log, and the children come and pick them up, believing, in good faith, that the great log has borne them.'

Page 194. *The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillè*.

Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland,—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouco pleno d'auzelous*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs, is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!¹

The following description of his person and way of life is taken from the graphic pages of 'Bearn and the Pyrenees,' by Louisa Stuart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

'At the entrance of the promenade, Du Gravier, is a row of small houses,—some *cafés*, others shops, the indication of which is a painted cloth placed across the way, with the owner's name in bright gold letters, in the manner of the arcades

in the streets, and their announcements. One of the most glaring of these was, we observed, a bright blue flag, bordered with gold; on which, in large gold letters, appeared the name of "Jasmin, Coiffeur." We entered, and were welcomed by a smiling, dark-eyed woman, who informed us that her husband was busy at that moment dressing a customer's hair, but he was desirous to receive us, and begged we would walk into his parlour at the back of the shop.

'She exhibited to us a laurel crown of gold, of delicate workmanship, sent from the city of Clemence Isaure, Toulouse, to the poet; who will probably one day take his place in the *capitoul*. Next came a golden cup, with an inscription in his honour, given by the citizens of Auch; a gold watch, chain, and seals, sent by the king, Louis Philippe; an emerald ring worn and presented by the lamented Duke of Orleans; a pearl pin, by the graceful Duchess, who, on the poet's visit to Paris accompanied by his son, received him in the words he puts into the mouth of Henri Quatre:—

"Brabes Gascous!
A moun amou per bous aou dibes creyre:
Benès! benès! ey plazé de bous beyre:
A proucha bous!"

A fine service of linen, the offering of the town of Pau, after its citizens had given fêtes in his honour, and loaded him with caresses and praises; and knick-knacks and jewels of all descriptions offered to him by lady-ambassadors, and great lords; English "misses" and "miladis"; and French, and foreigners of all nations who did or did not understand Gascon.

'All this, though startling, was not convincing; Jasmin, the barber, might only be a fashion, a *furor*, a caprice, after all; and it was evident that he knew how to get up a scene well. When we had become nearly tired of looking over these tributes to his genius, the door opened, and the poet himself

¹ Jasmin died in 1864.

appeared. His manner was free and unembarrassed, well-bred, and lively; he received our compliments naturally, and like one accustomed to homage; said he was ill, and unfortunately too hoarse to read anything to us, or should have been delighted to do so. He spoke with a broad Gascon accent, and very rapidly and eloquently; ran over the story of his successes; told us that his grandfather had been a beggar, and all his family very poor; that he was now as rich as he wished to be; his son placed in a good position at Nantes; then showed us his son's picture, and spoke of his disposition; to which his brisk little wife added, that, though no fool, he had not his father's genius, to which truth Jasmin assented as a matter of course. I told him of having seen mention made of him in an English review; which he said had been sent him by Lord Durham, who had paid him a visit; and I then spoke of "Me cal mouri" as known to me. This was enough to make him forget his hoarseness and every other evil: it would never do for me to imagine that that little song was his best composition; it was merely his first; he must try to read to me a little of "L'Abuglo,"—a few verses of "Françouneto." "You will be charmed," said he; "but if I were well, and you would give me the pleasure of your company for some time, if you were not merely running through Agen, I would kill you with weeping,—I would make you die with distress for my poor Margarido,—my pretty Françouneto!"

"He caught up two copies of his book, from a pile lying on the table, and making us sit close to him, he pointed out the French translation on one side, which he told us to follow while he read in Gascon. He began in a rich, soft voice, and as he advanced, the surprise of Hamlet on hearing the player-king recite the disasters of Hecuba was but a type of ours, to find ourselves carried away by the spell of his enthusiasm. His eyes swam in tears; he became pale and red; he trembled; he re-

covered himself; his face was now joyous, now exulting, gay, jocose; in fact, he was twenty actors in one; he rang the changes from Rachel to Bouffé; and he finished by delighting us, besides beguiling us of our tears, and overwhelming us with astonishment.

"He would have been a treasure on the stage; for he is still, though his first youth is past, remarkably good-looking and striking; with black, sparkling eyes, of intense expression; a fine, ruddy complexion; a countenance of wondrous mobility; a good figure; and action full of fire and grace; he has handsome hands, which he uses with infinite effect; and, on the whole, he is the best actor of the kind I ever saw. I could now quite understand what a troubadour or *jongleur* might be, and I look upon Jasmin as a revived specimen of that extinct race. Such as he is might have been Gaucelm Faidit, of Avignon, the friend of Cœur de Lion, who lamented the death of the hero in such moving strains; such might have been Bernard de Ventadour, who sang the praises of Queen Elinore's beauty; such Geoffrey Rudel, of Blaye, on his own Garonne; such the wild Vidal: certain it is, that none of these troubadours of old could more move, by their singing or reciting, than Jasmin, in whom all their long-smothered fire and traditional magic seems re-illuminated.

"We found we had stayed hours instead of minutes with the poet; but he would not hear of any apology,—only regretted that his voice was so out of tune, in consequence of a violent cold, under which he was really labouring, and hoped to see us again. He told us our countrywomen of Pau had laden him with kindness and attention, and spoke with such enthusiasm of the beauty of certain "misses," that I feared his little wife would feel somewhat piqued; but, on the contrary, she stood by, smiling and happy, and enjoying the stories of his triumphs. I remarked that he had restored the poetry of the troubadours;

asked him if he knew their songs; and said he was worthy to stand at their head. "I am, indeed, a troubadour," said he, with energy; "but I am far beyond them all: they were but beginners; they never composed a poem like my *Francouneto*! there are no poets in France now,—there cannot be; the language does not admit of it; where is the fire, the spirit, the expression, the tenderness, the force of the Gascon? French is but the ladder to reach to the first floor of Gascon,—how can you get up to a height except by a ladder!"

"I returned by Agen, after an absence in the Pyrenees of some months, and renewed my acquaintance with Jasmin and his dark-eyed wife. I did not expect that I should be recognized; but the moment I entered the little shop I was hailed as an old friend. "Ah!" cried Jasmin, "enfin la voilà encore!" I could not but be flattered by this recollection, but soon found it was less on my own account that I was thus welcomed, than because a circumstance had occurred to the poet which he thought I could perhaps explain. He produced several French newspapers, in which he pointed out to me an article headed "*Jasmin à Londres*"; being a translation of certain notices of himself, which had appeared in a leading English literary journal. He had, he said, been informed of the honour done him by numerous friends, and assured me his fame had been much spread by this means; and he was so delighted on the occasion, that he had resolved to learn English, in order that he might judge of the translations from his works, which, he had been told, were well done. I enjoyed his surprise, while I informed him that I knew who was the reviewer and translator; and explained the reason for the verses giving pleasure in an English dress to be the superior simplicity of the English language over Modern French, for which he has a great contempt, as unfitted for lyrical composition. He inquired of me re-

specting Burns, to whom he had been likened; and begged me to tell him something of Moore. The delight of himself and his wife was amusing, at having discovered a secret which had puzzled them so long.

"He had a thousand things to tell me; in particular, that he had only the day before received a letter from the Duchess of Orleans, informing him that she had ordered a medal of her late husband to be struck, the first of which would be sent to him: she also announced to him the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. He smiled and wept by turns, as he told us all this; and declared, much as he was elated at the possession of a sum which made him a rich man for life, the kindness of the Duchess gratified him even more.

"He then made us sit down while he read us two new poems; both charming, and full of grace and *naïveté*; and one very affecting, being an address to the king, alluding to the death of his son. As he read, his wife stood by, and fearing we did not quite comprehend his language, she made a remark to that effect: to which he answered impatiently, "Nonsense—don't you see they are in tears?" This was unanswerable; and we were allowed to hear the poem to the end; and I certainly never listened to anything more feelingly and energetically delivered.

"We had much conversation, for he was anxious to detain us, and, in the course of it, he told me he had been by some accused of vanity. "Oh," he rejoined, "what would you have! I am a child of nature, and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference between me and a man of refinement is, that he knows how to conceal his vanity and exultation at success, which I let everybody see."—*Béarn and the Pyrenees*, I. 369, *et seq.*

Page 202. THE SONG OF HIA-WATHA.

This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent

among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenyawagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algic Researches*, Vol. I. p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

Page 202. *In the Vale of Tawaw-sen-tha.*

This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

Page 203. *On the Mountains of the Prairie.*

Mr. Catlin, in his *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians*, Vol. II. p. 160, gives an interesting account of the *Côteau des Prairies*, and the Red Pipe-stone Quarry. He says:—

‘Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle’s quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and

soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

‘The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red,—that it was their flesh,—that they must use it for their pipes of peace,—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tee and Tso-me-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine-men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place.’

Page 206. *Hark you, Bear! you are a coward.*

This anecdote is from Heckewelder. In his account of the *Indian Nations*, he describes an Indian hunter as addressing a bear in nearly these words. ‘I was present,’ he says, ‘at the delivery of this curious invective; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it. “Oh,” said he in answer, “the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked while I was upbraiding him?”’—*Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. I. p. 240.

Page 211. *Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!*

Heckewelder, in a letter published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. IV. p. 260, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares.

'Their reports,' he says, 'run thus : that among all animals that had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious ; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied ; all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white colour) naked. . . .

'The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying : "Hush ! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you."'

Page 216. *Where the Falls of Minnehaha, &c.*

'The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the "Little Falls," forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians called them Mine-hah-hah, or "laughing waters."—MRS. EASTMAN'S *Dacotah, or Legends of the Sioux*, Introd. p. ii.

Page 236. *Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo.*

A description of the *Grand Sable*, or great sand-dunes of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 131.

'The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials ; and although in the one case the cliffs are less precipitous, yet in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand-bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. Ascending to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like oases in the desert.'

Page 237.

Onaway ! Awake, beloved !

The original of this song may be found in Littell's *Living Age*, Vol. XXV. p. 45.

Page 238. *Or the Red Swan floating, flying.*

The fanciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found in Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*, Vol. II. p. 9. Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first game.

'They were to shoot no other animal,' so the legend says, 'but such as each was in the habit of killing. They set out different ways : Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close, and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he immediately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was perhaps deceived ; but without effect, for the red hue continued. At length he heard a strange noise at a distance. It first appeared like a human voice, but after following the sound for some distance, he reached the shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out in the lake sat a most beautiful Red Swan, whose plumage glittered in the sun, and who would now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow-shot, and, pulling the arrow from the bowstring up to his ear, took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect ; and he shot and shot again till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water, as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home, and got all his own and his brother's arrows, and shot them all away. He then stood and gazed at the beautiful bird. While standing, he remembered his brother's saying that in their deceased father's medicine-sack

were three magic arrows. Off he started, his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time, he would have deemed it sacrilege to open his father's medicine-sack; but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there. He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer; as he took the last arrow, he felt his arm firmer, and, drawing it up with vigour, saw it pass through the neck of the swan a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which it did, however, at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air, and then flying off toward the sinking of the sun.'—pp. 10-12.

Page 242. *When I think of my beloved.*

The original of this song may be found in *Oneöta*, p. 15.

Page 243. *Sing the mysteries of Mondamin.*

The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. 'They esteem it so important and divine a grain,' says Schoolcraft, 'that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call it Mon-dámin, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.

'It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering, at least among all the still *uncolonised* tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labour is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equi-

valent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labour of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honour her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests.'—*Oneöta*, p. 82.

Page 243. *Thus the fields shall be more fruitful.*

'A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or overclouded evening to perform a secret circuit, *sans habillement*, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then, taking her matchecota, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to ensure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line.'—*Oneöta*, p. 83.

Page 245. *With his prisoner-string he bound him.*

'These cords,' says Mr. Tanner, 'are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe keeping.'—*Narrative of Captivity and Adventures*, p. 412.

Page 246.

*Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear.*

'If one of the young female huskers finds a red ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be crooked, and tapering to a point, no matter what colour, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wage-min* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the cornfield. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favourite mondamin. . . .

'The literal meaning of the term is, a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a cornfield. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word *wagemin* is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

'This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*,—a permutative form of the Indian substantive, made from the verb *pim-o-sa*, to walk. Its literal meaning is, *he who walks*, or *the walker*; but the ideas conveyed by it are, *he who walks by night to pilfer corn*. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term.'—*Oneöta*, p. 254.

Page 252. *Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.*

This Game of the Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft gives a particular account of it in *Oneöta*, p. 85. 'This game,' he says, 'is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons,

clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society,—men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of *Iena-disse-wug*, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase, at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power.'

See also his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes*, Part II. p. 72.

Page 259. *To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone.*

The reader will find a long description of the Pictured Rocks in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 124. From this I make the following extract :—

'The Pictured Rocks may be described, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising, in most places, vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky

strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager, coasting along their base in his frail canoe, they would, at all times, be an object of dread; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording, for miles, no place of refuge,—the lowering sky, the rising wind,—all these would excite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated and worn away by the action of the lake, which, for centuries, has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and, second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been coloured by bands of brilliant hues.

It is from the latter circumstance that the name, by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller, is derived; while that applied to them by the French voyageurs ("Les Portails") is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity.

The term *Pictured Rocks* has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied, we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colours on the surface than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn. . .

Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the *Menni-bojou* in these caverns, and, in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories, without end, of the achievements of this Indian deity.

Page 270. *Toward the sun his hands were lifted.*

In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his *Voyages et Découvertes*, Section V.

Page 299.

*That of our vices we can frame
A ladder.*

The words of St. Augustine are,—*'De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus.'* Sermon III. *De Ascensione.*

Page 300. *The Phantom Ship.*

A detailed account of this 'apparition of a Ship in the Air' is given by Cotton Mather in his *Magnalia Christi*, Book I. Ch. vi. It is contained in a letter from the Rev. James Pierpont, Pastor of New Haven. To this account Mather adds these words:—

'Reader, there being yet living so many credible gentlemen that were eye-witnesses of this wonderful thing, I venture to publish it for a thing as undoubted as 'tis wonderful.'

Page 303. *And the Emperor but a Macho.*

Macho, in Spanish, signifies a mule. *Golondrina* is the feminine form of *Golondrino*, a swallow, and also a cant name for a deserter.

Page 304. *The Two Angels.*

A child was born to Longfellow the same night that his friend Mr. Lowell's wife died: he commemorates both events in this poem.

Page 306. *Oliver Basselin.*

Oliver Basselin, the '*Père joyeux du Vaudeville*,' flourished in the fifteenth century, and gave to his convivial songs the name of his native valleys, in which he sang them, Vaux-de-vire. This name was afterwards corrupted into the modern *Vaudeville*.

Page 307. *Victor Galbraith.*

This poem is founded on fact. Victor Galbraith was a bugler in a company of volunteer cavalry, and was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline. It is a common superstition among soldiers, that no balls will kill them unless their names are written on them. The old proverb says, 'Every bullet has its billet.'

Page 309. *I remember the sea-fight far away.*

This was the engagement between the Enterprise and Boxer, off the harbour of Portland, in which both captains were slain. They were buried side by side, in the cemetery on Mountjoy.

Page 312. *Santa Filomena.*

'At Pisa the church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture, by Sabatelli, representing the saint as a beautiful, nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession.'—MRS. JAMESON, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, II. 298.

Page 459. THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

The old *Legenda Aurea*, or Golden Legend, was originally written in Latin, in the thirteenth century, by Jacobus de Voragine, a Dominican friar, who afterwards became Archbishop of Genoa, and died in 1292.

He called his book simply 'Legends of the Saints.' The epithet of Golden was given it by his admirers; for, as Wynkin de Worde says, 'Like as passeth gold in value all other metals, so this Legend exceedeth all other books.' But Edward Leigh, in much distress of mind, calls it 'a book written by a man of a leaden heart for the baseness of the errors, that are without wit or reason, and of a brazen forehead, for his impudent boldness in reporting things so fabulous and incredible.'

This work, the great text-book of the legendary lore of the Middle Ages, was translated into French in the fourteenth century by Jean de Vignay, and in the fifteenth into English by William Caxton. It has lately been made more accessible by a new French translation: *La Légende Dorée, traduite du Latin, par M. G. B. Paris, 1850.* There is a copy of the original, with the *Gesta Longobardorum* appended, in the Harvard College Library, Cambridge, printed

at Strasburg, 1496. The title-page is wanting; and the volume begins with the *Tabula Legendorum*.

I have called this poem the Golden Legend, because the story upon which it is founded seems to me to surpass all other legends in beauty and significance. It exhibits, amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages, the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sufficient for all the exigencies of life and death. The story is told, and perhaps invented, by Hartmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth century. The original may be found in Mailáth's *Altdeutsche Gedichte*, with a modern German version. There is another in Marbach's *Volksbücher*, No. 32.

Page 459.

*For these bells have been anointed,
And baptized with holy water!*

The Consecration and Baptism of Bells is one of the most curious ceremonies of the Church in the Middle Ages. The Council of Cologne ordained as follows:—

'Let the bells be blessed, as the trumpets of the Church militant, by which the people are assembled to hear the word of God; the clergy to announce his mercy by day, and his truth in their nocturnal vigils: that by their sound the faithful may be invited to prayers, and that the spirit of devotion in them may be increased. The fathers have also maintained that demons affrighted by the sound of bells calling Christians to prayers, would flee away; and when they fled, the persons of the faithful would be secure: that the destruction of lightnings and whirlwinds would be averted, and the spirits of the storm defeated.'—*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Art. *Bells*. See also Scheible's *Kloster*, VI. 776.

Page 473. *It is the malediction of Eve!*

'Nec esses plus quam femina, quae nunc etiam viros transcendis, et quae maledictionem Evae in benedictionem

vertisti Mariæ.'—*Epistola Abaelardi Heloissæ.*

Page 483. *To come back to my text !*

In giving this sermon of Friar Cuthbert as a specimen of the *Risus Paschales*, or street-preaching of the monks at Easter, I have exaggerated nothing. This very anecdote, offensive as it is, comes from a discourse of Father Barletta, a Dominican friar of the fifteenth century, whose fame as a popular preacher was so great, that it gave rise to the proverb,

*'Nescit predicare
Qui nescit Barlettare.'*

'Among the abuses introduced in this century,' says Tiraboschi, 'was that of exciting from the pulpit the laughter of the hearers; as if that were the same thing as converting them. We have examples of this, not only in Italy, but also in France, where the sermons of Menot and Maillard, and of others, who would make a better appearance on the stage than in the pulpit, are still celebrated for such follies.'

If the reader is curious to see how far the freedom of speech was carried in these popular sermons, he is referred to Scheible's *Kloster*, Vol. I, where he will find extracts from Abraham a Sancta Clara, Sebastian Frank, and others; and in particular an anonymous discourse called *Der Gräuel der Verwüstung*, The Abomination of Desolation, preached at Ottakring, a village west of Vienna, November 25, 1782, in which the license of language is carried to its utmost limit.

See also *Prædicatoriana, ou Révelations singulières et amusantes sur les Prédicateurs*; par G. P. Philomneste. (Menin.) This work contains extracts from the popular sermons of St. Vincent Ferrier, Barletta, Menot, Maillard, Marini, Raulin, Valladier, De Besse, Camus, Père André, Bening, and the most eloquent of all, Jacques Brydaine.

My authority for the spiritual interpretation of bell-ringing, which follows, is Durandus, *Ration. Divin. Offic.* Lib. I. cap. 4.

Page 486. THE NATIVITY: a Miracle-Play.

A singular chapter in the history of the Middle Ages is that which gives account of the early Christian Drama, the Mysteries, Moralities, and Miracle-Plays, which were at first performed in churches, and afterwards in the streets, on fixed or movable stages. For the most part, the Mysteries were founded on the historic portions of the Old and New Testaments, and the Miracle-Plays on the lives of Saints; a distinction not always observed, however, for in Mr. Wright's *Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*, the Resurrection of Lazarus is called a Miracle, and not a Mystery. The Moralities were plays in which the Virtues and Vices were personified.

The earliest religious play which has been preserved is the *Christos Paschon* of Gregory Nazianzen, written in Greek, in the fourth century. Next to this come the remarkable Latin Plays of Roswitha, the Nun of Gandersheim, in the tenth century, which, though crude and wanting in artistic construction, are marked by a good deal of dramatic power and interest. A handsome edition of these plays, with a French translation, has been lately published, entitled *Théâtre de Roswitha, Religieuse allemande du X^e Siècle.* Par Charles Magnin. Paris, 1845.

The most important collections of English Mysteries and Miracle-Plays are those known as the Townley, the Chester, and the Coventry Plays. The first of these collections has been published by the Surtees Society, and the other two by the Shakespeare Society. In his Introduction to the Coventry Mysteries, the editor, Mr. Halliwell, quotes the following passage from Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*:—

'Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants, that were played therein, upon Corpus-Christi Day; which, oc-

casioning very great confluence of people thither, from far and near, was of no small benefit thereto; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friars of this house, had theaters for the severall scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators: and contain'd the story of the New Testament, composed into old English Rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS. intituled *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Concoventriae*. I have been told by some old people, who in their younger years were eyewitnesses of these pageants so acted, that the yearly confluence of people to see that shew was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to this city.'

The representation of religious plays has not yet been wholly discontinued by the Roman Church. At Ober-Ammergau, in the Tyrol, a grand spectacle of this kind is exhibited once in ten years. A very graphic description of that which took place in the year 1850 is given by Miss Anna Mary Howitt, in her *Art-Student in Munich*, Vol. I. Chap. iv. She says:—

'We had come expecting to feel our souls revolt at so material a representation of Christ, as any representation of him we naturally imagined must be in a peasant's Miracle-Play. Yet so far, strange to confess, neither horror, disgust, nor contempt was excited in our minds. Such an earnest solemnity and simplicity breathed throughout the whole of the performance, that to me, at least, anything like anger, or a perception of the ludicrous, would have seemed more irreverent on my part than was this simple childlike rendering of the sublime Christian tragedy. We felt at times as though the figures of Cimabue's, Giotto's, and Perugino's pictures had become animated, and were moving before us; there was the same simple arrangement and brilliant colour of drapery,—the same earnest, quiet dignity about the heads, whilst the en-

tire absence of all theatrical effect wonderfully increased the illusion. There were scenes and groups so extraordinarily like the early Italian pictures, that you could have declared they were the works of Giotto and Perugino, and not living men and women, had not the figures moved and spoken, and the breeze stirred their richly-coloured drapery, and the sun cast long, moving shadows behind them on the stage. These effects of sunshine and shadow, and of drapery fluttered by the wind, were very striking and beautiful; one could imagine how the Greeks must have availed themselves of such striking effects in their theatres open to the sky.'

Mr. Bayard Taylor, in his *Eldorado*, gives a description of a Mystery he saw performed at San Lionel, in Mexico. See Vol. II. Chap. xi.

'Against the wing-wall of the Hacienda del Mayo, which occupied one end of the plaza, was raised a platform, on which stood a table covered with scarlet cloth. A rude bower of cane-leaves, on one end of the platform, represented the manger of Bethlehem; while a cord, stretched from its top across the plaza to a hole in the front of the church, bore a large tinsel star, suspended by a hole in its centre. There was quite a crowd in the plaza, and very soon a procession appeared, coming up from the lower part of the village. The three kings took the lead; the Virgin, mounted on an ass that gloried in a gilded saddle and rose-besprinkled mane and tail, followed them, led by the angel; and several women, with curious masks of paper, brought up the rear. Two characters, of the harlequin sort—one with a dog's head on his shoulders, and the other a bald-headed friar, with a huge hat hanging on his back—played all sorts of antics for the diversion of the crowd. After making the circuit of the plaza, the Virgin was taken to the platform, and entered the manger. King Herod took his seat at the scarlet table, with an attendant in blue coat and red sash, whom I took to be his Prime Minister.

The three kings remained on their horses in front of the church ; but between them and the platform, under the string on which the star was to slide, walked two men in long white robes and blue hoods, with parchment folios in their hands. These were the Wise Men of the East, as one might readily know from their solemn air, and the mysterious glances which they cast towards all quarters of the heavens.

"In a little while, a company of women on the platform, concealed behind a curtain, sang an angelic chorus to the tune of "O pescator dell' onda." At the proper moment, the Magi turned towards the platform, followed by the star, to which a string was conveniently attached, that it might be slid along the line. The three kings followed the star till it reached the manger, when they dismounted, and inquired for the sovereign whom it had led them to visit. They were invited upon the platform, and introduced to Herod, as the only king ; this did not seem to satisfy them, and, after some conversation, they retired. By this time the star had receded to the other end of the line, and commenced moving forward again, they following. The angel called them into the manger, where, upon their knees, they were shown a small wooden box, supposed to contain the sacred infant ; they then retired, and the star brought them back no more. After this departure, King Herod declared himself greatly confused by what he had witnessed, and was very much afraid this newly-found king would weaken his power. Upon consultation with his Prime Minister, the Massacre of the Innocents was decided upon, as the only means of security.

"The angel, on hearing this, gave warning to the Virgin, who quickly got down from the platform, mounted her bespangled donkey, and hurried off. Herod's Prime Minister directed all the children to be handed up for execution. A boy, in a ragged sarape, was caught and thrust forward ; the Minister took him by the heels in spite of his kicking,

and held his head on the table. The little brother and sister of the boy, thinking he was really to be decapitated, yelled at the top of their voices, in an agony of terror, which threw the crowd into a roar of laughter. King Herod brought down his sword with a whack on the table, and the Prime Minister, dipping his brush into a pot of white paint which stood before him, made a flaring cross on the boy's face. Several other boys were caught and served likewise : and, finally, the two harlequins, whose kicks and struggles nearly shook down the platform. The procession then went off up the hill, followed by the whole population of the village. All the evening there were fandangos in the méson, bonfires and rockets on the plaza, ringing of bells, and high mass in the church, with the accompaniment of two guitars, tinkling to lively polkas."

In 1852 there was a representation of this kind by Germans in Boston ; and I have now before me a copy of a play-bill announcing the performance, on June 10, 1852, in Cincinnati, of the 'Great Biblico-Historical Drama, the Life of Jesus Christ,' with the characters and the names of the performers.

Page 496. *The Scriptorium.*

A most interesting volume might be written on the Calligraphers and Chrysographers, the transcribers and illuminators of manuscripts in the Middle Ages. These men were for the most part monks, who laboured, sometimes for pleasure and sometimes for penance, in multiplying copies of the classics and the Scriptures.

"Of all bodily labours, which are proper for us," says Cassiodorus, the old Calabrian monk, "that of copying books has always been more to my taste than any other. The more so, as in this exercise the mind is instructed by the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and it is a kind of homily to the others, whom these books may reach. It is preaching with the hand, by converting the fingers into tongues ; it is publishing to men in silence the words of salvation ;

in fine, it is fighting against the demon with pen and ink. As many words as a transcriber writes, so many wounds the demon receives. In a word, a recluse, seated in his chair to copy books, travels into different provinces, without moving from the spot, and the labour of his hands is felt even where he is not.'

Nearly every monastery was provided with its Scriptorium. Nicolas de Clairvaux, St. Bernard's secretary, in one of his letters describes his cell, which he calls Scriptoriolum, where he copied books. And Mabillon, in his *Études Monastiques*, says that in his time were still to be seen at Cîteaux 'many of those little cells, where the transcribers and bookbinders worked.'

Silvestre's *Paléographie Universelle* contains a vast number of fac-similes of the most beautifully illuminated manuscripts of all ages and all countries; and Montfaucon in his *Palaeographia Graeca* gives the names of over three hundred calligraphers. He also gives an account of the books they copied, and the colophons, with which, as with a satisfactory flourish of the pen, they closed their long-continued labours. Many of these are very curious: expressing joy, humility, remorse; entreating the reader's prayers and pardon for the writer's sins; and sometimes pronouncing a malediction on any one who should steal the book. A few of these I subjoin:—

'As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad, beholding the end of a book.'

'Sweet is it to write the end of any book.'

'Ye who read, pray for me, who have written this book, the humble and sinful Theodulus.'

'As many therefore as shall read this book, pardon me, I beseech you, if aught I have erred in accent acute and grave, in apostrophe, in breathing soft or aspirate; and may God save you all! Amen.'

'If anything is well, praise the transcriber; if ill, pardon his unskilfulness.'

'Ye who read, pray for me, the most sinful of all men, for the Lord's sake.'

'The hand that has written this book shall decay, alas! and become dust, and go down to the grave, the corrupter of all bodies. But all ye who are of the portion of Christ, pray that I may obtain the pardon of my sins. Again and again I beseech you with tears, brothers and fathers, accept my miserable supplication, O holy choir! I am called John, woe is me! I am called Hiereus, or Sacerdos, in name only, not in unction.'

'Whoever shall carry away this book, without the permission of the Pope, may he incur the malediction of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, of Saint John the Baptist, of the one hundred and eighteen holy Nicene Fathers, and of all the Saints; the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah; and the halter of Judas! Anathema, amen.'

'Keep safe, O Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, my three fingers, with which I have written this book.'

'Mathusalas Machir transcribed this divinest book in toil, infirmity, and dangers many.'

'Bacchius Barbardorius and Michael Sophianus wrote this book in sport and laughter, being the guests of their noble and common friend Vincentius Pinellus, and Petrus Nunnus, a most learned man.'

This last colophon Montfaucon does not suffer to pass without reproof. 'Other calligraphers,' he remarks, 'demand only the prayers of their readers, and the pardon of their sins; but these glory in their wantonness.'

Page 501. *Drink down to your peg!*

One of the canons of Archbishop Anselm, promulgated at the beginning of the twelfth century, ordains 'that priests go not to drinking-bouts, nor drink to pegs.' In the times of the hard-drinking Danes, King Edgar ordained that 'pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking-cups or horns at stated distances, and whosoever should drink beyond those marks at one draught

should be obnoxious to a severe punishment.'

Sharpe, in his History of the Kings of England, says: 'Our ancestors were formerly famous for comotation; their liquor was ale, and one method of amusing themselves in this way was with the peg-tankard. I had lately one of them in my hand. It had on the inside a row of eight pins, one above another, from top to bottom. It held two quarts, and was a noble piece of plate, so that there was a gill of ale, half a pint Winchester measure, between each peg. The law was, that every person that drank was to empty the space between pin and pin, so that the pins were so many measures to make the company all drink alike, and to swallow the same quantity of liquor. This was a pretty sure method of making all the company drunk, especially if it be considered that the rule was, that whoever drank short of his pin, or beyond it, was obliged to drink again, and even as deep as to the next pin.'

Page 502. *The convent of St. Gildas de Rhys.*

Abelard, in a letter to his friend Philintus, gives a sad picture of this monastery. 'I live,' he says, 'in a barbarous country, the language of which I do not understand; I have no conversation but with the rudest people. My walks are on the inaccessible shore of a sea, which is perpetually stormy. My monks are only known by their dissoluteness, and living without any rule or order. Could you see the abbey, Philintus, you would not call it one. The doors and walks are without any ornament, except the heads of wild boars and hinds' feet, which are nailed up against them, and the hides of frightful animals. The cells are hung with the skins of deer. The monks have not so much as a bell to wake them, the cocks and dogs supply that defect. In short, they pass their whole days in hunting; would to heaven that were their greatest fault; or that their pleasure terminated there! I endeavour in vain to recall them to their duty;

they all combine against me, and I only expose myself to continual vexations and dangers. I imagine I see every moment a naked sword hang over my head. Sometimes they surround me, and load me with infinite abuses; sometimes they abandon me, and I am left alone to my own tormenting thoughts. I make it my endeavour to merit by my sufferings, and to appease an angry God. Sometimes I grieve for the loss of the house of the Paraclete, and wish to see it again. Ah, Philintus, does not the love of Heloise still burn in my heart? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. In the midst of my retirement I sigh, I weep, I pine, I speak the dear name Heloise, and am pleased to hear the sound.'—*Letters of the Celebrated Abelard and Heloise. Translated by Mr. John Hughes. Glasgow, 1751.*

Page 513. *Were it not for my magic garters and staff.*

The method of making the Magic Garters and the Magic Staff is thus laid down in *Les Secrets Merveilleux du Petit Albert*, a French translation of *Alberti Parvi Lucii Libellus de Mirabilibus Naturae Arcanis* :—

'Gather some of the herb called motherwort, when the sun is entering the first degree of the sign of Capricorn; let it dry a little in the shade, and make some garters of the skin of a young hare; that is to say, having cut the skin of the hare into strips two inches wide, double them, sew the before-mentioned herb between, and wear them on your legs. No horse can long keep up with a man on foot, who is furnished with these garters.'—p. 128.

'Gather, on the morrow of All-Saints, a strong branch of willow, of which you will make a staff, fashioned to your liking. Hollow it out, by removing the pith from within, after having furnished the lower end with an iron ferule. Put into the bottom of the staff the two eyes of a young wolf, the tongue and heart of a dog, three green lizards, and the hearts of three swallows. These must

all be dried in the sun, between two papers, having been first sprinkled with finely pulverized saltpetre. Besides all these, put into the staff seven leaves of vervain, gathered on the eve of St. John the Baptist, with a stone of divers colours, which you will find in the nest of the lapwing, and stop the end of the staff with a pomel of box, or of any other material you please, and be assured, that the staff will guarantee you from the perils and mishaps which too often befall travellers, either from robbers, wild beasts, mad dogs, or venomous animals. It will also procure you the good-will of those with whom you lodge.' —p. 130.

Page 516. *Saint Elmo's Stars.*

So the Italian sailors call the phosphorescent gleams that sometimes play about the masts and rigging of ships.

Page 517. *The School of Salerno.*

For a history of the celebrated schools of Salerno and Monte-Cassino, the reader is referred to Sir Alexander Croke's Introduction to the *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*; and to Kurt Sprengel's *Geschichte der Arzneikunde*, I. 463, or Jourdan's French translation of it, *Histoire de la Médecine*, II. 354.

Page 775. *The Children's Crusade.*

'The Children's Crusade' was left unfinished by Mr. Longfellow. It is founded upon an event which occurred in the year 1212. An army of twenty thousand children, mostly boys, under the lead of a boy of ten years, named Nicolas, set out from Cologne for the Holy Land. When they reached Genoa only seven thousand remained. There, as the sea did not divide to allow them to march dry-shod to the East, they broke up. Some got as far as Rome; two ship-loads sailed from Pisa, and were not heard of again; the rest straggled back to Germany.

Page 786. MICHAEL ANGELO.

Part First.

I.

Condivi, in his 'Vite di Michael Angelo Buonarroti,' describes him, when seventy-nine years old, as 'of middle height, with broad shoulders and thin legs, having a large head, a face small in proportion to the size of his skull, a square forehead, full temples, high cheek-bones, and a nose made flat by the fist of that beastly and proud man Torrigiano de' Torrigiani.' Torrigiani is said to have fled to England, and to have designed there, among other things, the tomb of Henry VIII. 'His lips,' continues Condivi, 'are thin, and the lower, being the larger, appears to protrude when the face is seen in profile. His eyebrows are sparse; his eyes gray, spotted with yellow and blue lights, and ever varying; his ears of just proportion; his hair, once black, is streaked with gray, as is his thin, forked beard, which is four or five fingers' breadth in length.' Vasari's description does not differ materially from this, so that the student is enabled to know with some certainty what the personal appearance of the great master was. These descriptions have unquestionably been of important service in the hands of artists who have studied to produce a satisfactory portrait of Michael Angelo. It is possible to find a large number of these portraits, and not easy to learn, even by a comparison of all the Lives of the artist, which are founded upon the best authority. Mr. C. D. E. Fortnum, who owns the original medallion portrait in wax by Leo Leone, which he discovered and identified, gives in an article on the portrait, published in the 'Archaeological Journal' for March, 1875, a list of the only likenesses which can be considered authentic, namely: 1. A bronze bust at the Capitol, referred to by Vasari as the work by Daniel of Volterra. 2. A bust in marble from a mask taken after death. 3. Leo Leone's medal. 4. A figure in the foreground

of the Assumption of the Virgin in the church of Santa Trinita at Rome. 5. A head painted by Marcello Venusti in his copy of 'The Last Judgment.' 6. A portrait ascribed to the same painter at Casa Buonarrotti. 7. The engraving (profile) by Buonasoni. Mr. C. C. Perkins, in his 'Raphael and Michael Angelo,' mentions a portrait which was reproduced in the 'Zeitschrift für Bildene Kunst,' Vol. XI. page 64, with a short article by Mr. J. E. Wessely, who claims that it was drawn and engraved by Michael Angelo, and that it is the original from which Ghisi worked.

Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa de Pescara, was born in 1490, betrothed to the Marquis de Pescara in 1495, and married to him in 1509. Pescara was killed in fighting against the French under the walls of Ravenna in 1512. It is not known when or where Vittoria Colonna first met Michael Angelo, but all authorities agree that it must have been about the year 1536, when he was over sixty years of age. She did not escape the espionage of the Inquisition, but was compelled in 1541 to fly to the convent at Viterbo. Three years later, she went to the convent of Benedictines of St. Anne in Rome, and just before her death, in 1547, she was taken to the house of Giuliano Cesarino, the husband of Giulia Colonna, her only relative in Rome. It was after she fled to the convent that she began to write sonnets to and receive them from Michael Angelo, whose love for her was not capable of being concealed.

Julia Gonzaga, Duchess of Trajetto, was known as the most beautiful woman in all Italy, and as the intimate friend of Vittoria Colonna. She also spent the last of her days in a convent.

With regard to Sebastian's portraits of Julia Gonzaga, the following, from Crowe and Cavalcaselli's 'History of Painting in North Italy,' will be interesting:—

'The real portrait of Giulia Gonzaga is supposed to exist in two different collections. In the National Gallery, we have the likeness of a lady in the character of St. Agatha, as symbolized

by a nimbus and pincers. Natural pose and posture and dignified mien indicate rank. The treatment is free and bold, but the colours are not blended with the care which Sebastian would surely have bestowed in such a case. In the Stædel Museum at Frankfort, the person represented is of a noble and elegant carriage, seated, in rich attire, and holding a fan made of feathers. A pretty landscape is seen through an opening, and a rich green hanging falls behind the figure. The handling curiously reminds us of Bronzino. It is well known that the likeness of Giulia was sent to Francis the First in Paris, and was registered in Lepicie's catalogue. The canvas of the National Gallery was purchased from the Borghese Palace, the panel at Frankfort from the heirlooms of the late King of Holland. A third female portrait by Del Piombo deserves to be recorded in connection with this inquiry,—that of Lord Radnor at Longford Castle, in which a lady with a crimson mantle and pearl head-dress stands in profile, resting her hands on the back of a chair. On a shawl which falls from the chair we read, "*Sunt laquei veneris cave.*" The shape is slender as that of Vittoria Colonna in the Santangelo palace at Naples, but the colour is too brown in light and too red in shadow to yield a pleasing effect, and were it proved that this is really Giulia Gonzaga the picture would not deserve Vasari's eulogy.'

Page 789. *Brighter than Titian's.*

Titian's real name was Tiziano Vecelio, called Da Cadore. He was born in 1477 and died in 1576. He studied with Gio. Bellini, and succeeded Giorgione in his commissions.

II.

Page 790.

Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals

Come here to lay this heavy task upon me?

'The Last Judgment' was begun in

1534, when Paul III, Alessandro Farnese, was Pope.

Page 790. *The bones of Julius.*

This refers to Julius II, Julian della Rovere, who became Pope in 1503.

Page 790.

Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might have done it.

Sebastian del Piombo, whose real name was Luciano, was born in 1485 and died in 1547. At one time he placed himself under the tutorship of Michael Angelo. He first studied with Gio. Bellini and Giorgione.

III.

Page 791. *Vittoria Colonna, Claudio Tolommei, and others.*

Among the others was Francesco D'Ollanda, a miniature-painter, who was sent to Rome by the King of Portugal that he might study with the great artists. To him we are indebted for descriptions of two Sundays which he spent with Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo in the chapel of San Sylvestro.

IV.

Page 794. *The Wild Boar in the gardens of Lorenzo.*

Lorenzo de' Medici.

Page 797. *And you have had the honour, nay, the glory, of portraying Julia Gonzaga!*

In 1533 Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, being madly in love with Julia Gonzaga, sent Sebastian with an armed force to paint her portrait. It was accomplished in a month, and the portrait is said to have been one of Sebastian's best. It was sent to Francis I of France.

Part Second.

I.

Page 808. *A fugitive from Cardinal Caraffa's hate.*

Cardinal Caraffa became Pope Paul IV in 1555.

III.

Page 810. *Welcome, my Benvenuto.*

Benvenuto Cellini was born in 1500 and died in 1570. His life was full of incident. At one time he was employed by Clement VII as a musician as well as a sculptor.

Page 811. *I see the marvellous dome of Brunelleschi.*

Filippo Brunelleschi was born in 1377 and died in 1448. He is called the father of Renaissance. The dome of the cathedral at Florence, which he completed, is the one referred to in the text.

Page 811. *Ghiberti's gates of bronze.*

Lorenzo Ghiberti was born in 1370 and died in 1455. He was a goldsmith and sculptor. In 1400 he produced a design for the bronze gate to the baptistery at Florence, which was preferred to Brunelleschi's. Michael Angelo said, as Mr. Longfellow has made him say (p. 819), that these gates were 'worthy to be the gates of Paradise.'

Page 811. *Giotto's tower.*

Giotto di Bordone, born in 1276, died in 1336. He was a pupil of Cimabue, a painter as well as sculptor and architect. The bell tower of Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence is the one meant in the text. He did not live to see it completed.

Page 811. *And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci glides.*

Domenico di Tomaso Curradi di Doffo Bigordi was born in 1449 and died in 1494. He was called Ghirlandajo from the fact that his father, a goldsmith, made beautiful garlands for the hair, so that the name signifying 'garland twister' was given to him.

Page 812. *Under Pope Clement at the siege of Rome.*

Pope Clement VII, Giulio de' Medici, was made Pope in 1523.

IV.

Page 818. *When Pope Leo died.*

Leo X, Giovanni de' Medici, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, was made Pope in 1513.

Page 819. *You strove in rivalry with Baldassare and Raphael Sanzio.*

Baldassare Peruzzi was born in 1481 and died in 1537. He succeeded Raphael as architect of St. Peter's.

Raphael Sanzio was born in 1483 and died in 1520. He studied under his father, and later with Perugino.

V.

Page 820. *Our Vasari here.*

Giorgio Vasari, born in 1512 and died in 1574. His reputation rests upon his 'Vite de più eccellenti Pittori, Scultori et Architette,' published in 1555.

Page 821. *Three great names, Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto.*

Giorgione di Castelfranco, whose real name was Barbarelli, was born in 1477 and died in 1511. He was the founder of the Venetian school.

The real name of Tintoretto was Jacopo Robusti. He was called Tintoretto from the fact that his father was a dyer. He was born in 1512 and died in 1594.

Page 821. *One Paul Cagliari, called the Veronese.*

Paul Cagliari was born in 1528 and died in 1588. He was the son of a sculptor.

Part Third.

II.

Page 826.

Pope Julius III, Giovanni Maria Giocci, was elected in 1550.

Page 827. *The labour of Bramante and San Gallo.*

Donato Lazzari Bramante was born in 1444 and died about 1514. He was an architect, painter, engraver, and military engineer. He was a compatriot and perhaps relative of Raphael, and was his friend and guide. It is known that he designed for Raphael the portico that surrounds the 'School of Athens.' He received from Julius II the task of rebuilding St. Peter's, and on his death-bed designated Raphael as the fit successor.

Antonio San Gallo was a nephew of Giuliano San Gallo. He was born in 1482 and died in 1546. His real name was Picconi. In 1509 he was one of the contractors for the woodwork in the Vatican and St. Peter's. He next became head carpenter at the castle, assistant to Raphael in 1516, and chief architect in 1520.

Page 830.

III.

Bindo Altoviti was a wealthy banker in Rome. He was born in 1491, and was related to Pope Innocent III through his mother. He devoted his fortune to the encouragement of art. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Cellini, Sansovino, and Vasari were his intimate friends. Michael Angelo gave him the cartoon from the Sistine Chapel called the 'Intoxication of Noah,' Raphael painted for him a Holy Family called 'Madonna dell' Impannata,' now in the Pitti palace.

Page 831. *Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns supreme.*

Cosimo de' Medici, called The Great, was a son of Giovanni de' Medici. He was born in 1519, and on the death of Alexander in 1537 he was declared his successor.

Page 847. *The Bells of San Blas.*
The last poem written by Longfellow.

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